July 29, 1972

THE NEW YORKER

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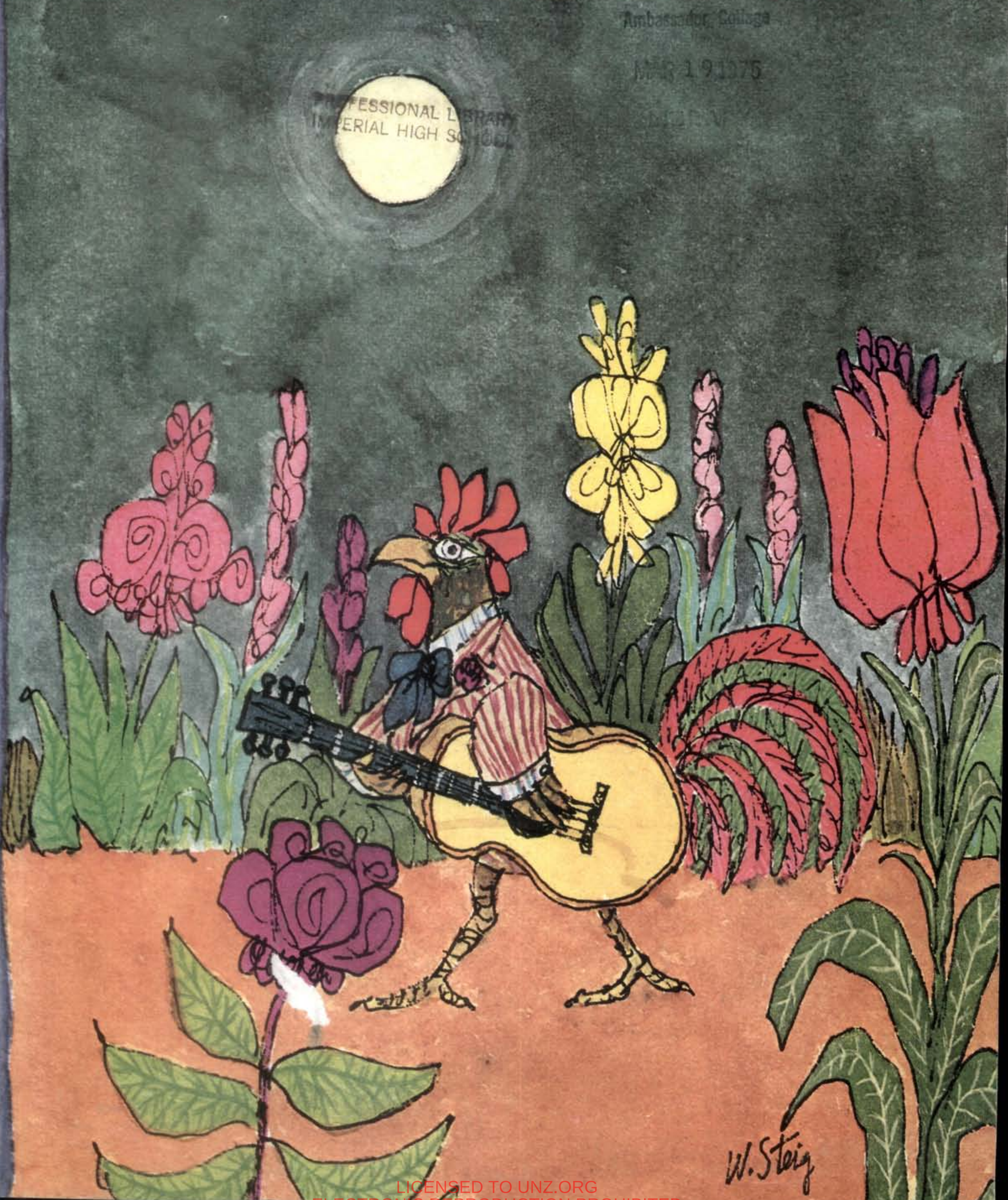

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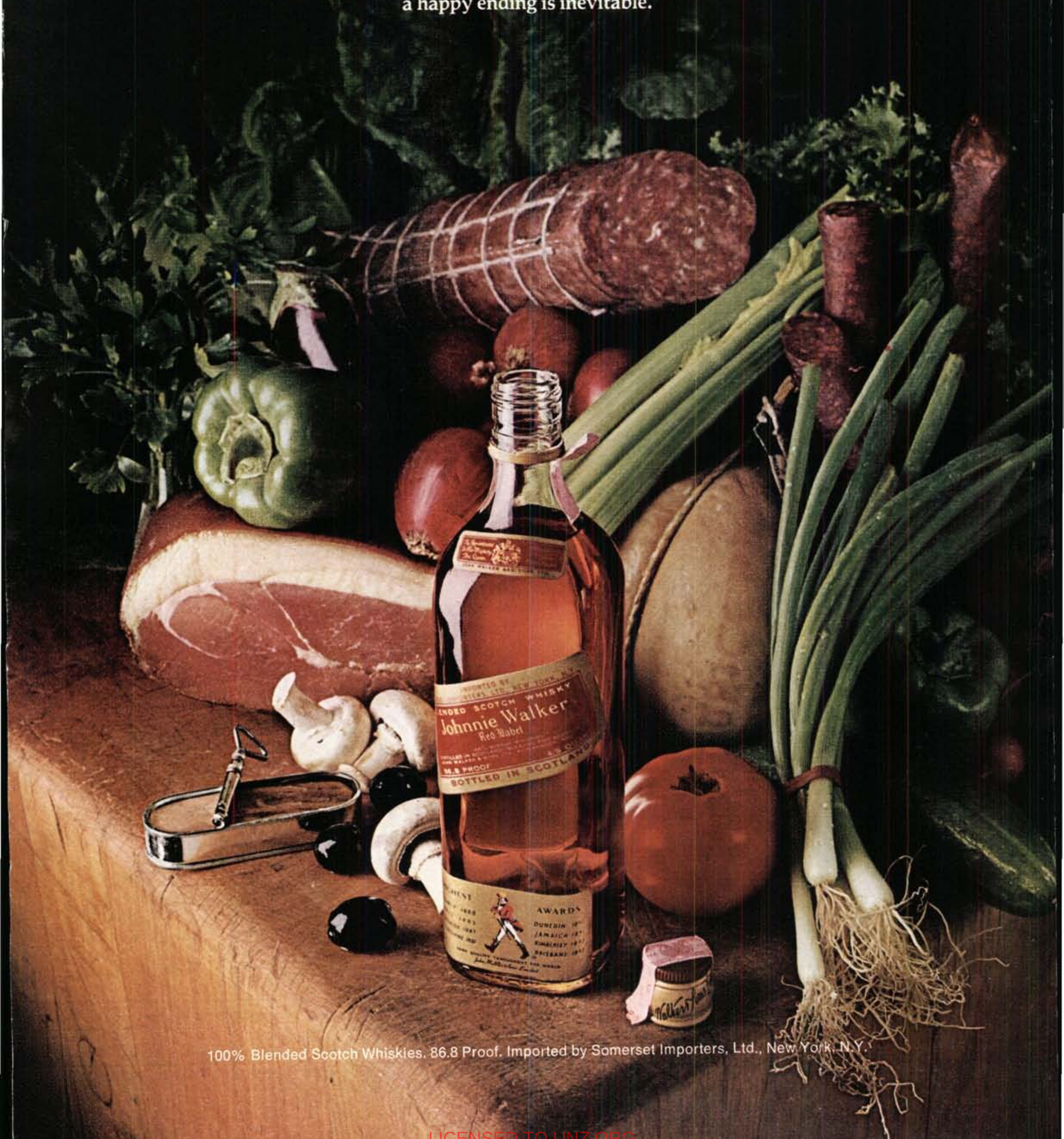
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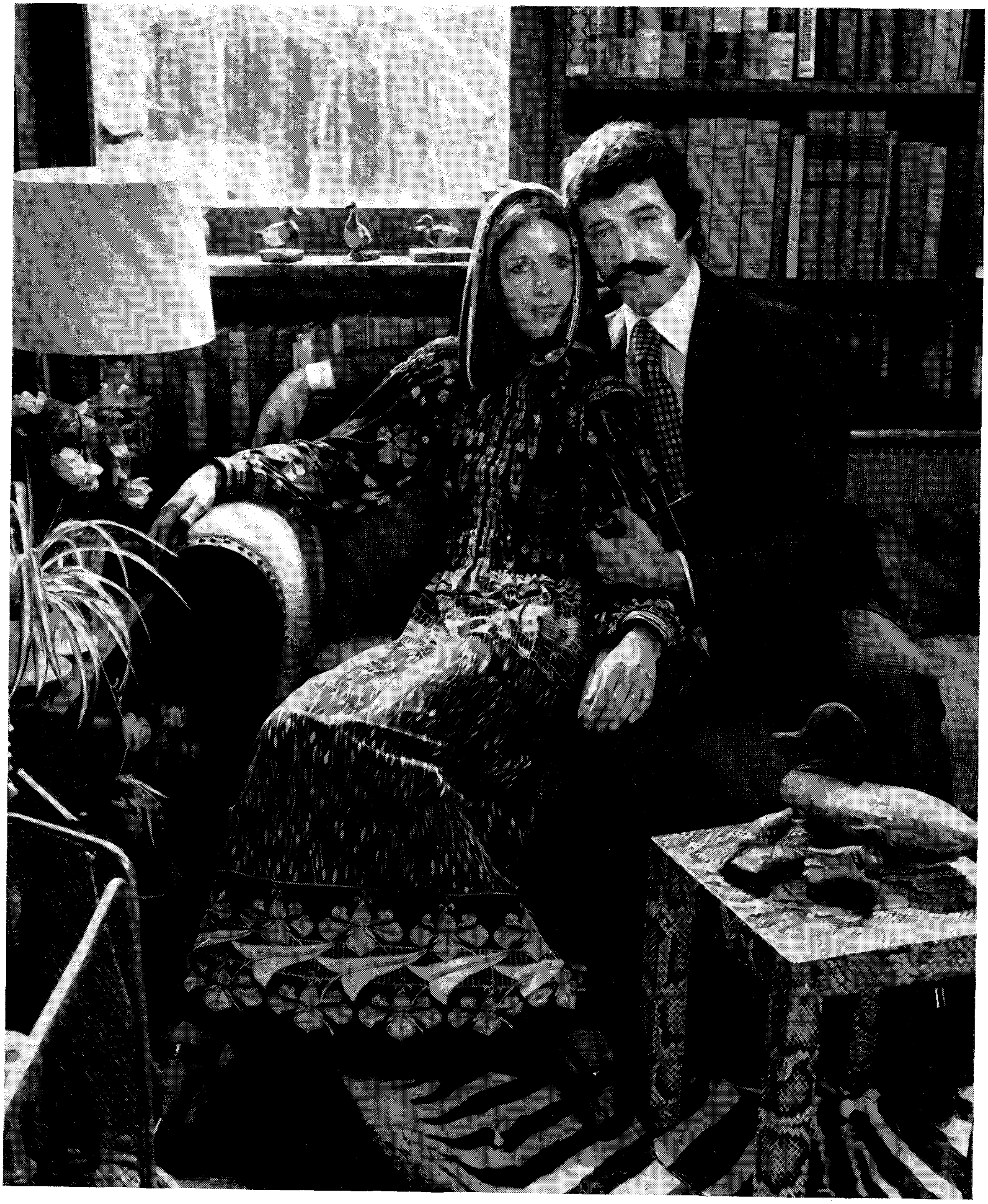

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

And They Put Handcuffs on the Flowers—A horror play by the Spanish dramatist Fernando Arrabal about the sufferings of political prisoners in Spain. The action is graphic, explicit, and ultimately self-defeating. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30.)

The Beggar's Opera—The beguiling Chelsea Theatre production has now crossed the river from Brooklyn. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope—A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are very good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford and of the captivating Miss Grant herself is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Don't Play Us Cheap!—An all black musical by Melvin Van Peebles that smells curiously of burnt cork. With an excellent cast. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Phil Silvers and Larry Blyden are superlative in this revival, which, for a wonder, is superior to the original. Ably directed by Burt Shevelove. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Grease—A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. Your attitude toward the show may well depend upon your attitude toward that tiresome decade, or upon the fragility of your eardrums; microphones abound. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Hark!—A dim, plaintive little revue, but with an engaging performance by a young singer and dancer named Sharron Miller. Dan Goggin and Marvin Solley wrote the music; Robert Lorick wrote the words. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Joan—St. Joan is a militant revolutionary who spends most of Act I in the East Village and most of Act II in the Women's House of Detention. The show, which falls somewhere between an opera and a musical, was written—words and score—by the gifted Reverend Al Carmines. Lee Guilliatt is impressive in the title role. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—A revival of the Wasserman-Leigh-Darion musical, with Richard Kiley, Joan Diener, Irving Jacobson, and Robert Rounseville. Staged by Albert Marre. David Atkinson and Gerrianne Raphael substitute for Mr. Kiley and Miss Diener at the Wednesday and Saturday matinée performances. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Present Tense—A bill of four plays by Frank D. Gilroy, with Lois Smith and Biff McGuire. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue—Neil Simon writes the funniest lines in the world, and they are being delivered by Art Carney and Barbara Barrie in the leading roles. Directed by Mike Nichols. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Real Inspector Hound and **After Magritte**—Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Small Craft Warnings—A nebulous and rather meandering play by Tennessee Williams about a passel of seedy types who assemble each evening at a bar in southern California. There are some good moments amidst a lot of soggy ones, and there are two superior performances by Helena Carroll and William Hickey. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Sugar—A musical-comedy adaptation of the celebrated movie "Some Like It Hot," with Robert Morse, Tony Roberts, and Cyril Ritchard. The movie is better. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

That Championship Season—This extremely well-written and important comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. The performance, under A. J. Antoon's direction, is all that any playwright could hope for. Richard A. Dysart is the coach, and Walter McGinn, Michael McGuire, Paul Sorvino, and Charles Durning are the ex-teammates. All of them are perfect. Santo Loquasto's setting is one of the best in town. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Two Gentlemen of Verona—Joe Papp's delightful musical version of a silly Shakespeare play. Book by Mel Shapiro and John Guare, who also wrote the lyrics that accompany Galt MacDermot's attractive music. The cast includes Raul Julia, Clifton Davis, Jonelle Allen, and Diana Davila. (St. James, 44th St.,

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W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

LONG RUNS—AIN'T SUPPOSED TO DIE A NATURAL DEATH: A bitter, funny, and affecting musical by Melvin Van Peebles. The cast is all black and superb. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,070 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR:** The New Testament taking its now usual drubbing at the hands of the young, who plainly believe they are making it "relevant." The music is pleasing, and so are the performers. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **NO, NO, NANETTE:** A revival of that immortal work of the twenties. With Ruby Keeler and Helen Gallagher. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **SLEUTH:** Patrick Macnee and Brian Murray in a mystery by Anthony Shaffer. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **STICKS AND BONES:** David Rabe, author of "Pavlo Hummel," has pulled off the impressive feat of writing a highly stylized comedy about the suffering of a young veteran of Vietnam and his family. Ably directed by Jeff Bleckner. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Wednesday evening, July 26: "Les Sylphides," "Miss Julie," and "Etudes."... ¶ Thursday evening, July 27: "Romeo and Juliet," "A Soldier's Tale," "Unfinished Symphony," and "Les Noces."... ¶ Friday evening, July 28: "Les Noces," "Intermezzo," "Dark Elegies," and "Rodeo."... ¶ Saturday matinée, July 29: "Les Sylphides," "Le Spectre de la Rose," and "Etudes."... ¶ Saturday evening, July 29: "The River," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," "Fall River Legend," and "Fancy Free."... ¶ Sunday matinée and evening, July 30: "Swan Lake."... ¶ Tuesday evening, Aug. 1: "Les Noces," "A Soldier's Tale," "Le Spectre de la Rose," and "Helen of Troy."... ¶ Wednesday evening, Aug. 2: "The River," "A Soldier's Tale," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Helen of Troy."... ¶ Thursday evening, Aug. 3: "Pulcinella Variations," "Jardin aux Lilas," "Dark Elegies," and "The River."... ¶ Friday evening, Aug. 4: "Giselle."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Aug. 5: "Petrouchka," "Intermezzo," and "Rodeo."... ¶ Saturday evening, Aug. 5: "Petrouchka," "Pillar of Fire," and "Etudes." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, Aug. 13.)

UKRAINIAN DANCE COMPANY—A troupe of over a hundred and twenty-five. (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Aug. 6.)

ART SHOW
PARKING

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MURRAY LOUIS DANCE COMPANY—"Hoopla," "Continuum," and "Chimera." (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. 369-5110. Wednesday, July 26, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

SOUL AT THE CENTER—A two-week series of programs of black theatre, dance, poetry, and music—Wednesday, July 26, at 8: Marion Williams and Sister Rosetta Tharpe. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911.)... ¶ Thursday, July 27, at 8: New Birth; Niteliters; Love, Peace & Happiness; Boobie Knight & the Soul Ciety; and the Moon Glows. (Alice Tully Hall.)... ¶ Friday, July 28, at 8: Poets China Clark, Jayne Cortez, Mae Jackson, Kain, Felipe Luciano, Askia Muhammed Toure, and Camille Yarbrough, with music and poetry by Umoja. (Alice Tully Hall.)... ¶ Saturday, July 29, at 8: Nick Ashford & Valerie Simpson and Eddie Palmieri & Harlem River Drive. (Alice Tully Hall.)... ¶ Sunday, July 30, at 9: Novella Nelson, Labelle, and Donny Hathaway. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424.)... ¶ Monday, July 31, at 8: Rod Rodgers Dance Company and Mongo Santamaria. (Alice Tully Hall.)... ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 1, at 8: Betty Carter, M'Boom, and Cecil Taylor. (Alice Tully Hall.)... ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 2, at 8: The Moments and 100 Proof. (Alice Tully Hall.)... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 3, at 8: Exuma, Linda Hopkins, and Taj Mahal. (Alice Tully Hall.)... ¶ Friday, Aug. 4, at 8: Chairmen of the Board and Esther Marrow. (Alice Tully Hall.)... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 5, at midnight: Jerry Butler Revue (with Brenda Lee Eager & Peaches), Carmen McRae, and Esther Phillips. (Philharmonic Hall.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Linda Ronstadt, who delivers her country songs with determination, remains through Monday, July 31. Merry Clayton, who is into blues and soul, arrives Tuesday, Aug. 1. Coffee, tea, and water are the drinks. On Tuesdays, ringers fill the regulars' seats.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Everybody looks comfortable enough, whether partaking of soul food or just listening. Tuesdays and Wednesdays, Renée Arden gets a lot of music out of the piano and does some jazz singing, too. Buster Williams is her bassist. Thursday through Sunday, July 27-30, pianist Ray Bryant will lead a trio. Composer-pianist Bobby Timmons brings in a threesome on Thursday, Aug. 3. Music nightly from nine-thirty to three. Mondays, there are jam sessions from eight until twelve.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Equal parts of dining, talking, and relaxing, along with a certain amount of looking at paintings. Duke Jordan, piano, and Gene Taylor, bass, will entertain through Saturday, July 29. Guitarist Jimmy Raney and bassist Mike Moore will play Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 1-5. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy and a bass player sub for the regulars. Nine-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

CELLAR, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—A softly lighted restaurant with an inviting air and a warm ambience. But acoustics play tricks: The jazz area is aurally distinct from the dining area, so for listening it is advisable to sit at the bar. Wednesday through Saturday from ten to four, and Sunday through Tuesday from nine to two, small jazz groups are on hand. The food is intended to please both palate and soul.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—One of those *rarae aves* where the music begins reasonably early. Marian McPartland—a pretty *rara avis* herself—will be at the Steinway, assisted by bassist Rick Petrone, through Saturday, July 29. Mary Lou Williams returns Monday, July 31. On Sundays, Dick Hyman, a well-schooled musician, claims the keyboard. Eight until one. Dining.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—A long bar and a barnlike back room in which a series of musicians and comics—some captivating, some not—entertain with generally good cheer. Guitarist Neal Creque and pianist Steve Kuhn will each be directing quintets through Saturday, July 29. Sounds from nine.

GASLIGHT, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—This major coffeehouse ranges from jazz to rock and hits most of the stops in between. Singer Marc Jonson will be around through Monday, July 31.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub, graced by the fully guaranteed piano of Ellis Larkins, who performs with a bassist six nights a week, from nine-thirty to three. Mondays another duo takes over. Snacks.

GUITAR, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—No city of eight million should be without at least one place dedicated to the six-stringed instrument. Sam Brown, on guitar, and Bill Salter, on bass, are alternating with a skilled classical guitarist named Bill Matthews. Music Tuesday through Saturday from nine-thirty until two-thirty. A Deep South kitchen, albeit a limited one.

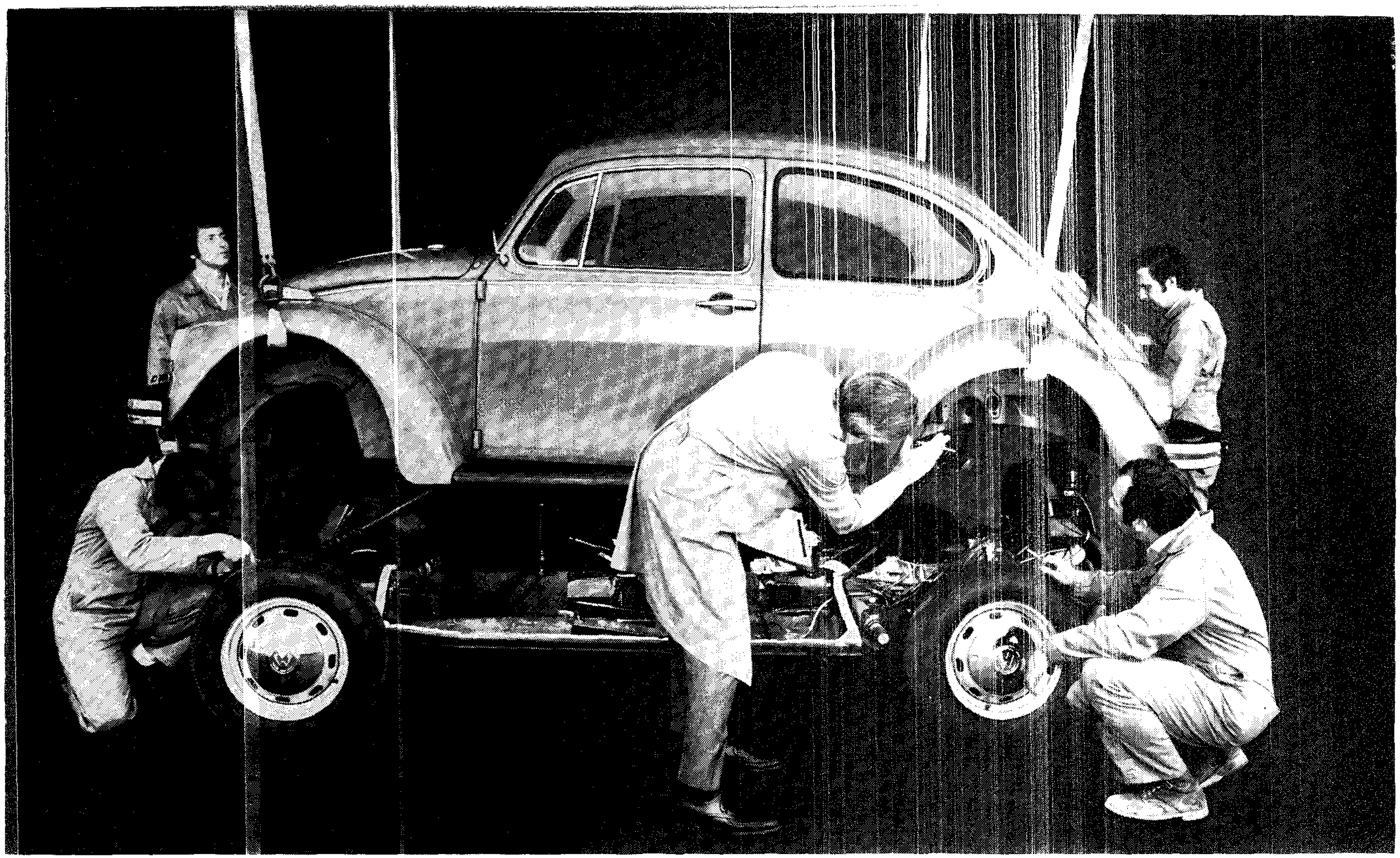
HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Competence abounds, and sometimes there is brilliance, too. Cornettist Ruby Braff heads his smooth quartet through Sunday, July 30. Buddy Tate, tenor saxophonist (and winner of France's Prix du Jazz award a couple of years ago) moves in with a quartet on Tuesday, Aug. 1. Light Italian dishes are available. Closed Mondays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Yes, it's true what they say about Dixie. The bandsmen: Eddie Locke, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, Chuck Folds, and Roy Eldridge. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

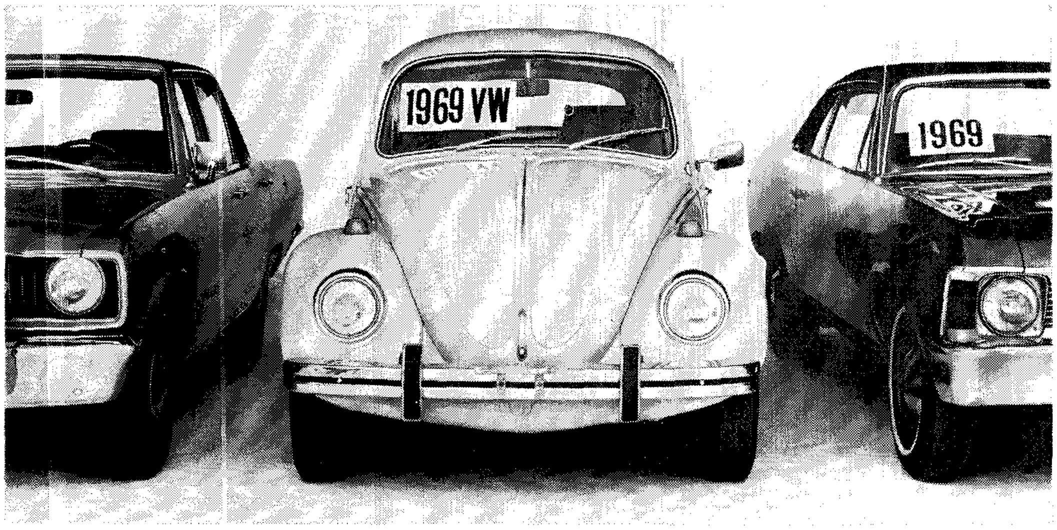
MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A Kansas City woodshed in about 1880, to judge by the furnishings. Fanny, a tight all-female band that is notable for June Millington's singing and lead-guitar work, will appear through Sunday, July 30. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Mondays and Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight, after which people may dance to records until two. Drinks and snacks.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—Wood panelling and a portrait of Henry VIII. Also a complete menu and some satisfying sounds. Mondays, clarinettist Woody Allen takes time out from his other interests to lead a septet in some traditional New Orleans jazz. Tuesdays through Saturdays, Wayne Sanders is at the piano. Music from nine. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Where "now" people can play at being "then" people, with a vengeance. There is a fire engine, and some stuffed polar bears, and some old mov-



It's what we do here



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ies, and beer, and peanuts, and banjos, the last of which are skillfully plunked. Closed Mondays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—A populous gathering place in a lonesome part of town. Freddie Hubbard, a fine and innovative trumpeter, will be here with his sextet through Saturday, July 29. Rene McLean and the Underground Express, a jazz outfit, will play Sunday, July 30. Guitarist Larry Coryell will turn up with his group, Foreplay, on Tuesday, Aug. 1. Music from nine. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Pianist Junior Mance is leading his trio six nights a week. From nine, and between Mance sets, Bill Rubenstein takes comfortable command of the pianoforte. Mondays are problematical, with new talent showing up. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Big things in a little package. Through Sunday, July 30, singer Jon Hendricks (once of Lambert, Hendricks & Ross), will perform with a combo. Thelonious Monk, the less-is-more pianist, comes in with his quartet on Tuesday, Aug. 1. The entertainment begins at nine-thirty, supposedly.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The location—somewhere over the rainspout—shouldn't deter you if walking through dark streets is not a problem. Stained glass, Southern cooking, and amiable waitresses. Satisfying jazz on piano and bass by Nat Jones and Lisle Atkinson Monday through Wednesday, and by another twosome Thursday through Sunday. Eight until two.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Each Sunday from seven to eleven, Balaban & Cats play Dixieland with catlike skill. On Sunday, July 30, trombonist Buddy Morrow will sit in. People may dance to the jazz. Other nights, other music: the plinking of a happy-time banjo band. The atmosphere: mugs of beer, days of old.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—Some glitter, some glow, and dancing to discs, but only on Saturdays, from nine-thirty to one. Dinner and supper are aimed at epicures.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—Animal heads on the walls, and Anglo-Indian mementos all over the place. The *real* mood is oh-how-chic, and since chic is a social variable, the point remains moot. Dancing to 45s from nine-thirty until four. An ample menu except on Sundays, when only couscous is served. Reservations are needed for dining.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Nilotic and pleasantly sybaritic, but given to live entertainment of a sort that brings forth visions of some over-merchandised American pie. Three times nightly, the Jesters do the sort of songs you are apt to hear on television variety shows. Between sets—and earlier, beginning at five—people dance to discs. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A well-patronized house of pleasure whose two restaurant floors offer soft carpets, a gleaming brass bar, a more subdued bar, and a dance deck that appears to float between floors I and II. Dancing to tapes all afternoon and all evening, ending around three. A fairly complete menu.

Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—Dancing to recorded music downstairs (upstairs is for elaborate hamburgers and other funny dishes) from eight until three. The interior design is of the hokey-but-harmless school, Tiffany-lamp division.

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CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Rodney Dangerfield's home base. His non-pattern (and sometimes nonpareil) patter is rough and ready, and it happens to be really funny. Every Thursday and Friday, Will Jordan takes over for Mr. D. Nourishment at all hours. Closed Sundays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Songs and funny sayings are the order of the evening by a bunch of new talent. Nine-thirty is starting time. Closed Sundays.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—Tryouts for new wits and singers in an establishment that is nothing if not informal. Closed Sundays.

Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—In the Blue Room Cabaret, on the second floor of this theatre complex, a variety of eager young performers do some urgent playing and singing. Ten to one each night.

Plaza 9, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3933)—"Curley McDimple," the Off Broadway musical of a few seasons ago, is being revived here by a cast of seven—Robbie Morgan, Mary Boylan, Don Emmons, George Hillman, Lynn Brossman, Jane Stuart, and Richard Durham. Tuesdays through Saturdays at eight and eleven, and Sundays at five and eight.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—So Ottilie and Hans are plighting their troth, and all the merry villagers (singing, dancing, oompahing) are getting their big feet into the troth, too. Incomprehensible and cluttery, but fun. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—No Spanish moss has time to grow under the feet of Los Chavales de España, Iberia's largest standing and singing army. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the adjoining **FLAMENCO ROOM**, a minute theatre-in-the-round, there occur (well along in the evening) other outbursts of Andalusian foot-and-mouth exercises by a fivesome operating barely inches from one's face. Closed Mondays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—The **CAFÉ** has a seven-day week, with Herb Winner's crew calling the tunes Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Phil Wayne's threesome on Sundays and Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **GREEN TULIP**, which old-timers who date back to 1970 will think of as the Edwardian Room, a singer-guitarist named Robert Miano tiptoes through the tulips at dinner. Discothèque dancing every night but Sunday from ten until one. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT**, violin music susurrates from five to seven and from eight to midnight Wednesdays through Sundays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Lionel Hampton's band pours out the famous old noises during dinner and supper. On Monday, July 31, Duke Ellington's band will start playing. The dance music starts at eight. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—As far as Wednesday, July 26, Count Basie's band will be playing on the **ROOF**. The following night, in comes the band led by Buddy Rich. Dinner and supper shows, plus dance music all evening long. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **PENTHOUSE**, Hazel Scott is completely at ease as she surveys her piano and her threesome. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one or so. No dining.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

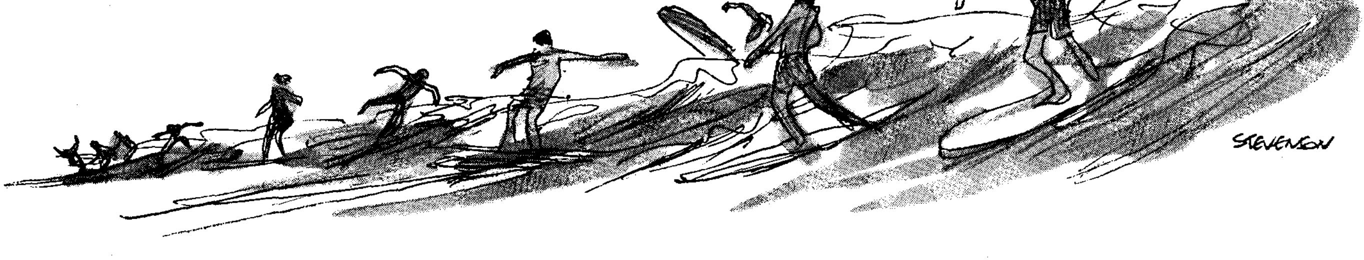
(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

DUNCAN'S, 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): Leisurely evenings, during which Bill Halsey's high-level pianistics can soothe or scintillate, depending on the jazz, blues, or show tunes he is embellishing. With Leonard Gaskin on bass, he plays every night but Sunday from eight-thirty to two. . . . **DIONYSOS**, 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Right in the lap of the well-known and ever-popular god, and a great place to watch the sun come up behind Mount Olympus. The long watch is eased by Athenian cuisine, Athenian song, Athenian dance music, Athenian glee, and a dollop of American rock. Closed Sundays. . . . **ADONIS**, 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): A terraced villa up in the hills around Athens (in Kifisia, say), the climate cool but sunny—just right for dancing in the streets. This is carried on by the villagers themselves (visitors may, and do, join in), to music that pops like champagne corks. The music, sometimes larded with song, goes from eight-thirty until four. No Sundays. . . . **CHEZ VITO**, 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The tune is carried by the perpetual fiddlers three who constitute the local standing army, as well as by the foursome of choristers (Leyna Gabriele, prop., included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like a good old one. From dinner until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A nineteenth hole—not in the pavement, though, but under it. Piano is the accompaniment, from cocktail time on, and the best of this sound comes from Gloria Hearn, who is in action from nine-thirty until three, Tuesday through Saturday each week. . . . **MYKONOS**, 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): The celebrated Aegean island, kept vibrant during the evening by a foursome that cannot be long out of Athens. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the handiwork of Armando Mei, a restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song that is nothing if not Roman, for Dino Palermo, the genuine article, is the responsible party. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128): On a lower deck of Iperbole, and one that is distinctly not steerage, the Three Romans, a dance triad, inhabits a pleasurable Roman grotto from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A playhouse big enough for life-size knights in armor (a few are on duty every evening) and



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USI U.S. INDUSTRIES, INC.
The company that makes a world of difference.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

their ladies, not to mention a life-size kitchen and bar. The principal knight-errant is George Cardini, who plies a violin. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday, and the fine-arts piano follows him wherever he goes. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive*, but the restaurant is always *piano*. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old reliable. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A proper perspective on life after dark is afforded by the bar-and-grill, where one's prandial career is ad-lib and at-leisure. Tuesdays through Saturdays, Tony Gorody plays good, worldly piano from five-thirty to two. . . . **CAMEL DRIVER**, 72 E. 56th St. (980-3860): Candlelight and memorable melodies, the piano being manned by Marty Berns from seven to two Mondays through Fridays. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **THE GRIFFIN**, 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): A most mannerly household, whose evening hours are assigned to a devout contemplation of (1) what's good to eat (French, often) and (2) what's good to listen to (the piano of Clem Artist from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty). Closed Sundays. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE**, 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A hospice at the top of the stairs that lead from far-below First Avenue, and therefore a scenic delight. Tables, a bar, a casual way of life, and (on piano) Norman Rollings, a casual librarian. A lot more fun than F.B.I. in the Library. Eight to one during the week, nine to two on Fridays and Saturdays, and not at all on Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Appian Way of life, garnished, from seven until a late bedtime, by a group of ambulatory musicians. Closes for the summer after Saturday, July 29. . . . **JACK DELANEY**, 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Those-were-the-days and all that, relived (and not vicariously, either) by a brace of pianists (Charles De Forest, Mondays and Tuesdays; Murray Grand all the rest of the time) who were on hand when night life ended with the dawn patrol. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL**, 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): In the Gold Room when it's time for dinner, a couple of Lester Lanin outriders make music that cheers. Mondays through Thursdays is the scheme. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT**, in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): The embassy for a small, indeterminate, but quite pleasant nation. The diplomatic corps is headed by Ray Hartley, whose piano has a new-wine-in-new-bottles effervescence. Four-thirty to ten-thirty, except for Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): In the bar, Lynn Mullinax produces the proper and joyous sort of piano we would all like to hear more of. His schedule is Tuesdays through Fridays from five to one, and Saturdays from six to two. Sundays and Mondays, Earl Rose plays piano from five to one.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JOE ATTEBERRY / STEVE CONNELL—Mixed-medium assemblages. / Constructions of glass and Plexiglas, some with Neon. Both artists are from the West. (Fairtree, 924 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays. Through Aug. 8.)

PAUL KLEE (1879-1940)—Two oils, nine watercolors, and twelve drawings; through Sept. 15. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

GIACOMO MANZÙ—Recent bronzes and reliefs by this artist famous for his ecclesiastical figures; through Aug. 31. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

WILLIAM TROST RICHARDS (1833-1905)—Thirty paintings of East Coast landscapes, plus pencil sketches done in Europe; through Friday, July 28. (Peridot-Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

JOSEPH WOLINS / SEYMOUR FRANKS—Cubist-derived figurative subjects. / Abstract Expressionist canvases. (West Side Gallery, 250 W. 72nd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6. Through Aug. 26.)

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GROUP SHOWS—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: Over three hundred etchings and engravings, including masterworks, from the fifteenth century through the eighteenth; through Aug. 11. . . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings and sculptures from Latin America, selected from New York collections; through Friday, July 28. (Daily, noon to 6.) . . . **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: American nineteenth-century landscapes, still-lifes, and genre scenes; through Aug. 15. . . . ¶ Many galleries are closed during the summer or mount rather casual shows that may vary in content from day to day. The following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are at least open: **ACA**, 25 E. 73rd St.; closed Mondays. . . . **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St. . . . **BERRY-HILL**, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. . . . **CASTELLI**, 420 West Broadway. . . . **LERNER-HELLER**, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: closed mornings. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St. . . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St. . . . **VAN DER STRAETEN**, 981 Madison Ave., at 76th St.; closes at 4. . . . **WALLY F. GALLERIES**, 17 E. 57th St.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—A hundred sculptures by Jacques Lipchitz, covering all periods of his career; through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ Twenty-three free-standing sculptures, ten reliefs, and twenty-seven watercolors, drawings, and woodcuts by Jean Arp (1887-1966), the leading Dadaist; through Sept. 10. . . . ¶ Fifty outstanding sculptures on the theme of the human image, created on the islands of the Pacific, from Easter Island in the east to New Guinea in the west; through Sept. 5. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Italy: The New Domestic Landscape," an exhibit reporting on current design developments in Italy and setting forth a cornucopia of examples: furniture, lamps and vases, typewriters and telephones, compact cooking devices, sleeping and storage units, and a poker table. Through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ Collages, prints, and graphic designs and advertisements by Kurt Schwitters (1887-1948), a pioneer in collage, including examples from 1918 on through his last works, done in England; starting Monday, July 31. . . . ¶ Forty photographs of trees by Eugène Atget (1857-1927), the pioneer French photographer; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6. Entrance fee reduced to an optional contribution on Wednesdays.) . . . **NOTE:** The Museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11.

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Seventy oils, fifty watercolors, and thirteen prints from all phases of the career of Wassily Kandinsky (1866-1944); through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ Modern masterworks by Matisse, Seurat, Léger, Cézanne, Braque, Mondrian, van Gogh, Picasso, and others; through Sept. 3. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **NOTE:** A series of seventeen films, including premières of works by Jonas Mekas and Yvonne Rainer, will be shown Wednesday, Aug. 2, through Sunday, Aug. 13. Screenings at 8 Wednesdays through Saturdays; Sunday matinées at 2.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings and drawings owned by collectors in the New York metropolitan area; the fifty-four artists represented include Copley, Cole, Church, Inness, Ryder, Peto, Haberle, Eakins, and Sargent. Through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ A hundred and thirty-eight photographs, thirty-eight in color, representing the work of David Douglas Duncan during the past twenty years, taken in war situations, the streets of Paris, the countryside of Ireland, Berber villages in Morocco, and so on; through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ Thirty-five oils, watercolors, and drawings by Edward Hopper (1888-1968), from the bequest of Mrs. Hopper; through Sept. 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Watercolors, prints, and drawings by Winslow Homer and John Singer Sargent, assembled from the collections of the Museum and the Metropolitan; through Aug. 27. . . . ¶ Paintings, sculptures, graphics, and wall-hangings by eight contemporary North American Indian artists; through Sunday, July 30. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Colorful Scallops, Scampering Butterflies of the Sea," a showing of the shells of three hundred species, from the Jesse Hamilton Webb collection; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—The Mellon collection of a hundred and fifty English drawings and watercolors, the majority from 1750 to 1850; through Friday, July 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—A show designed to survey the work being created in the craft field today, offering a multitude of both functional and non-functional objects in diverse mediums; through Sept. 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Forty objects from the Upper Volta region of Africa; most are masks, with some headdresses, carved figures, and stools. Through Sept. 30. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Cityrama," a multimedia, audiovisual show tracing the history of New York from 1524 to the present. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

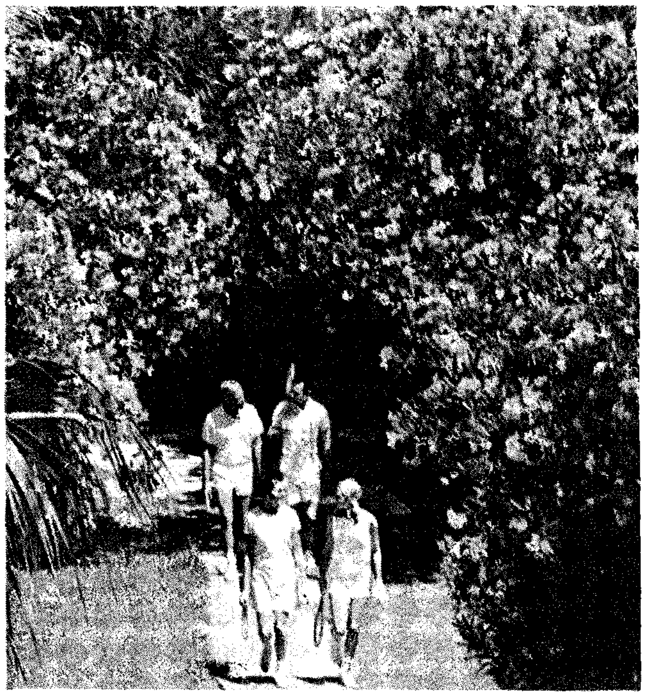
NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—About two hundred paintings, drawings, and sculptures ranging from Italian Renaissance masters to contemporary American artists, borrowed from private collections; through Aug. 27. . . . ¶ A somewhat reduced version of an exhibition presented in Chicago of works done since the war by artists associated with that city and whose creations, according to the organizers of the exhibit, have qualities in common. The original exhibition was covered in this magazine on July 15. Through Aug. 27. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Caricatures, portraits, prints, and memorabilia from nineteenth-century Presidential campaigns. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Fifty-three painting/collages by Romare Bearden, a leading black artist since the forties; through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Prints from the Museum's workshop; starting Sunday, July 30. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

MOSTLY MOZART AND BACH FESTIVAL—A four-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs—Wednesday, July 26: Brian Priestman conducting the New York Chamber Orchestra, with John Browning, piano, and Benita Valente, soprano. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 27: A piano recital by Peter Serkin, assisted by a woodwind quartet from the Marlboro Festival. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 28-29: Peter Eros conducting the orchestra, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano, and Annie and Ida Kavafian, violin. . . . ¶ Monday, July 31, and Wednesday, Aug. 2: Paul Badura-Skoda and Jörg Demus conducting the orchestra and acting as piano soloists. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 1: A recital by the Messrs. Badura-Skoda and Demus. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 3: The Fine Arts Quartet with the Mozart Festival Woodwind Quintet and Samuel Baron, flute. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 4-5: Lukas Foss conducting the orchestra and acting as piano soloist, with Judith Raskin, soprano. (Philharmonic Hall,



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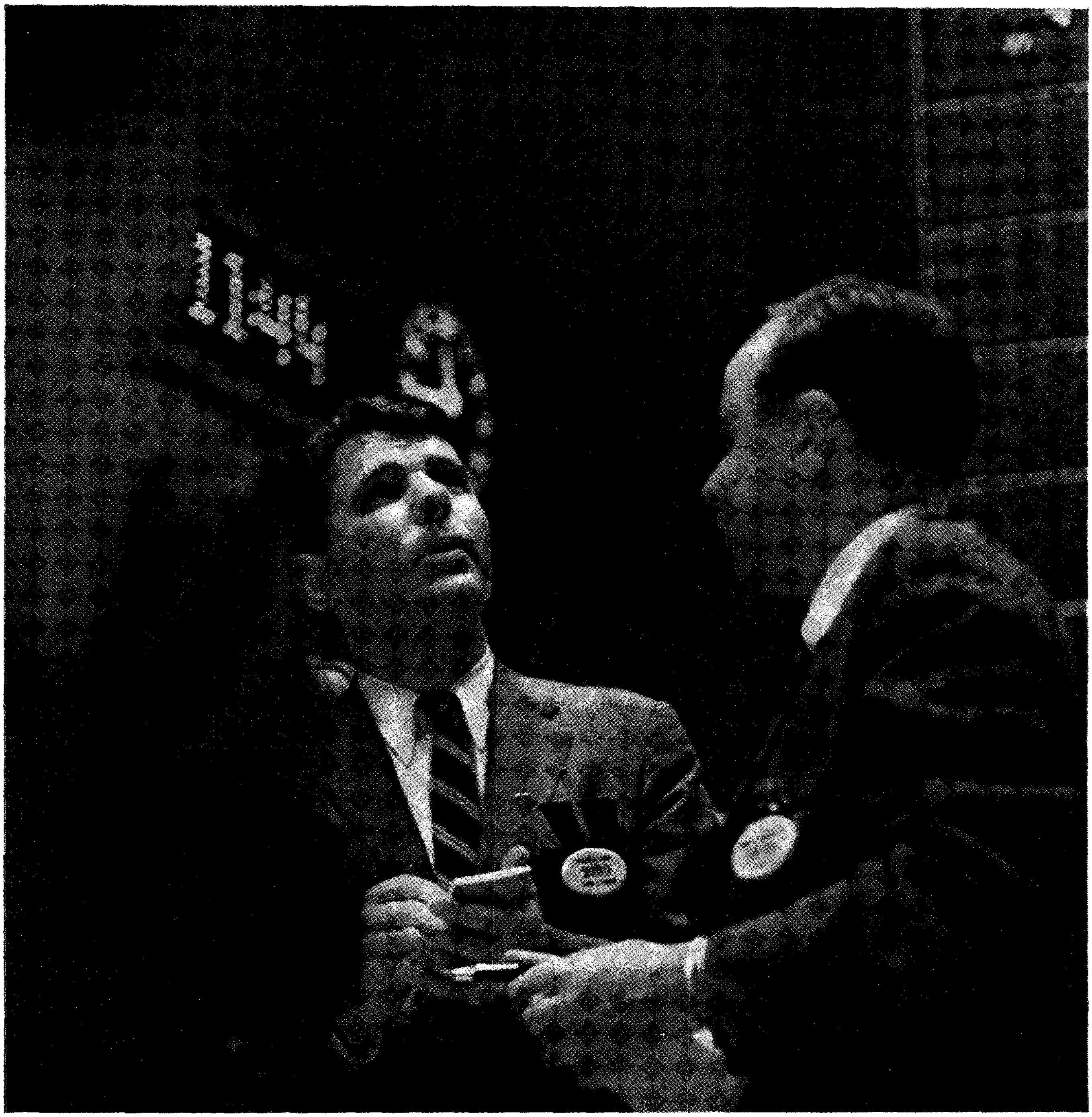

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

TR 4-2424. Evenings at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 19.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Rolling Stones and Stevie Wonder—The last in a series of concerts. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, July 26, at 8.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Friday, July 28, at 7: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players.... ¶ Friday, July 28, at 9: Eugene Ormandy conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists. ...¶ Saturday, July 29, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Joseph Silverstein, violin....¶ Sunday, July 30, at 2:30: James Levine conducting, with Mr. Silverstein.... ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 1, at 8:30: Arthur Fiedler directing the Boston Pops in a concert of music by Lerner and Loewe for the benefit of the Boston Symphony's Pension Fund, with Louise Russell, soprano; Corinne Curry, mezzo-soprano; Vahan Khanzadian, tenor; Richard Fredricks, baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus....¶ Friday, Aug. 4, at 7: Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Aaron Copland and Michael Tilson Thomas, piano; Mr. Silverstein; and Jules Eskin, cello, in an all-Copland concert....¶ Friday, Aug. 4, at 9: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting the Boston Symphony, with Miss Curtin and Paul Zukofsky, violin....¶ Saturday, Aug. 5, at 8:30: Aldo Ceccato conducting the Boston Symphony, with John Browning, piano.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 6, at 2:30: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting the Boston Symphony, with Ralph Gomberg, oboe. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 20. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Tentative schedule of final performances by the **NEW YORK CITY BALLET:** Wednesday, July 26, at 8:30: "The Song of the Nightingale," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Requiem Canticles," and "Symphony of Psalms."...¶ Thursday, July 27, at 8:30: "Concerto Barocco," "Prodigal Son," and "Stars and Stripes."...¶ Friday, July 28, at 8:30: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Bugaku."...¶ Saturday, July 29, at 2:30: "Swan Lake," "Allegro Brillante," and "Dances at a Gathering."...¶ Saturday, July 29, at 8:30: "Who Cares?," "Chopiniana," "Pas de Deux," and "The Concert."... [**NOTE:** Special concerts will be given by the Preservation Hall Jazz Band on Sunday, July 30, at 8:30, and by Mary Travers on Monday, July 31, at 8:30.] ... **PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA:** Opening performances of a four-week season that will run through Saturday, Aug. 26. Wednesday, Aug. 2, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Rudolf Serkin, piano....¶ Thursday, Aug. 3, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy directing a performance of Verdi's "Manzoni Requiem," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, soprano; Maureen Forrester, contralto; George Shirley, tenor; Ezio Flagello, bass; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus....¶ Friday, Aug. 4, at 8:30: Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos conducting a varied program, with Gyorgy Pauk, violin....¶ Saturday, Aug. 5, at 8:30: Andre Kostelanetz conducting a program called "Along the Danube," with Theodore Lettvin, piano. (Saratoga Springs. Through Sunday, Sept. 10. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

Lenox Arts Center—Saturday, July 29, at 6: Preservation Hall Jazz Band, with Randy Newman....¶ Saturday, Aug. 5, at 6: The Youngbloods. (Lenox, Mass. For tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 29: The Minnesota Dance Theatre....¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 1-5: The Boston Ballet Company. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3.)

Connecticut College American Dance Festival—Final performances—Friday and Saturday, July 28-29, at 8, and Sunday, July 30, at 2: The repertory company in a program consisting of "With My Red Fires," "Emperor Jones," and "Asparagus Beach."...¶ Saturday, July 29, at 2: The Rudy Perez Dance Theatre....¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 4-5, at 8, and Sunday, Aug. 6, at 2: The Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre. (Palmer Auditorium, New London, Conn.)

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SPORTS

Automobile Racing—At Pocono International Raceway, Mt. Pocono, Pa.: Saturday, July 29, at 1:30.

Baseball—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Boston, Thursday, July 27, at 7:30; Friday, July 28, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader); and Saturday, July 29, at 2.... **SHEA STADIUM:** Mets vs. Montreal, Saturday, July 29, at 7:05; Sunday, July 30, at 2:15; and Monday, July 31, at 8:05....¶ Mets vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday, Aug. 1, at 5:35 (twi-night doubleheader); Wednesday, Aug. 2, at 8:05; and Thursday, Aug. 3, at 2:05....¶ Mets vs. Chicago, Friday, Aug. 4, at 8:05, and Saturday, Aug. 5, at 2:15.

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Deepdale Golf Club, Manhasset. Thursday through Sunday, July 27-30.)

Horse Show—Litchfield Horse Show. (Litchfield. Saturday, Aug. 5.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, July 29. The Tidal Handicap, Saturday, July 29.... **SARATOGA:** Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, July 31, through Saturday, Aug. 26. The Test, Monday, July 31; the Schuylerville, Wednesday, Aug. 2; and the Whitney, Saturday, Aug. 5.... **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 19. The Atlantic City Handicap, Saturday, July 29, and the Monmouth, Saturday, Aug. 5. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.) ... **LIBERTY BELL,** Philadelphia: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 26. The Cotillion Handicap, Saturday, July 29, and the Susquehanna Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 5.

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 14.... **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 18.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Lila Acheson Wallace World of Birds—A luxurious new urban housing development for birds, consisting of twenty-five natural-looking habitats (everything from rain forest to desert wastes), populated by five hundred and fifty avian beauties representing two hundred species, who go about their daily business happily unconscious, for the most part, of being caged or of being peeped at by their unfeathered friends. (Bronx Zoo. Daily, 10 to 5.)

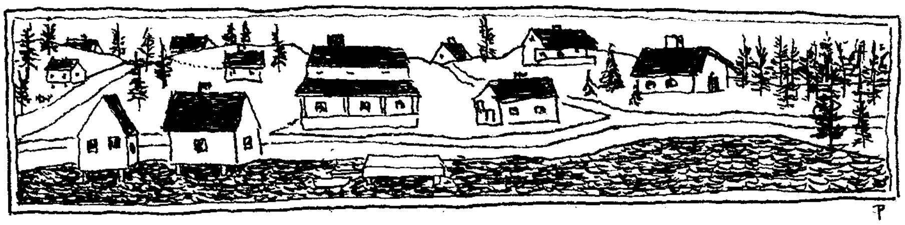
Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—July 26 at 2: "The Last Command" (1928), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Emil Jannings....¶ July 26 at 5:30: "Oh! What a Lovely War" (1969), directed by Richard Attenborough. ...¶ July 27 at 2: "Targets" (1968), directed by Peter Bogdanovich, with Boris Karloff....¶ July 27 at 5:30: "Medium Cool" (1969), directed by Haskell Wexler, with Robert Forster....¶ July 27 at 8: "The Wedding March" (1927), directed by Erich von Stroheim, with von Stroheim and Fay Wray....¶ July 28 at 2: "True Heart Susie" (1919), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Lillian Gish....¶ July 28 at 5:30 and July 29 at noon: A program of early films, 1894-1915....¶ July 29 at 3: "El Dorado" (1967), directed by Howard Hawks, with John Wayne and Robert Mitchum....¶ July 29 at 5:30: "The Wedding March" (1927).... ¶ July 30 at 12:30: "Robinson Crusoe on Mars" (1964), directed by Byron Haskin, with Paul Mantee....¶ July 30 at 3: "Sidewalks of London" (1940), directed by Erich Pommer, with Vivien Leigh and Charles Laughton....¶ July 30 at 5:30: "Funny Face" (1957), directed by Stanley Donen, with Audrey Hepburn and Fred Astaire.... ¶ July 31 at 2: "Desire" (1936), directed by Frank Borzage, with Marlene Dietrich.... ¶ July 31 at 5:30: "Wings" (1927), directed by William Wellman, with Clara Bow.... ¶ Aug. 1 at 2: "Metropolis" (1926), a German film, directed by Fritz Lang....¶ Aug. 1 at 5:30: "Rosemary's Baby" (1968), directed by Roman Polanski, with Mia Farrow and John Cassavetes....¶ Aug. 2 at 2: "The Toll Gate" (1920), directed by Lambert Hillyer, with William S. Hart....¶ Aug. 2 at 5:30: "In Harm's Way" (1965), directed by Otto Preminger, with John Wayne and Kirk Douglas....¶ Aug. 3 at 2: "Trouble in Paradise" (1932), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Kay Francis and Herbert Marshall.... ¶ Aug. 3 at 5:30: "Volcano" (1926), directed by William K. Howard, with Bebe Daniels and Wallace Beery....¶ Aug. 3 at 8: "Goodbye, Columbus" (1969), directed by Larry Peerce, with Richard Benjamin and Ali MacGraw. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)... **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER,** 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—July 26: "Blues in the Night" (1941), directed by Anatole Litvak, with Priscilla Lane and Richard Whorf. ...¶ July 27-28: "The Jolson Story" (1946), directed by Alfred E. Green, with Larry Parks and Evelyn Keyes....¶ July 29-30: "The Five Pennies" (1959), directed by Melville Shavelson, with Danny Kaye and Barbara Bel Geddes. (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.) ... **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES,** at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Dovzhenko, Dreyer, Cocteau, Cornell, Flaherty, Eisenstein, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and (except July 28 and 30) at 10. Through Sunday, July 30.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call 472-1003 for news. The same number may be called for information about other free summer events.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **TI-JEAN AND HIS BROTHERS,** by Derek Walcott. The second in a series of three plays by the company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, Aug. 6. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of **THE KING AND I,** with Constance Towers and John



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New York Philharmonic—Concerts in various city parks, sponsored by the Schlitz beer people. Pierre Boulez (with Misha Dichter, piano) will conduct the first in a series of three peripatetic programs: **CUNNINGHAM PARK**, Queens, Wednesday, July 26, at 8:30. . . . **PROSPECT PARK**, Brooklyn, Thursday, July 27, at 8:30. . . . **BOTANICAL GARDEN'S DAFFODIL HILL**, Bronx, Saturday, July 29, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Jean Martinon (with Jorge Bolet, piano) will conduct the second program: **CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW**, Tuesday, Aug. 1, at 8:30. . . . **CROCHERON PARK**, Bayside, Wednesday, Aug. 2, at 8:30. . . . **PROSPECT PARK**, Brooklyn, Thursday, Aug. 3, at 8:30. . . . **CLOVE LAKES PARK**, Staten Island, Saturday, Aug. 5, at 8:30.

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays—except Thursday, July 27—and Sundays at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 13. Robert Lawrence will share in the conducting on Sunday, July 30.)

Central Park Mall—Thursday, July 27, at 8: Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in a single Guggenheim Memorial Concert on the Mall. . . . ¶ Friday, July 28, at 9 (rain date, July 29, at noon): Francisco Aybar, piano. . . . ¶ Monday, July 31, at 8: Boyd Neel conducting the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, with Leslie Parnas, cello. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 3, at 7: (rain date, Aug. 4): James McCarthy directing the Newark Boys Chorus, with Louise Parker, contralto.

Wollman Rink—More beer music, this time the Schaefer brewery's annual summer upheaval. Wednesday, July 26, at 7 and 9:30: Arlo Guthrie. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 28-29, at 7: J. Geils Band. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 30, at 7: Shanana and Captain Beyond. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 2, at 7: Ella Fitzgerald and Herbie Mann. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 4, at 7: Bobby Darin and Ace Trucking Company. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 5, at 7: Mahavishnu Orchestra and Taj Mahal. (Through Saturday, Sept. 2. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Bryant Park—Wednesday, July 26, at 12:15: Ray Copeland. . . . ¶ Friday, July 28, at 12:15: Sal Pace. . . . ¶ Monday, July 31, at 12:15: Joel Kay. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 2, at 12:15: Sol Yaged.

Carl Schurz Park—Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra in the last in a series of concerts. (Thursday, July 27, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

Washington Square Park—The first of two chamber-music concerts. (Tuesday, Aug. 1, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St.)

Gaelic Park—Jeff Beck Group, Argent, Flash, and Blue Oyster Cult. (Broadway and 240th St. Wednesday, Aug. 2, at 6. For information about tickets, call 644-4400.)

East River Park—Robert Boudreau conducting the American Waterways Wind Orchestra, playing from a barge at the foot of Grand Street. (Thursday, Aug. 3, at 8.)

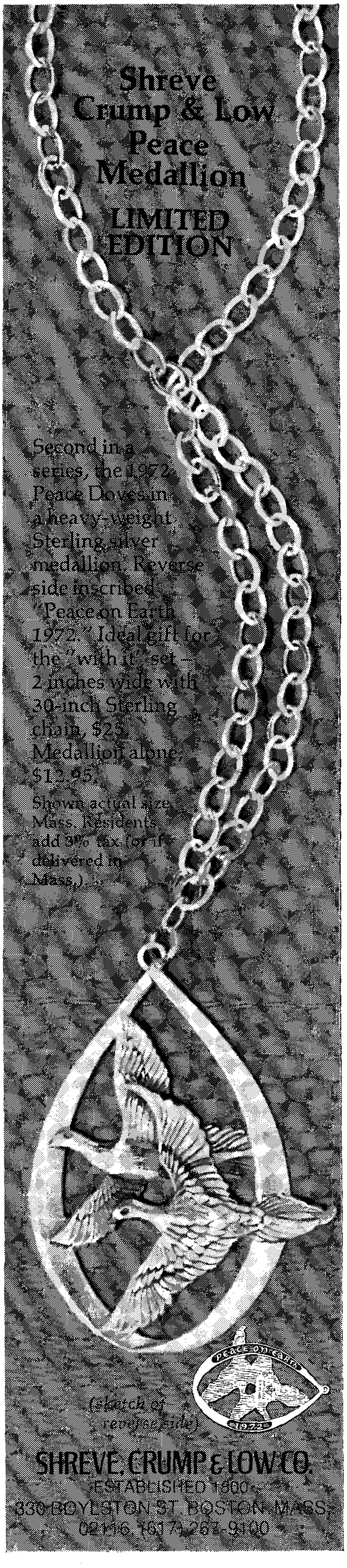
Walking Tours—"Murray Hill," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will get into stride on Sunday, July 30. Meets at the southwest corner of Fifth Ave. and 33rd St., at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

Movies in the Park—A program of regular and *experimental films is being shown in* various city parks at 9 P.M., Wednesdays through Sundays, through Aug. 27. For program news, and to clarify that word "various," call 472-1003.

New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park—Gold Cup, Ginger, King's Ransom, White Knight—not the lineup of a horse race, but only a few of the hundred and forty-three varieties in the new rose garden, complete with two fountains and curving gravel walks. (Daily, 10 to 5.)

Flea Market—The Market Place (Eleventh Ave. at 42nd St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 11 to 6.

Deep Breathing—Each Tuesday and Wednesday evening between 7 and 10:30, the roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles, to permit strollers and bicyclists to walk and ride unafflicted by exhaust fumes and traffic noises.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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			26	27	28	29
30	31	1	2	3		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Frenzy."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through July 29: "Applause" and "The Night They Raided Minsky's."
July 30-Aug. 1: "Idiot's Delight" and "Dancing Lady."
From Aug. 2: "Show Boat" and "Roberta."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Aug. 1: "King of Hearts," "Elvira Madigan," and "A Thousand Clowns."
From Aug. 2: "Sunday Bloody Sunday," "The Hospital," and "Harold and Maude."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 1: "The War Between Men and Women."
From Aug. 2: To be announced.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"The Cocoanuts" and "Monkey Business."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through July 30: "Frenzy."
From July 31: "Richard."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Play It Again, Sam."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Candidate."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Joe Kidd."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Other."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Parades."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"F.T.A."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Graduate."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Ben."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Shaft's Big Score!"

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Man."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Marjoe."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Nicholas and Alexandra."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Fat City."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Portnoy's Complaint."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Public Eye."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through July 29: "The Godfather."
From July 30: "Deliverance."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Come Back Charleston Blue."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Godson."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The War Between Men and Women."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Joe Kidd."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through July 30: "Cabaret."
From July 31: "Richard."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Aug. 2: "Prime Cut."
From Aug. 3: "The New Centurions."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Aug. 3: "The Godfather."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Aug. 1: "Fuzz."
From Aug. 2: "Kansas City Bomber."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Ben."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8032)
"Shaft's Big Score!"

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Aug. 1: "City Lights."
From Aug. 2: "Cabaret."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Slaughterhouse-Five."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Aug. 1: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis."
From Aug. 2: "A Very Curious Girl."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"What's Up, Doc?"

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
July 26: "The Golem" and "La Ronde."
July 27-29: "Jules and Jim" and "Black Orpheus."
July 30-31: "Shoot the Piano Player" and "The 400 Blows."
Aug. 1-2: "The Lovers" and "Le Bonheur."
From Aug. 3: "Citizen Kane" and "The Magnificent Ambersons."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Aug. 1: "Nicholas and Alexandra."
From Aug. 2: "Ben" and "Krakatoa, East of Java."

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Fiddler on the Roof."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"What's Up, Doc?"

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Butterflies Are Free."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Cabaret."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through July 30: "Slaughterhouse-Five."
From July 31: "Greaser's Palace."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Public Eye."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The War Between Men and Women."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"The Great Dictator."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Sorrow and the Pity."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Groundstar Conspiracy."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Slaughterhouse-Five."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Jamilya."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"What's Up, Doc?"

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Late Spring" and Part V of Louis Malle's "Phantom India."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 27: "Murmur of the Heart" and "Joe."
From July 28: "Dirty Harry" and "Man in the Wilderness."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 26: "How to Marry a Millionaire" and "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."
July 27: "Don Quixote" and "And Quiet Flows the Don."
July 28: "Diary of a Mad Housewife" and "La Femme Infidèle."
July 29: "The Rise of Louis XIV" and "The Passion of Joan of Arc."
July 30: "Boris Godunov" and "The Threepenny Opera."
July 31: "In the Heat of the Night" and "Burn!"
Aug. 1: "The Lower Depths" and "Yojimbo."
Aug. 2: "Shyness," "Overdependency," and three other films on psychology.
Aug. 3: "Key Largo" and "All Through the Night."

Riviera, B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)
"Slaughterhouse-Five."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Aug. 3: "Frenzy" and "Sometimes a Great Notion."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

All Through the Night (1942)—Humphrey Bogart in a story about a mobster who has turned to gambling to support his family and the gang. This is the effect of wartime rationing with a vengeance. The film is nothing much, but there are acerbic small appearances by Peter Lorre and Conrad Veidt. (Thalia; Aug. 3.)

And Quiet Flows the Don (1957)—A kaleidoscopic view of life in prerevolutionary Russia, featuring such hot-tempered characters as a man who lashes his rival with a whip and a brokenhearted girl who attempts to cut her throat with a scythe. Episodic melodrama, high on flaring nostrils. The director, Sergei Gerasimov, adapted Mikhail Sholokhov's novel. In Russian. (Thalia; July 27.)

Applause (1929)—Helen Morgan, Henry Wadsworth, and Dorothy Cummings in a revolutionary talkie about burlesque by Rouben Mamoulian. The talk is trite but the techniques aren't. Made in Paramount's New York studios. In this interesting picture, Mamoulian introduced the superimposition of sound tracks and the use of two cameras. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through July 29.)

Ben—Another rat film, sequel to "Willard." A little boy gets terrifically attached to Ben, an unlovable rat. We are supposed to be moved by that and scared of the rats, but we're neither. Awful acting, awful trick photography. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Aug. 2.)

Black Orpheus (1959)—With Marpessa Dawn, directed by Marcel Camus. High baroque about feast days and nights in Rio, greatly admired in its time by the people who didn't find it suffocatingly lush. Worth going. In Portuguese. (Elgin; July 27-29.)

Le Bonheur (1966)—A picture small in scale, delightful in tone, and less romantic than it looks at first glance, the subject being happiness. Written and directed with great intelligence by Agnès Varda and starring Jean-Claude Drouot, his wife, and two small children. In French. (Elgin; Aug. 1-2.)

Boris Godunov (1955)—Elaborate, faithful recreation of the Moussorgsky-Pushkin opera. A. Pirogov is Boris. Directed by V. Stroyeva. In Russian. (Thalia; July 30.)

Burn! (1970)—Gillo Pontecorvo's emotionally charged epic about a slave revolt on a fictitious Caribbean island. Marlon Brando is the cynical representative of the British oppressors who instigates the revolt and then crushes it. Controversial, flawed, passionate. An attempt to plant an insurrectionary fuse within a swashbuckler. (Thalia; July 31.)

Butterflies Are Free—Based on the Broadway play, with Goldie Hawn, Eileen Heckart, and Edward Albert. Dim stuff from a dim original, full of the worst sort of show-biz perkiness. Directed by Milton Katselas. (Music Hall.)

Cabaret—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (Ziegfeld. . . . ¶ U. A. East; through July 30. . . . ¶ Waverly; starting Aug. 2.)

The Candidate—We need political films, by gum—it's been a long time since "Dr. Strangelove"—but not this thing, which is about a young straight-from-the-shoulder good-looker (Robert Redford) who decides to run for Democratic senator in California. Redford's likeness to the Kennedy brothers is exploited in one of the most vulgar pieces of casting in years; in a subtler way there is something even worse in the fact that we are disappointed, in the context of this coarse film, that nothing fatal happens to him. Directed by Michael Ritchie. Don't go. The stomach heaves. (Sutton.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—The Orson Welles film is generally considered the greatest American film of the sound period, and it's more fun than any other great movie. Based on the life of William Randolph Hearst, it is an exuberant, muckraking attack on an archetypal economic baron. With Welles, of course, and Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane. (Elgin; starting Aug. 3.)

City Lights (1931)—The famous old Chaplin. The mime is wonderful, the lonely use of sound for a swallowed whistle at a party is wonderful, the sight gags are wonderful; the sentimentality about the blind girl is faintly frightening. (Waverly; through Aug. 1.)

The Cocoanuts (1929)—The Marx Brothers' first feature, shot in a studio on Long Island, is a somewhat cumbersome transcription of their Broadway musical-comedy hit about the land boom in Florida. With Kay Francis in

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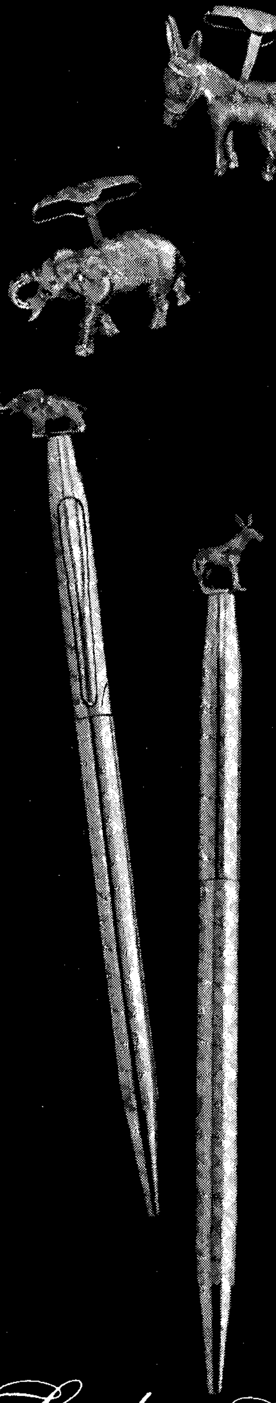

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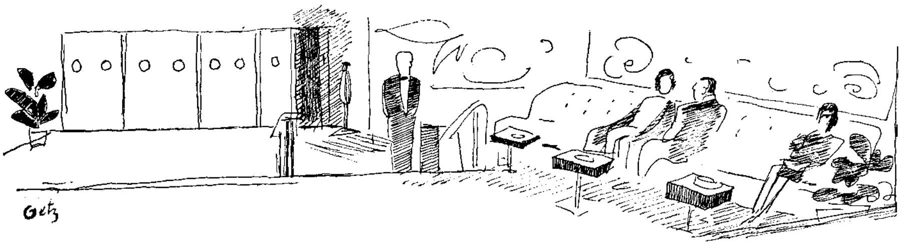


her then daring mannish hairdo, Margaret Dumont in lace dresses and floppy hats, and a pair of forgettable singing lovers. Written by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; songs by Irving Berlin. (Kips Bay.)

Come Back Charleston Blue—Godfrey Cambridge and Raymond St. Jacques again playing the Harlem police detectives Gravedigger Jones and Coffin Ed Johnson, in this sequel to "Cotton Comes to Harlem." Directed by Mark Warren. (72nd St. Playhouse.)

Dancing Lady (1933)—Fred Astaire's first movie. Joan Crawford is a dancer with her mind on work; Franchot Tone loves her but is filthy rich; Clark Gable ignores her but agrees she should carry on at being a star overnight. Vivid and fun. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 30-Aug. 1.)

Deliverance—Based on the James Dickey novel, with Jon Voight and Burt Reynolds, directed by John Boorman. (Loews Tower East; starting July 30.)

Diary of a Mad Housewife (1970)—A rising young lawyer (Richard Benjamin), who is an alarming pedant about food, wine, and ambitious entertaining, is married to a hard-driven girl (Carrie Snodgress). Mrs. Put-Upon dearly needs her Mr. Go-Getter, however. Directed and written by Frank and Eleanor Perry, respectively. (Thalia; July 28.)

Dirty Harry—Clint Eastwood is the saintly cop who demonstrates the necessity for para-legal police power; Don Siegel directed this skillful, brutal, Fascist thriller. (Symphony; starting July 28.)

Don Quixote (1957)—A doggedly faithful version of the Cervantes classic. With Nikolai Cherkassov as the Knight. Directed by Grigory Kozintsev. In Russian. (Thalia; July 27.)

Elvira Madigan (1967)—Thommy Berggren gives a skillful, sensitive performance as the handsome young cavalry officer who falls fatally in love with a circus girl (Pia Degermark, who is so exquisitely fresh she doesn't need to act) in Bo Widerberg's lushly beautiful movie about romantic insanity. The lovers, who live only for each other, cut themselves off from society and prefer to die rather than risk growing apart. In Swedish. (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 1.)

Fat City—A film about a boxer, though not about boxing, directed by John Huston from Leonard Gardner's novel. (Gardner wrote the script.) The hero, wonderfully played by Stacy Keach—Huston could no more miss great calibre in an actor than he could miss a great horse in a paddock—is an out-of-training boxer who thinks he is aging; he is just about to hit thirty. The fat city of the title is the world of limitless booze and broads and money that men down on their luck plunder in their dreams. The Stacy Keach character is at a crux: we see him staring at his life, and it seems to singe his eyeballs. Tough, eloquent script, beautiful muted colors (mostly photographed in Stockton, California), Huston back in the form that makes him interested in the violent and the cryptic. Not to be missed. (Columbia II.)

La Femme Infidèle (1969)—Claude Chabrol shows how to make a civilized (though conventional) thriller; he serves up the sensuality and adultery with the elegance of a master. With Michel Bouquet as the husband, Stéphane Audran as the wife, Maurice Ronet as her lover. In French. (Thalia; July 28.)

Fiddler on the Roof—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (Rivoli. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 8:45. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 1:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—François Truffaut's amazing, eloquent, indispensable first feature is a semi-autobiographical account of a twelve-year-old boy who—to the eyes of adults—becomes a delinquent. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. In French. (Elgin; July 30-31.)

Frenzy—Hitchcock working in England for the first time since the remake of "The Man Who Knew Too Much." A story about a fruit merchant from Covent Garden and a sacked barman, both suspected of a series of rapes and necktie murders, which are made less gruesome by Hitchcock's belief that there is all the difference in the world between surprise and suspense. This is Hitch on his old form, working with a first-rate cast of British actors virtually unknown outside their own country (including Barry Foster, Jon Finch, Anna Massey, and Barbara Leigh-Hunt. Vivien Merchant is detective Alec McCowen's wife, full of feminine intuition while she is putting him off with the unspeakable results of a course in Continental gourmet-style cooking). A film full of Hitchcock's special sabre-toothed humor and his interest in stabs of domestic psychology. (Art. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through July 30. . . . ¶ Olympia; through Aug. 3.)

F.T.A.—"F.T.A." stands for "Free the Army"—the Jane Fonda-Donald Sutherland-Francine Parker show. (Baronet.)

Fuzz—Don't fog your head with this. (86th St. East; through Aug. 1.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis—Vittorio De Sica's finest film in many years—a lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (5th Ave. Cinema; through Aug. 1.)

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes (1953)—Two little girls make good in Paris; one of them is Marilyn Monroe, and thank Heaven for her. Howard Hawks manages to turn Anita Loos' famous tale into a bit of a drag. (Thalia; July 26.)

The Godfather—A wide, startlingly vivid view of a Mafia dynasty, in which organized crime becomes an obscene nightmare image of American ruthlessness. The movie is a popular melodrama, but it expresses a new tragic realism and it's altogether extraordinary. Francis Ford Coppola directed; Marlon Brando and Al Pacino are the stars. (Loews Tower East; through July 29. . . . ¶ Loews Ciné; through Aug. 3.)

The Godson—Alain Delon in a meditative thriller by Jean-Pierre Melville about a mercenary who kills for money without hatred and leaves girls without anguish. A fascinating and important picture in French cinema, studying someone who listens constantly and seems to be responding to harmonics beyond most people's range. The film is cold, masterly, not pathetic or even particularly sympathetic, but it has the noble structure of accuracy. François Périer plays an unscrupulous detective. Photographed by Henri Decae. (Juliet 1.)

The Golem (1937)—Julien Duvivier directed three of the best French films of 1937: "Pépé le Moko," "Un Carnet de Bal," and "The Golem," a remake of the silent German classic. The Golem is a stone man, eight feet tall, brought to life by a magically endowed rabbi who commands his creation to overcome the

Austrian oppressors of the Jewish people. The monster runs amok to order; Harry Baur plays a king who tries to trammel him. In French. (Elgin; July 26.)

The Graduate (1967)—Dustin Hoffman is marvellous as a young man who would rather fall in love with his father's partner's daughter than commit adultery with his father's partner's wife. Katharine Ross is the daughter and Anne Bancroft the wife. The director is Mike Nichols. (Coronet.)

Greaser's Palace—Written and directed by Robert Downey. (Festival; starting July 31.)

The Great Dictator (1940)—Chaplin plays a small-time Jewish barber and doubles as a mock Hitler called Hynkel, dictator of Tomania, who argues with Napaloni, dictator of Bacteria. He is helped on by Herring and Garbitsch. (Garbitsch is Hynkel's Minister of Propaganda, full of Brechtian ideas about how to make other people feel small in the dictator's tiny, panicky presence.) The notion of a 1940 farce about Hitler and anti-Semitism works out much less queasily than it sounds. The famous sequence when Hynkel lies on his back and tosses around a balloon inscribed with a map of the world is a miracle of high-flying, mordant fun. But the last impassioned speech about peace and unity still wrecks everything that has gone before; Chaplin mawkish can always overrule Chaplin the innocent mime. (Lincoln Art.)

The Groundstar Conspiracy—Spy melodrama that opens with a big explosion set off by the theft of secret stuff from a space project in the Pacific Northwest. The thief loses his memory and, after extensive doctoring, still can't remember who hired him. The action is packed, as they say, and incredible. George Peppard plays a steel-faced security officer for the project. (Paramount.)

Harold and Maude—With Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort, directed by Hal Ashby. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Aug. 2.)

The Hospital—That great spangled ham George C. Scott in Paddy Chayevsky's farce about the killing incompetence in a modern big-city hospital. The picture strains for seriousness now and then, but even when it makes a fool of itself it's still funny. Arthur Hiller directed. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Aug. 2.)

How to Marry a Millionaire (1953)—Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall working their terrific varied resources up to the hilt in a funny Jean Negulesco comedy about getting themselves three stinking-rich beloveds. The Nunnally Johnson script epitomizes something about the Hollywood of the time: professional, slick, very like the best of the knowing TV commercials that we see now. (Thalia; July 26.)

Idiot's Delight (1939)—With Norma Shearer and Clark Gable, directed by Clarence Brown. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 30-Aug. 1.)

In the Heat of the Night (1967)—A comedy-thriller with Sidney Poitier as a quick-witted police officer from the North and Rod Steiger as a blundering Southern chief of police. Fast and enjoyable, with lively, atmospheric cinematography by Haskell Wexler. Directed by Norman Jewison. (Thalia; July 31.)

Jamilya—Soft-hearted Soviet film, directed by Irina Poplavskaya from a novel by Aitmatov, who is a leading modern writer in Kirgiz. This was written in 1958, and it gives quite an outspoken picture of the new sets of relations among Soviet young people in Kirgiz. (Louis Aragon arranged for the French translation to be published.) Recondite but interesting, interspersed with eloquent drawings by a Kirgiz child. In Russian. (Regency.)

Joe (1970)—A hardhat type, mouthing prejudices about the young and the blacks and the freeloaders on welfare, meets a well-heeled liberal adman, and they strike up a murderous alliance. Peter Boyle plays the bigot; John Avildsen directed. (Symphony; through July 27.)

Joe Kidd—A Western with Clint Eastwood and Robert Duvall, directed by John Sturges. (Trans-Lux East and Trans-Lux 85th St.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—One of the few French masterpieces of the sixties. François Truffaut's lyrical celebration of the lives of three bohemians (Henri Serre, Jeanne Moreau, and Oskar Werner) from the First World War to the Second. In French. (Elgin; July 27-29.)

Kansas City Bomber—With Raquel Welch and Kevin McCarthy, directed by Jerrold Freedman. (86th St. East; starting Aug. 2.)

Key Largo (1948)—John Huston, who directed, and Richard Brooks, then a screenwriter, rewrote the soporific Maxwell Anderson play and added so many good hammy bits that they turned it into an entertaining movie, though what the play was supposed to be about—which was dim enough in the original—is thoroughly obscured. But it's a confidently directed, handsomely shot movie, and the cast all go at it as if the nonsense about gangsters and human dignity were high drama. Humphrey Bogart gets Lauren Bacall, who looks wonderful but can't seem to find a character to play; Edward G. Robinson chomps on a cigar while soaking in a bathtub; Claire Trevor makes her bid for an Academy Award in the role of a pathetic drunk; and Thomas Gomez and Lionel Barrymore do their usual overrated overacting. (Thalia; Aug. 3.)

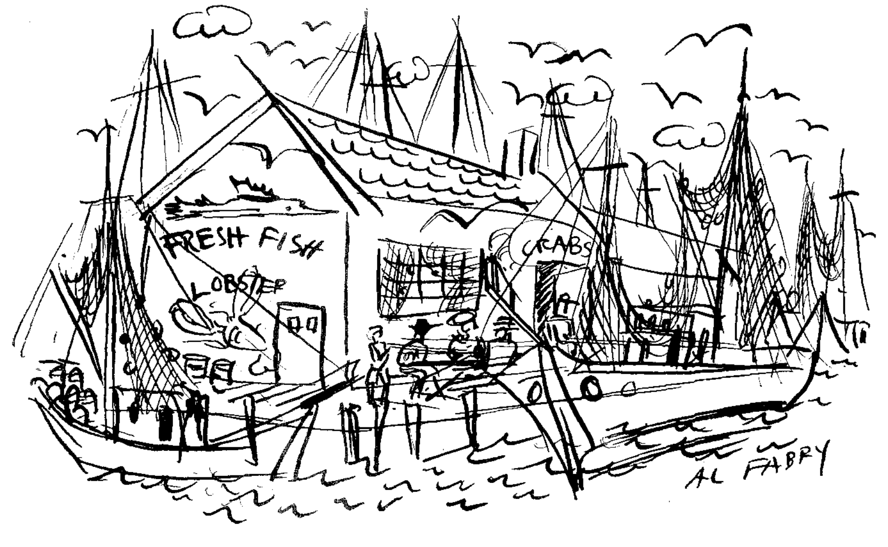
King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 1.)

Krakatoa, East of Java (1969)—With Maximilian Schell and Diane Baker, directed by Bernard L. Kowalski. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Aug. 2.)

Late Spring (1949)—Directed by Yasujiro Ozu. In Japanese. (New Yorker.)

The Lovers (1959)—The romantic sex film that made Jeanne Moreau infamously famous. As a modern-day Emma Bovary, she made love very elegantly in water—maybe because the director, Louis Malle, had been Jacques-Yves Cousteau's assistant. In French. (Elgin; Aug. 1-2.)

The Lower Depths (1957)—Kurosawa's version of Gorky, transposed to a Japanese tenement in the early nineteenth century. A very great film. The setting is a lodging house; the inhabitants, blown by the whims of a corrupt landlord, include a run-down Kabuki actor, a thief, a whore, a retired Samurai, an invalid old lady. Mifune plays the thief, who has an eye for the landlady's sister. The perfect ensemble acting was arrived at by a method in the great tradition of the Moscow



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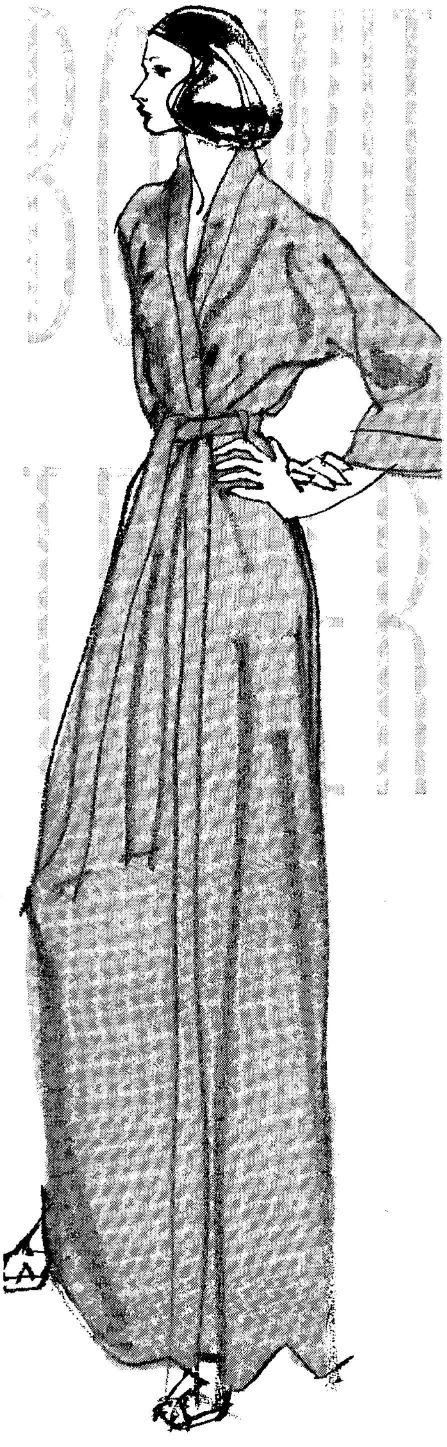

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Art Theatre, which first mounted the play; before they started shooting, the cast and crew rehearsed for forty days with full costume, makeup, and lighting. Stanislavski would have approved this film, and Gorky would have found it authentically comic. In Japanese. (Thalia; Aug. 1.)

The Magnificent Ambersons (1942)—Orson Welles' second film has greater depth than "Citizen Kane," though it doesn't have the driving force that might hold it together. Working from the Booth Tarkington novel, Welles achieved some great sequences of family life. Tim Holt plays the mother-fixated son who falls from the American aristocracy to the working class; Dolores Costello is his mother; Agnes Moorehead is his nervous old-maid aunt. With Richard Bennett as the family patriarch, Joseph Cotten, Anne Baxter, and Ray Collins. (Elgin; starting Aug. 3.)

The Man—James Earl Jones plays a pained-looking black who gets unexpectedly jumped up into the White House when the President and his high-ranking entourage are killed by a crumbling building in Europe and the Vice-President decides to keep to his wheelchair. The James Earl Jones character flounders helplessly as a caretaker President who needs to be needed and who can't get on with these hardhearted politicians. Directed by Joseph Sargent from the Irving Wallace book; story and screenplay, both dire, by Rod Serling. (Cinema I.)

Man in the Wilderness—With Richard Harris, directed by Richard C. Sarafian. (Symphony; starting July 28.)

Marjoe—An interesting *cinéma-vérité* film, by Howard Smith and Sarah Kernochan, about a kid brought up from the age of three to be a revivalist preacher though his heart is really in rock singing. He wants to be sincere, see. He wants to be like Mick Jagger. All this Jesus stuff . . . The film takes some surprising turns, and it works sometimes, with an amiable outspokenness and preserve-us humor. (Cinema II.)

Monkey Business (1931)—The four Marx Brothers as anarchic stowaways on an ocean liner who get involved with bootleggers and Thelma Todd, in the first of their films written directly for the screen (by S. J. Perelman and others). Norman McLeod directed this heavenly, corny nonsense, which features such songs as "You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me" and "When I Take My Sugar to Tea." (Kips Bays.)

Murmur of the Heart—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog. An exhilarating high comedy by the least known of the major French directors. In French. (Symphony; through July 27.)

The New Centurions—From Joseph Wambaugh's novel, with George C. Scott and Stacy Keach, directed by Richard Fleischer. (Loews Orpheum; starting Aug. 3.)

Nicholas and Alexandra—As obsequiously respectful as if it had been made about living monarchs who might reward the producer with a command performance. Viewers are put in the position of celebrity-lovers eager to partake of the home life of the dullest of the Czars. Nicholas and Alexandra were two dunces sitting on a volcano, and the solemnly square movie is more interested in the dunces than in the volcano. Directed by Franklin J. Schaffner, but without the sweeping command of large-scale visual imagery he has had in the past. (Columbia I. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Aug. 1.)

The Night They Raided Minsky's (1968)—A parody tribute to burlesque, with a minimum of plot and a maximum of evocative stage routines. There's a wonderful seedy chorus line—a row of pudgy girls with faces like slipped discs. The actors include Jason Robards, Norman Wisdom, Joseph Wiseman, Elliott Gould, and Britt Ekland, who has a big, warm smile. Directed by William Friedkin, choreographed by Danny Daniels. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through July 29.)

The Other—Thomas Tryon, the actor who was in "The Cardinal," adapted for the screen this blisteringly dopey multi-murder story, set in Connecticut in a blithe summer of the nineteen-thirties. Identical boy twins personify good and evil. This physical unidentifiability is the most interesting thing about the picture. Tryon's original novel was a good deal more intelligent. Robert Mulligan directed, all too elegiacally. (Fine Arts.)

Parades—This is an anti-regimentation film about a drafted American soldier trying to commit suicide in the stockades and going cuckoo. You never know if what you're watching is even faintly true, though the picture is documentary in its essence. Directed, with the traffic, by Robert J. Siegel, against all signals of sense, let alone sensibility. (Plaza.)

The Passion of Joan of Arc (1927)—One of the few truly great films; Carl Dreyer based the script on the trial records and, keeping the camera close to the fleshly faces of Joan and her persecutors, subtly—and shockingly—linked eroticism to religious persecution. Maria Falconetti's Joan may be the finest performance ever recorded on film. With Antonin Artaud. (Thalia; July 29.)

Phantom India—A megalithic documentary by Louis Malle about the ambiguous subcontinent. The film runs close to seven hours in all; it is being shown by the New Yorker Theatre in seven segments to accompany successive feature films. Fastidiously perceptive about religion, dance, caste, and the notions of solitude that have always interested Malle. (He made "Le Feu Follet," among other pictures.)

Play It Again, Sam—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, intensely aware that he is short, hating having red hair, loving a wife who leaves him gently enough and mostly because she is fed up with viewing old Bogey pictures. Most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Very Manhattan humor, expediently translated in the film to San Francisco because of a strike of New York technicians. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitable loose-limbed laconicism. (34th St. East.)

Portnoy's Complaint—Philip Roth's novel was a spiral of exaggeration and a work of clownish splendor: Ernest Lehman's film (he wrote and directed it) is an oddly dirty-minded and soulful-looking disaster. In the novel, the one-joke device seemed as generous as anything recent in the literature of buffoons; in the film, it seems terribly stingy. Dick Benjamin looks wan as Alexander Portnoy, asked to lift up the whole *lumpen* film on his shoulders as if he were Atlas himself. Karen Black, as his girl, looks gorgeous. Uncomic stuff. (Beekman.)

Prime Cut—A man gets turned into a rather short string of frankfurters. Directed by Michael Ritchie, with Lee Marvin pitted against Gene Hackman. Plenty of cattle and an awful lot of blood. Raw-spirited, nasty work. (Loews Orpheum; through Aug. 2.)

The Public Eye—Mia Farrow plays the winsome California wife of a stodgy London accountant (Michael Jayston) who sets a private detective onto watching his young bride. She is actually nothing more than dead bored and youthfully mystical, raptly getting up early to watch the sun rise. Topol plays the private detective, a whimsical and very noticeable creature all in white, who never stops eating yogurt and cracking aphorisms. Directed by Carol Reed, who made a ghastly mistake to come anywhere near the tripping, spineless falsity of Peter Shaffer's script (based on his own stage play). (68th St. Playhouse and Playboy.)

Richard—A comedy, directed by Lorees Yerby and Harry Hurwitz. (Murray Hill and U. A. East; starting July 31.)

The Rise of Louis XIV (1966)—Rossellini's beady-eyed and graceful chronicle about the growing up of a young monarch from a boy written off as nothing much more than an unambitious young debauchee into one of the most skillful absolutists in European history. In French. (Thalia; July 29.)

Roberta (1935)—Astaire and Rogers, and also Irene Dunne singing in white foxes and satin, and Randolph Scott, Helen Westley, and Claire Dodd. The apparatus is a bit heavy, but the Jerome Kern music includes "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" and "Lovely to Look At." Best of all is the dance to "I'll Be Hard to Handle." William Seiter directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Aug. 2.)

La Ronde (1950)—Love makes the world go 'round in Max Ophuls' romantic, intricate, and rather tired version of the Schnitzler play, and the actors who move from one affair to the next include Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, Jean-Louis Barrault, Daniel Gélin, and Simone Simon. This 1950 film had censorship trouble and was cut in the heyday of its art-house

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fame; this version includes the cut footage. In French. (Elgin; July 26.)

Shaft's Big Score!—A sequel to "Shaft," directed by Gordon Parks. Richard Roundtree plays a black detective. We've heard that thoughtful blacks who've seen this picture call it a white hype. It has a peculiar chic and falsity to it, though it will probably do fine, having the most cohesive movie audience since the Depression. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—A comedy about melancholia—probably the *only* comedy about melancholia. Charles Aznavour is Charlie the Piano Player, who just wants to be "out of it" in François Truffaut's poetic, nihilistic gangster picture. A modern classic. In French. (Elgin; July 30-31.)

Show Boat (1936)—Despite the Edna Ferber plot, with its heartbreaks and coincidences, this classic musical melodrama with the Jerome Kern songs is hard to resist in any of its many versions. This one from Universal (which is far superior to the 1951 M-G-M version) features Irene Dunne and Allan Jones, but its greatest attractions are Paul Robeson as Joe and the marvellous Julie of Helen Morgan. James Whale directed, and the cast includes Charles Winninger, Helen Westley, Hattie McDaniel, and Donald Cook. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Aug. 2.)

Slaughterhouse-Five—George Roy Hill's film of the Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., college classic, with Michael Sacks as the boy assistant chaplain in Dresden in the Second World War. Filmed mostly in Prague (there being no Dresden left); photographed by Miroslav Ondricek, the wonderful Czech photographer who has worked with Miloš Forman, Ivan Passer, and Lindsay Anderson. The flattened despair of the film sometimes seems a show-off form of cool, but the picture is beautifully cast and acted. (8th St. Playhouse, Cinema Studio, and Riviera. . . . ¶ Festival; through July 30.)

Sometimes a Great Notion—With Paul Newman, Henry Fonda, and Lee Remick; directed by Newman. (Olympia; through Aug. 3.)

The Sorrow and the Pity—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (Paris.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Aug. 2.)

A Thousand Clowns (1965)—An adaptation of Herb Gardner's Broadway comedy that, despite its crudeness as a film, was a box-office success. Jason Robards is the rebellious TV writer (whose rebellion takes the form of being a crackpot and spouting TV-style jokes about TV). With Martin Balsam, Barbara Harris, William Daniels, Gene Saks, and Barry Gordon. Fred Coe directed, sort of. (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 1.)

The Threepenny Opera (1931)—G.W. Pabst made this somewhat phlegmatic version of the Bertolt Brecht-Kurt Weill opera. With Lotte Lenya. In German. (Thalia; July 30.)

A Very Curious Girl (1970)—With Bernadette Lafont, directed by Nelly Kaplan. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema; starting Aug. 2.)

The War Between Men and Women—Based on James Thurber's views, and using James Thurber's drawings, about an artist who goes blind, like Thurber. The artist is called Peter Wilson, which seems lunatic but turns out to be accidentally just, since the comic spirit of the thing isn't Thurber's by miles. Jack Lemmon is Peter Wilson, forced to gag everything up and backing into dreadful pathos. Barbara Harris is terrific. (Juliet 2 and Little Carnegie. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through Aug. 1.)

What's Up, Doc?—Peter Bogdanovich tries but fails to resuscitate screwball comedy; the movie works only fitfully, and at a rather infantile, imitative level. Ryan O'Neal, playing Cary Grant, is an embarrassment; Barbra Streisand comes out better by simply playing herself. Madeline Kahn does a traditional bossy-female caricature that is strident and sometimes funny, but the best moments (really seconds) come from Mabel Albertson and Sorrell Booke. (Greenwich, Guild, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Yojimbo (1962)—Akira Kurosawa's boisterous, exuberant comedy-satire about violence, with Toshiro Mifune as the sword for hire. One of the rare Japanese films that is both great and funny to Westerners. In Japanese. (Thalia; Aug. 1.)

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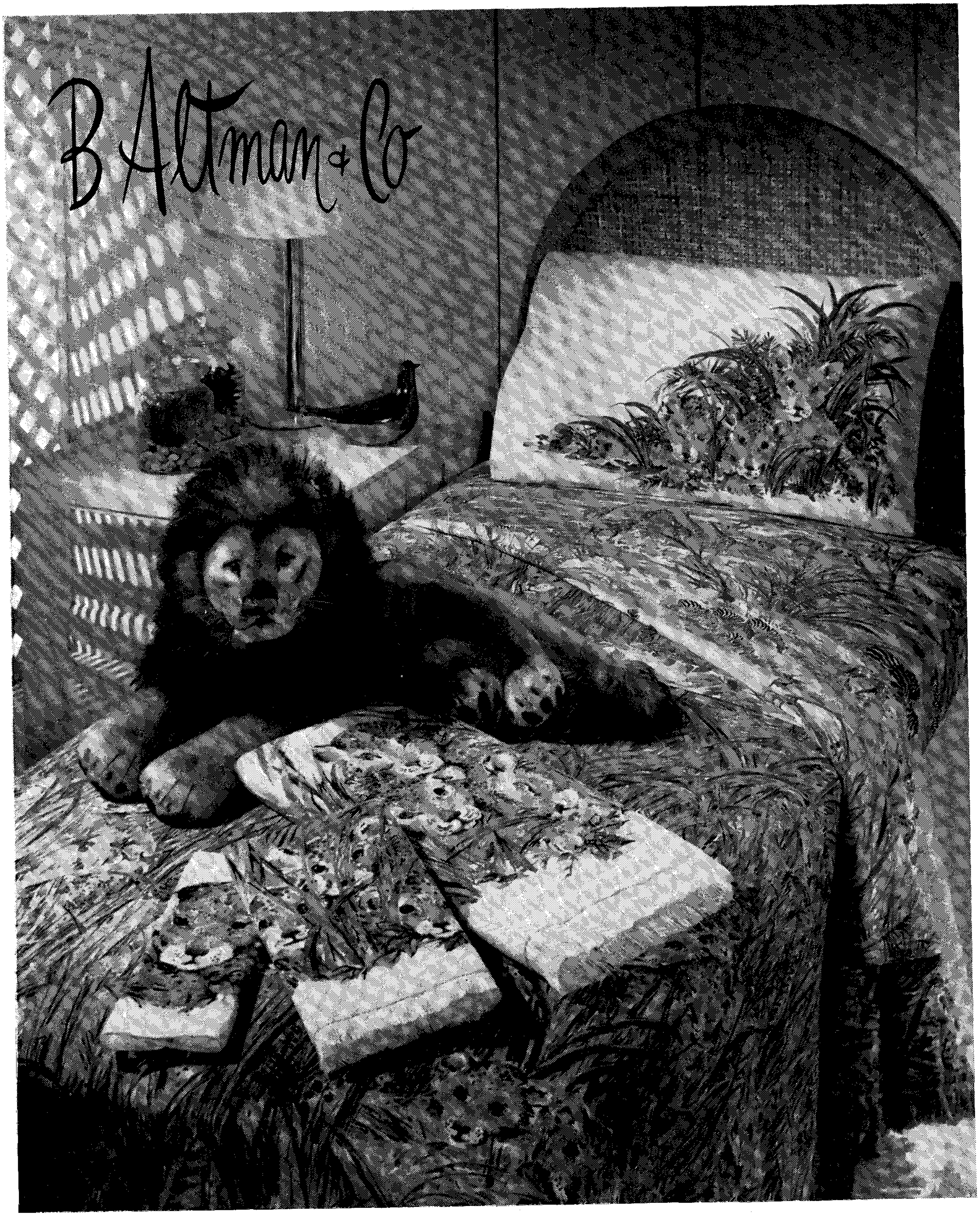

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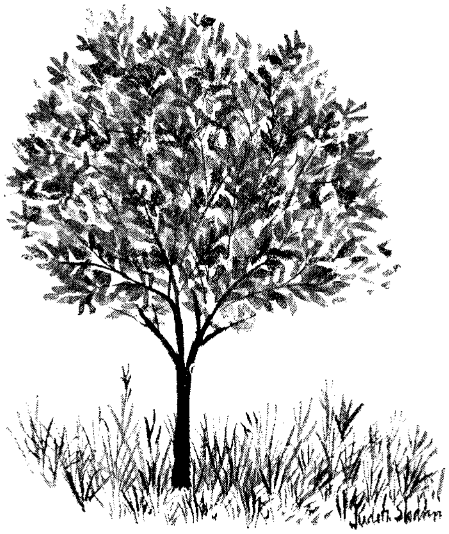
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

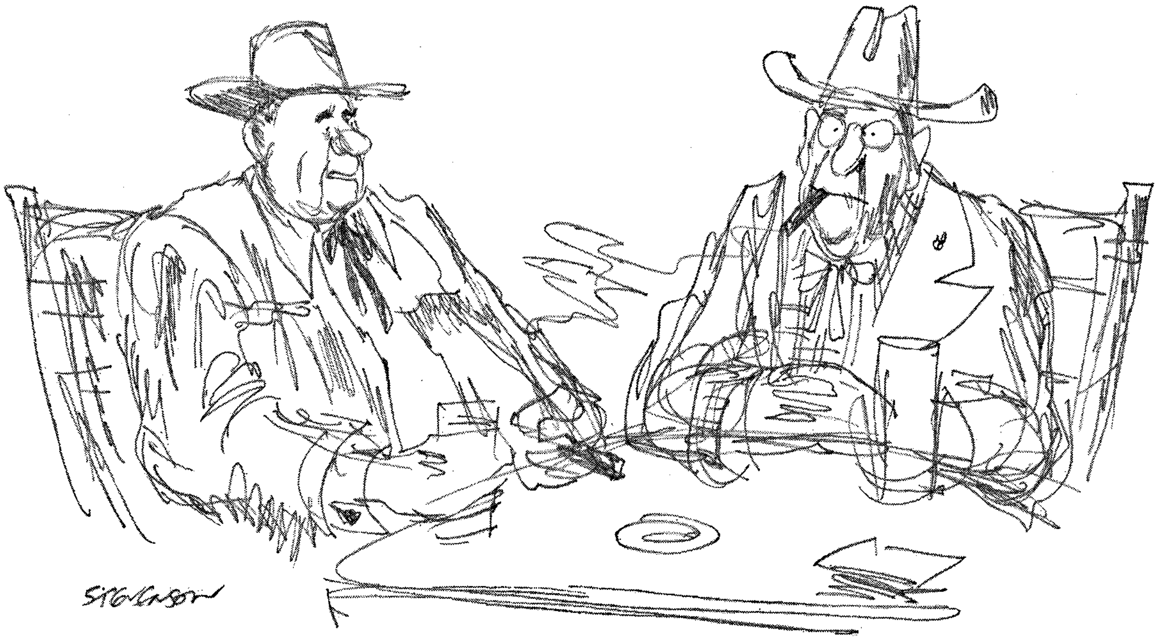
Notes and Comment

EVERY day last week, we Americans dropped four thousand tons of bombs on North and South Vietnam. On one recent day, in Quang Tri Province alone—an area not much larger than Rhode Island—we dropped twenty-five hundred tons of bombs, with three or four times the blast-damage force of the atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima. That is what the war has come down to. In this year's Presidential election, as in the last two Presidential elections, the country will be brought face to face with the question of the war, but it is a changed war now, and a changed country. The country has been brought to the point of exhaustion by the war. It is an exhaustion of sensibility, however—not physical exhaustion. Most of us find it more tiring to think about the war than to wage the war. Thinking about the war takes special effort, after all these years. On the other hand, waging the war is easy. All you have to do is to go on with business as usual. This is enough because the war has become part of America's business as usual. The war has inertia on its side. In a strange reversal of the usual order of things, it requires inaction to fight the war and action to stop fighting it. And because it takes so little for most of us to go on with the war, we sometimes get the feeling that someone else is waging it, or that *no one* is waging it—as though the computers and the B-52s could wage it by themselves. Yet in fact it is no one but we ourselves who are killing the Vietnamese. If we are not killing them, who is? Some people go as far as to maintain that *the war is over*. But what has happened is only that its shape has been changed to fit the public mood in the United States. For the Vietnamese, the war is in its most punishing phase. Throughout their country, a sequence of events is proceeding that spells annihilation for ordinary people. The Vietnamese we oppose launch an attack, and their shells fall on the towns. The Vietnamese we support flee. Then we Americans make our contribution: we blanket the whole area with an inconceivable volume of every imaginable kind of munition short of nuclear bombs. Then our Vietnamese, if they are able, return and loot the remains. So towns that put their trust in us and our clients are punished three times over: they are abandoned, then incinerated, then sacked.

But if the war is the only reality for the Vietnamese, who are living with it, it is almost wholly unreal to us Americans, who are supplying most of the explosives. This is partly because what we are doing in Vietnam isn't like war as we have known it in the past. War is fought against an enemy, but who is the United States' enemy in Vietnam? The North Vietnamese cannot harm us now and never will be able to harm us. They can just barely harm the force we are using to destroy them. The enemy can hardly be the Chinese, who, we are told, will soon be flying about in American 707s. And surely it isn't the Russians, whose Party Chairman now drives a Cadillac given him by President Nixon. Wars involve risks, but in what is happening in Vietnam the risks to most Americans are nil, and the combat casualties of those in the theatre of war are regularly lower than the casualties resulting from accidents. For Americans, Vietnam is less a battlefield than an open pen that we fire into at will as the people flee in masses from one side to another. War is a contest, a murderous competition, but for Americans in Vietnam there is no contest. The people we are killing are unable to pit their arms against our arms. Instead, they have pitted their willingness to suffer and die against our willingness to torment and kill. Our strategy is to punish them until they can no longer endure the punishment and must give up. This is the logic of the torture chamber, not of the battlefield. Wars call for sacrifices, but few people on the home front are being asked to make any. Those who lose their sons don't find that the burden of their loss is being shared in any way by the rest of us.



All in all, the American endeavor in Vietnam is more like a factory than like a war. It's a war in which the assembly line ends in the villages of Vietnam. None of the Americans participating are ever reminded that they are involved in anything out of the ordinary—not the scientist who designs the weapons, not the worker and the executive who manufacture them, not the taxpayer who pays for it all. And, at the end of the line, the pilots who deliver the bombs to the Vietnamese villages are as undisturbed as milkmen delivering bottles to the doorsteps of American homes. There are all kinds of factories, and the American machine in Vietnam is a death factory. We are its workers and its consumers, our ships and planes are its moving parts, and the Vietnamese are its raw materials. In this new guise, the war has become so much a part of our lives that we scarcely notice it any longer. In a way, those who claim that the United States is no longer active in Vietnam are right. The war cannot



"Ah'm sure glad Ah didn't have to decide between John and Spiro."

• •

now be seen merely as something we are doing; it is what we are.

Duffers

LAST week, we received the following letter from a friend on the upper West Side:

"Since last summer, I've been part of what a recent story in the *Times* called 'a runaway tennis craze here.' It may not be correct to say that I'm a solid part of the craze, since I can't play well yet and I don't even play on tennis courts. What's more, I've been teaching myself. I do this by trying not to miss a single tennis match on television, and certainly not to miss one in which Ken Rosewall is playing. He is my chief inspiration, the source of my personal craze. He is the only player I've watched on television whose easy blend of orthodoxy and grace makes it appear that almost anybody could pick up a tennis racket and play just as well. So every Saturday or Sunday morning—sometimes both Saturday and Sunday mornings—I've been getting up early and going over to the handball courts in Central Park, not far from where I live, to hit the ball against the back walls—my every movement guided by the picture I carry in my head of how Rosewall moves. I've entered an interesting world. One of the consolations I have when I get to the handball courts in the morning is discovering that there are other people there in the same boat—teaching themselves to play. Another consolation—because I watch every one of them closely, measuring how they do everything against how I do it—is finding that I'm doing better than a lot of other people. I'm sure that they watch me, too, and that some of them are heartened by the comparisons *they* make. As duffers, we need each other; we are the most available yardsticks of how well or how badly we are doing. And if there's one code we observe, it is not to let each other know what we think of each other's game. We seldom offer each other advice, because we wouldn't dream of accepting advice from players like us. Yet there's a certain feeling of kinship among the breed: we sense that we are united in a common struggle, that we are all at the bottom of the tennis heap. I keep hoping, though, that even when I'm not making my shots correctly I look more graceful and stylish than most of them.

"On a recent Sunday morning, I got to the courts early. It was seven-thirty, the sun was coming up over Fifth Avenue, and the high back wall at the east end cast a long, cool shadow over the six center courts. It was tranquil, except for the echo—a lovely sound—of tennis balls rebounding off the walls. I wasn't as early as I thought. There were already three learners there. Two of them—they seemed like a married couple—I'd never seen before. This could have been their first morning out. They had on brand-new things—sneakers, socks, and tennis togs—and did not look at all comfortable in them. For one thing, duffers do not usually come out in full tennis outfits—at least, not on these courts. What most of us do is to wear some part of the outfit—the sneakers, the shorts, or the shirt—merely to signal our attachment to the game. It doesn't look right to see novices running about in full dress. Anyway, these two held their rackets in an odd fashion. And, to judge from the way they were fanning wildly and awkwardly at the ball, they were guided by no other design, or desire, than to connect with the ball. Still, they were laughing loudly at what they were doing.

"The other player I had seen before. She's a regular, and she's usually the first one there in the mornings. She's a very muscular-looking middle-aged woman, with short-cropped red hair. Her face is always set and serious, and she moves aggressively onto the ball, as if it had provoked her and she must answer with rage. She is—if the language of sports applies to what she is doing—a power hitter. Nothing seems to matter to her but muscling the ball—blasting it against the wall, listening to the resounding thud, watching it come back like a rocket, and blasting away again. I was hitting on the court next to hers, and I tried to guess what she might be finding especially pleasurable in her game. I concluded that it must be what she heard in the loud thud of the ball—the sound of her power. We were not, of course, unaware of each other; we were watching each other out of the corners of our eyes, knowing full well that judgment was being passed. But we understood the code; neither of us stopped and *looked* at how the other was playing. We just tossed up the ball and kept hitting, pretending not to see.

"The morning warmed up, drawing sweat, and the courts filled with more of our kind. Many of the new arrivals were familiar. I exchanged nods of greeting with a couple of them. One I did not exchange nods with was a young black man. One morning last summer, he and I had a friendly discussion about the problems of teaching oneself to play tennis—a rare occurrence on the courts. Afterward, I didn't see him there for some time, but he turned up again a few weeks ago, and I inquired where he'd been. He replied, proudly, that he'd dropped out for a while to take tennis lessons with a professional instructor. Of course, his situation seemed enviable, and I said so—which made him seem to consider my situation most unfortunate. He offered to demonstrate the backhand his instructor had taught him. When he was finished—he had looked quite stiff from trying too hard to copy his tutor—he said to me, 'Go ahead, let me see you do it.' By then, the backhand was my best stroke—there being, I had discovered, nothing lovelier to emulate in the video Rosewall. So I showed him *my* backhand, and he hasn't nodded or spoken to me since.

"Taking a breather on one of the benches that line the sides of the courts, I observed the arrival of yet another familiar weekend face—that of a Japanese man in his early forties. He always brings his dog, a brown boxer, along. He leashes the boxer to one of the benches, takes off his shirt—leaving on a pair of khaki shorts and a pair of sneakers, with no socks—and starts hitting. He hits joyously, and he is not bad—he is in control of his shots—but he seems to be playing more for the sake of exercise than for the sake of learning to play tennis well; for instance, he seems to ignore entirely the fine points of foot placement, body movement, and stroke-making. In other words, he doesn't appear to be in any serious pursuit of those small refinements that tell a learner he is getting better. Nor does he, like many tennis players, hold his racket as if he were in a sensitive communion with it. He holds it like a machete or a fly swatter.

"By ten o'clock, the handball players had arrived. Stripped down to their shorts, they were ready to play. Some of them looked menacing. The courts are theirs, and they know it. Tennis players are merely *allowed* to use them. So, one by one, we went away. As I surrendered my court and headed for home, I was able to look forward to a match Rosewall would be playing with Roy Emerson later that day on Channel 2."

•

DOG-DAYS dialogue overheard on a Fifth Avenue bus:

PASSENGER: What street we at?

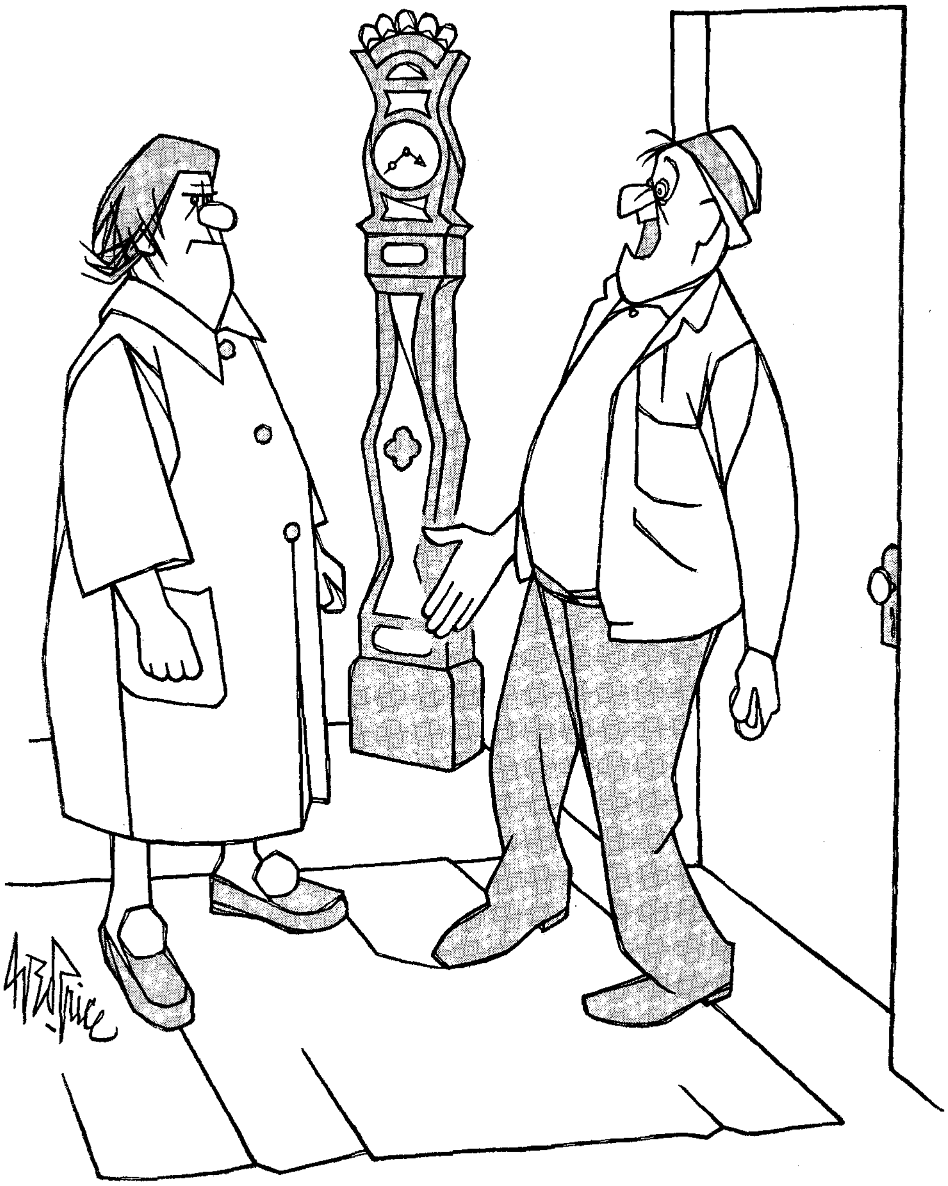
DRIVER: I haven't the faintest notion.

PASSENGER: Why not?

DRIVER: It doesn't interest me.

Politics

IN recent years, we've noticed, most political observers seem to be capable of thinking just one thing at a time and usually they are all thinking the same thing. There is one person, however, who is usually thinking many things different from the popular thing, and he is Richard N. Goodwin, who has been an adviser to and speech-writer for President Kennedy, President Johnson, Senator Eugene McCarthy, and Senator Robert Kennedy, to name four. For instance, when we ran into him last March, just after the New Hampshire primary—a time when the one thing everyone was thinking and publicly proclaiming was that Senator Edmund S. Muskie was "the front-runner" for the Democratic nomination—Goodwin told us that in his opinion Senator George McGovern was the front-runner. And on the night of the Wisconsin primary we heard him surprise a group of fellow-panelists on television by flatly predicting that McGovern would get the nomination. With all this in mind, we called Goodwin up when the Democratic Convention was getting under way to arrange a meeting with him after the Convention was over. He agreed to meet us in Boston, where he lives, and told us that he wasn't going to Miami himself this year, because, although he had done a little work for McGovern and was supporting him, he basically wanted to stay out of the campaign, and going to the Convention would be, in his words, "like sending a junkie to a heroin factory." Goodwin loves politics in *all* its aspects. He even gets some pleasure out of watching the parts that most people find boring, or just depressing. At the time we talked to him on the phone, all the lesser Democratic candidates were still doggedly clinging against all reason to their candidacies, and were bad-mouthing each other and plotting against each other in the most transparently cynical and ruthless way. What Goodwin had to say about this



"Look, do you want to hear this cock-and-bull story or don't you?"

was “That’s what I love about politics—it’s all out in the open. This is the way things *really* are all the time—people fighting for power and survival—but politics is the only place where it’s not yet completely covered over with public relations. It’s the last bastion of real competitive capitalism.”

The day after the Convention ended, we met him for lunch in Boston. He is a heavyset, dark-complexioned man with thick black hair and bushy eyebrows and brown eyes, and his eyes seem to reflect steady curiosity and also an unfailing warm, sometimes amused enjoyment of whatever spectacle is before him. Something shambling and natural in the way he gets up to greet you lets you know that although this man may be an adviser to many candidates, he is surely not, in our age of studied, self-conscious political images, a candidate himself. We sat down, and soon we asked him what he thought about the election.

“Nixon is the underdog,” Goodwin said, once again reversing what everyone was thinking and saying at the moment.

“Nixon the underdog? But where is McGovern’s strength?” we asked.

“The ’68 Democratic primaries made it clear that a constituency for a fresh, new Democratic liberalism existed,” he said. “This was the lesson of 1968, and McGovern was the only guy who learned it. The McCarthy-Kennedy victories were a complete preview of the McGovern victories, right down to the size of some of the votes. McGovern got moving early. He had himself made the head of the Party’s reform commission and wrote the rules that got him nominated. It was one of the most brilliant political moves of all time.”

“But why couldn’t the other candidates see this opportunity?” we asked.

“They were too busy reading the press and reading Scammon and Wattenberg on how to win elections. They were doomed by their own scholarship. They were banking on some kind of generalized contentment instead of looking at the election returns. What’s more, the old pros and politicians didn’t think they could be threatened by a mere piece of paper like the reform rules. Incidentally, I should add that one aspect of the reforms that isn’t so salutary is that from now on any serious candidate for the Presidency is going to have to start running years in advance, the way McGovern did. The primaries used to be symbolic. They showed that you could get public support. That’s why West Virginia was important to John Kennedy in 1960—not because it got him delegates. Now you’ll have to go into every state to pile up delegates. It’ll be a full-time job.”

“But why didn’t the press see the changes that were coming?”

“Reporters are arranged in concentric rings in this country, with a few important ones at the center. The outer rings report what the inner rings are saying, so ‘the news’ consists of reports on what other reporters are saying. They are an incestuous bunch. They spend all day talking to each other. When you read their reports, you think you’re looking through a window, but actually you’re looking at a mirror. Since they close themselves off from what’s happening, naturally they reflect the wisdom of the past.”

“But what is this new constituency you speak of based on?” we asked.

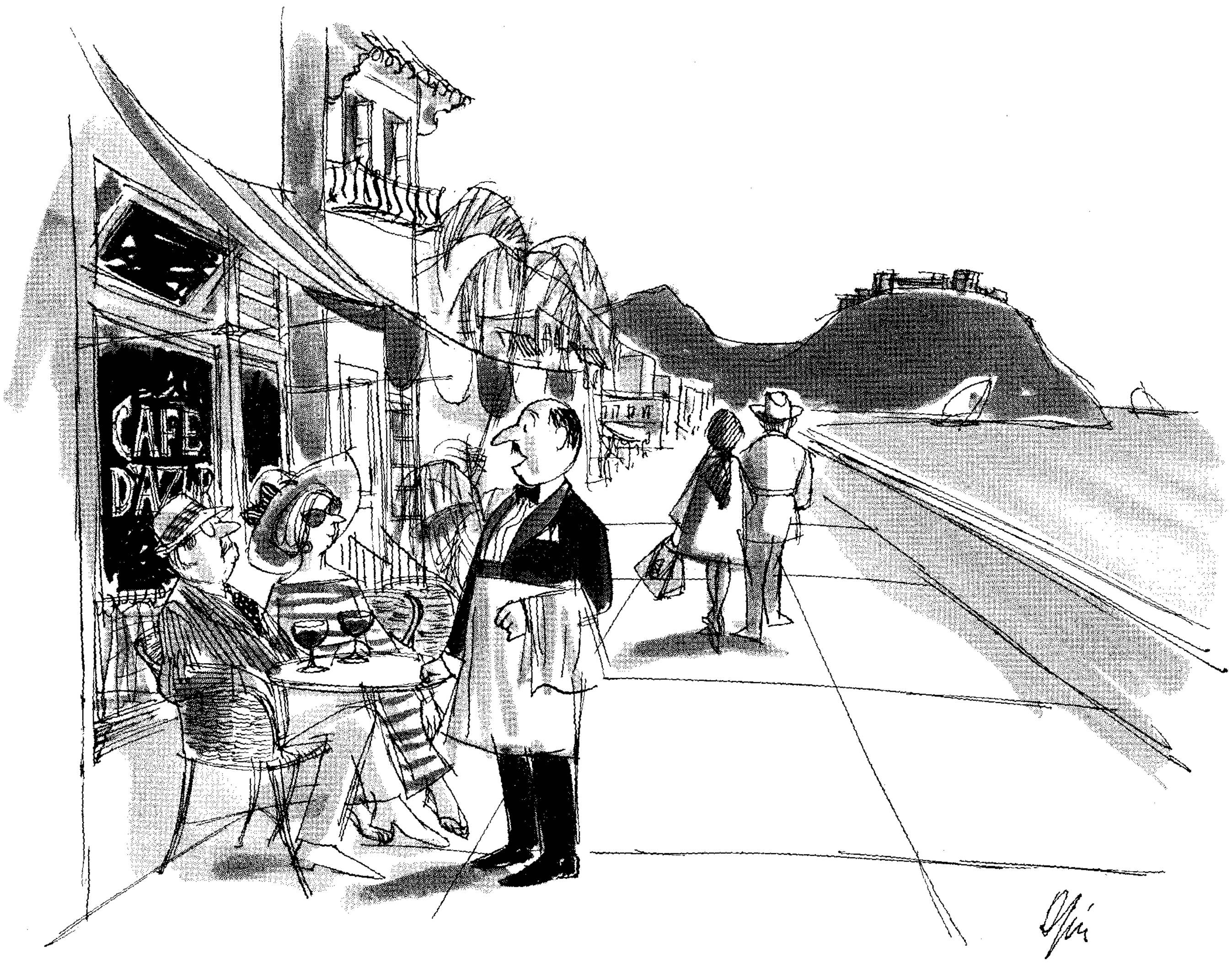
“It’s an elusive thing, impossible to pin down in a few words, but I think it’s based on the rise of the affluent middle class. Demographically, the shift is from the cities to the suburbs. McGovern’s job is to put together a coalition of the inner cities and the suburbs. The new affluent middle class is facing a new kind of discontent. Having made it in traditional economic terms, the members are finding that the conditions of their daily life are not necessarily improved. The machine that created the abundance has proved to be indifferent to human life in other ways and to have defied human control. It’s not that the machine is breaking down, it’s that it works all too well. Take the cities, for example. As economic units, they work fine; it’s just that they’re not fit to live in. You might say that we’ve left the age of Marx and entered the age of Kafka. We’re not ‘exploited’ by greedy, powerful men anymore. Instead, we’re having our vitality and autonomy sucked up by impersonal processes.”

“But does McGovern offer answers to these problems?”

“No. No political figure does. They haven’t been crystallized to the point where they can be dealt with in an electoral framework. But the discontent is there, and McGovern will appeal to it, partly because he’s an outsider—he has even been called a radical. My greatest fear is that even if he is elected things will continue to get worse. Then politics might take a really radical turn—only, toward the right and repression. But right now McGovern’s our best hope to prevent that.”

“Maybe the things you’re talking

“I don’t like the lighting.”



"Well, yes, there are fewer Beautiful People this season, but what Beautiful People there are are every bit as beautiful as ever."

• •

about helped McGovern beat Humphrey and Muskie, but will they be enough in the general election, against Nixon? What about all the problems we read about every day in the newspapers—the division in the Democratic Party, the fact that Nixon is the incumbent, the role of George Wallace, and so on?"

"I think Wallace will support McGovern."

"Wallace support McGovern?"

"Yes. It makes sense for Wallace. He won't support Nixon. In 1970, Nixon tried to block him from getting his governorship back by helping Governor Brewer in the primary, and almost succeeded. Wallace wants respectability, and he can get it by supporting McGovern and establishing his bona fides in the Democratic Party. He will be assuming that McGovern will lose in the fall, and that he'll get a stronger position in a defeated party. Another thing he'd like to do to win respectability is to shed his reputation for racism. He'd be a better vote-getter with the common man if he did, and I think he knows it. As for the old pros in the Party, they'll come in, because they're temperamentally incapable of staying out of a Presidential race. Politics is their life. Also, they know that if they don't do the work, someone else will, and they'll be weakened in their own territory. Anyway, they aren't as important as they used to be. The reason they could be swept aside at the Convention was that they aren't able to do their job anymore, which is to win elections. Look at New York: it has a Conservative senator, a Republican senator, and a Republican governor. Things aren't much better for the Democrats even in Massachusetts. As for incumbency, it is an advantage but not as much of an advantage as it used to be before television gave the public direct access to candidates. There is nothing unbeatable about Nixon. Look at his record. Ike tried to dump him twice. Next, he threw away an election to John Kennedy, a Catholic who was said to be too young to be President. Then he lost to Pat Brown in California. In '68, he blew a reported fifteen-percent lead and beat Humphrey, the weakest candidate the Democrats had to offer, by only a hair, turning a landslide into a squeaker. And the kindest thing you can say about his campaigning in 1970 is that it didn't help his party. In fact, the more I think about it, the more I think McGovern's got it made."

Word

A PARENT we know whose college-age daughter has been travelling in Europe and has not been communicating on a regular basis received the following card the other day: "I will almost definitely be home in late July, unless I stay over until early August, which could run into the middle of August, or even Labor Day, depending on whether I get back before my birthday. But George has a new motorcycle and has never been to Italy. Miss you."

LOVE IN THE HAMPTONS

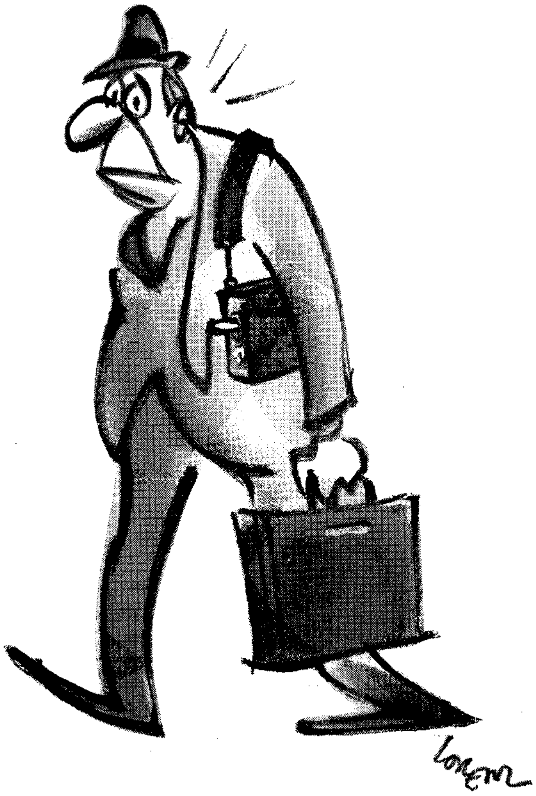
THE summer he was twenty-three, Swede Jacobsen worked as a waiter in the Hamptons. If anybody asked him why he was a waiter, he would say, "I don't know." His brother-in-law had a restaurant in Brooklyn and gave Swede his first job after he got out of the service. Later on, his brother-in-law lost the business and Swede went to work in another restaurant, the Hawaiian Aye, and there he got to be friendly with a fellow-waiter, Delehanty, who said, "Let's work the Island this summer." So Swede and he went out to a club in East Hampton, but Delehanty got fired the second week for being drunk, and Swede stayed on alone.

Swede had no particular style as a waiter. When a party sat down at a table, he brought the ice water and menus and stood around looking big and vague, often forgetting to suggest, "Would you like a drink?" because he didn't drink before meals and didn't remember that other people did. The Hampton place was much fancier than anything he had ever seen before, and at first he had trouble with words like "*au jus*" and "*julienne*," but Delehanty made a list, complete with phonetic pronunciations, which Swede studied with bull-like patience until he knew them all and what they meant. He was slow and, worse than that, could give no impression of swiftness by snapping his waiter's towel and setting down plates with quick accuracy. His movements were calm and careful. He could not be rattled, no matter how many tables he handled at once. He did not take offense at the cook's sarcasm, even on nights when all the other waiters were butterfingered from suppressed fury.

And he never refused a task. "See if you can give the busboy a hand getting those dishes out to the kitchen," the manager, Joe, would suggest, or "Get those people in Dave's station water and menus—he can pick up their order later." This made him popular with Joe but unpopular with the other waiters, who thought him a fink. They did not invite him to swim with them afternoons, between lunch and dinner, or to the parties after work, when the waiters and bartenders and waitresses went down to the ocean to smoke marijuana. His roommate, after Delehanty left, was Rusty Gordon, who delivered the official opinion on Swede: "He's a nice guy, but he's out of it."

The help lived in a building half a mile from the club, and since Swede had no car, he either hooked rides from the waiters who did, or walked. After lunch, he went to the beach. The help was told not to mingle with the guests, a rule that Swede observed rigorously, although many of the other waiters did not. The beach was enormous, so there was no difficulty in staying away from other people. When Swede came out on Memorial Day, his skin was a milkish white; gradually it turned pink (with some discomfort), and then beige, and then a warm tan. Most of his swimming experience had been in pools, and he had to train himself to dive through breakers as he saw other swimmers do. In June, the sunlight was fickle and dainty, but by the end of July it struck down like a golden weight. He could feel it on the top of his head and on his back when he lay face downward on the sand. Sometimes, after lying still for a long time listening to the crashing breakers and the occasional thin human voices over them, he got an excited feeling that his life was finally about to begin. But he could not tell exactly what it was that was to begin at last.

Swede's station included the tables in the bar, where the heavy-drinking set were served dinner after several rounds of drinks. On these tables the waiter split his tips with the cocktail waitress, Sandy, and consequently the station was not considered desirable. Sandy was shrewish about collecting her share of the tips, and at first accused Swede of cheating her. After she got to know him better, she realized that he was honest, and vented her rage on the customers, whom she described as prostitutes, lechers, lesbians, and Peeping Toms in longshoreman language that made Swede laugh.



"*Buckle down, Winsocki, buckle down. You can win, Winsocki, if you knuckle down.*"

Sandy was a good-looking girl of twenty-six or so. Her hair was long and straight and of a bright-tan color. She wore a miniskirted black uniform and fishnet stockings. Her thighs were a little too heavy, but she walked erect, with her head held so stiff that the cords in her throat showed. She was very much aware of her beauty and of her body. Her glasslike blue eyes were surrounded by thick false lashes, and her nails were long and filed to little points.

She came in every day at four-thirty and worked till the bar closed—usually around one or two.

One day, she commented on Swede's tan.

"I never see you on the beach," Swede said.

"No, I have a kid. I don't have time for that."

Swede had noticed that she wore a wedding ring—a plain gold band.

"Who takes care of the kid when you work?" he said.

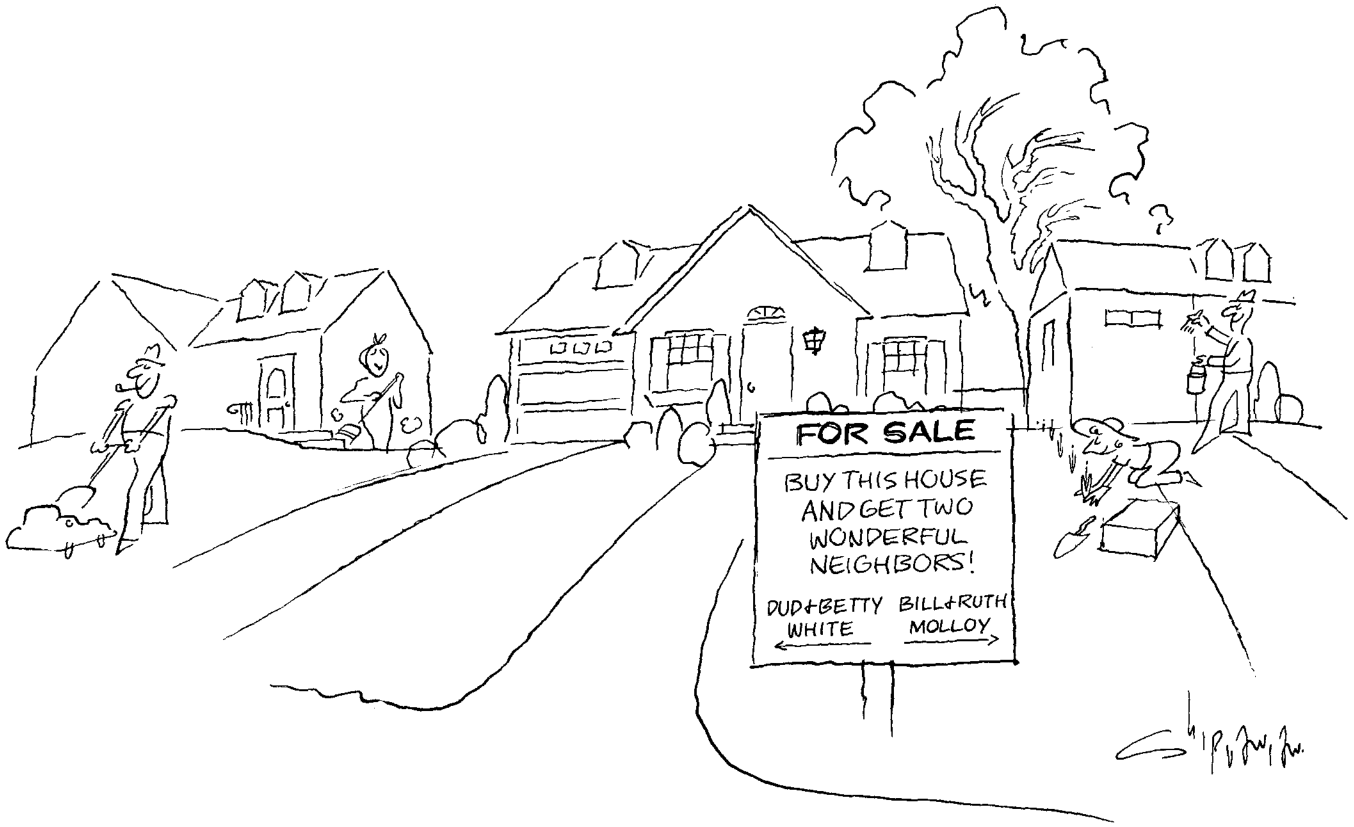
"My husband. He's a painter."

"Do you live out here all winter?"

"Yes, we rent a house."

After that, Swede felt sorry for her because she was supporting her husband. He made extra gestures to make life easy for her. Several times, when a party stayed on drinking after dinner and Sandy collected the tip, he had the feeling that she was cheating him, but he thought of how much difference a dollar or two might make in her life, when it didn't make that much difference in his. He was banking money every week, since he had no living expenses; the job wasn't a gold mine, but he was doing all right.

Once in a while, he noticed that there was a chill between Sandy and Joe, the manager. Sandy muttered one day, "That bastard is on my neck again because I came in half an hour late." Another day, she failed to


FOR SALE
BUY THIS HOUSE AND GET TWO WONDERFUL NEIGHBORS!
DUD+BETTY WHITE
BILL+RUTH MOLLOY

come in at all. Joe said to Swede, "I'm going to have to get rid of that girl if I can't depend on her." Swede offered to take care of the drink trade as well as his station, but Joe brought a girl in from the gift shop. The next afternoon, Sandy was back, looking resentful.

"Joe was having a fit yesterday," Swede said.

"I called in," she said, steel in her voice.

"What happened to you? Were you sick?"

She looked at Swede defiantly. Under layers of makeup he saw that the skin around one of her eyes was discolored. "Let me do that," he said, and cut up the rind for lemon twists. For the whole night, they worked together harmoniously, although it was a very busy night, the customers difficult and the tips disappointing.

The next day, before lunch, Joe said to Swede, "What do you think, Swede? Can we depend on that girl or should I call the agency and have them send out somebody else?"

"I get along with her all right," Swede said.

"I don't want her to put us on the spot again."

"She needs the work. Her husband is an 'artist.' "

"My behind is an artist," Joe said, and walked off.

Swede came in from the beach half an hour early that day. Sandy was standing at the service station of the bar, talking to Myron, the bartender. Myron was a beachcomber type with a black, elegant beard. It was said that he had owned a bar on the upper East Side once but had lost it. While Sandy talked, she tapped a cigarette against the edge of an ashtray, and then, when she had put it out, she tore the butt to shreds. She excused herself to go to the ladies' room.

"What's the matter with her?" Swede asked.

"She's having troubles with her old man," Myron said.

"He gave her quite a shiner."

"Do you know Arthur Morgan?"

"No," Swede said.

"I used to know him around the bars. He's a pretty funny cat."

"What's he beating her up for?"

"Ah, she probably likes it," Myron said.

All that night, Sandy was testy. Swede heard her speak sharply to a customer, a middle-aged man with a graying goatee. The man left. Swede said, "He left in a hurry. What'd you say to him?"

"I don't have to put up with being pinched," Sandy said, her eyes flaring. "That's not what I'm here for."

THE next day, Swede went to the city. Once a month, he had a whole day and the following half day off. As usual, he went to his family's house, in Brooklyn. In his family's house his name was Howard, not Swede, and when Swede's mother came home from work she went to a little extra trouble to cook for him. After dinner, his father went to bed and his mother sat up telling Swede about his sister Marion's troubles with Steve, the man who had failed in the restaurant business. His mother had always been much more interested in Marion and Marion's successes and failures than she had ever been in Swede's, and it never occurred to him to resent it, because it had never seemed that things could be any other way. Girls were expected to be erratic and interesting, whereas men were supposed to go about their business quietly and not cause trouble. Swede's mother was excitable and good-looking, and strange things happened to her, like having her purse snatched from her in the subway, whereas his father was very calm and pale, and whether or not he liked being a plasterer was not known because it was never mentioned. The children fell into the pattern without questioning it. After Swede's mother asked him a few cursory questions regarding his job and his savings—she took an enormous, although not selfish, interest in his savings—she began to talk about Steve, her son-in-law, who had just lost another job because of drinking.

"She ought to leave him," Swede told his mother.

"Do you really think so?" she said, looking at her son shrewdly.

"Yes, she should leave him. He's no

good and he won't change. Marion is still young and she can find another man—one who'll be decent to her. She shouldn't have gone back that time when she was here last winter."

"You mean that time with the Con Ed," his mother said, and a sombre look came into her large, dark eyes. An uncomfortable presence entered the kitchen—that of last winter's bruised, betrayed Marion, with a contorted face, screaming, "*I wish somebody would kill him!*" while her little girl howled and Swede's mother spoke hysterically to a lawyer on the telephone. "It's not the first time it's happened, either," Swede remembered his mother saying. "That man is a maniac, a drunken maniac, and someday he might go too far and God only knows what could happen." Swede and his father stood near the refrigerator, drinking beer from cans and exchanging looks that were comprehending but neutral. The next day, Swede came in from work—it was during the time he worked for the Hawaiian Aye—and found Marion and the child gone. His mother said in explanation, "He paid it."

"Paid what?"

"*The light bill.*"

Now Swede said, "It just goes on that way, one thing and another, one fight after another, and what's Marion getting out of it? One of these days, she'll be worn out from all the trouble, and he'll leave her anyhow."

CHOOSE ONE FROM AMONG THEM

1

the whore has her knowledge
of man beyond rescue

to be held by many men in one night
knowing that not one of them
will hold anyone else that night

whether it is better to spend a life
not knowing what you want
or to spend a life knowing
exactly what you want
and that you will never have it

one of my hands was born in this kingdom
and one in the other

2

beauty cannot be looked at steadily
for very long
yet it is impossible to change one's voice
without changing one's life

how many times have I tried unsuccessfully
to forget what it was like to be a child

and do not condemn the liar for his lie
perhaps he was created to tell that lie
and we were created to listen

believe or not believe
as it was appointed

3

the forms of love are myriad as stars
and some men fall through space
for a lifetime
without touching any of them

love letters written in lemon juice
menus written in blood

the world is ruined no doubt
but even its bones are beautiful

and we are the guests of the slaughter
with words smeared on our lips like grease
our host is a knife hanging by a thread
turning as a beacon turns

when we have used up all the words
we will find the silences waiting for us
and choose one from among them

4

when I am in a room it is not empty
I am old enough to sing
cry dance or laugh without company
I can even sleep alone

the essential thing
is not that I have chosen to be a prisoner
but that I have chosen
what to be a prisoner of

and it was so simple
now that it is accomplished I forget
I ever made the choice

to live in the desert
this place which permits me to remain
where I have learned to call spiders
by their first names
little brothers of my darkness

where silence is nourishment
and each ghost carries
the ghost of tomorrow in his arms

where dawn arrives
like fire mixed with dry water
and every morning I am here to meet it
waiting to follow its instructions

—Richard Shelton

• •

"But it would be terrible for Maureen," Swede's mother said, meaning her granddaughter. "He's very good to Maureen. He loves her." Her eyes were alight with the dramatic possibilities of the situation.

"If he loved his daughter, he'd make a man of himself and support his family."

His mother looked at him for a moment, but he was still the same Howard, with his calm face, like his father's, and his big hulk of a body, and she lost interest again. He had always been the same, methodical and dependable, and it did not seem to her that he could ever grasp the complicated rules of life of those given to sudden warmths and despairs. She looked on his outburst as no more than an aberration.

Swede got up early on the following day, when he was to go back to the Hamptons; he went to the bank and deposited his month's savings, and then dropped in at the local bar to see if any of his friends were around. The bar occupied a special place in his life because it was where he had got drunk three or four times—exhilarating but terrifying excursions—and because two wild girls, Aileen and Martha, hung out there. Swede's sex experience was limited to Aileen and Martha and four German whores. But there was no one at the bar except a couple of men from the local bottling plant, talking about politics, and an old woman.

By five, he was back in the Hamptons, dressed for work, standing outside the restaurant and looking out over the parking lot. Sandy's battered open convertible was not there. At five-fifteen, he went into the bar. Myron was standing with one foot up on the cooler behind the bar talking to a friend, another buccaneer type.

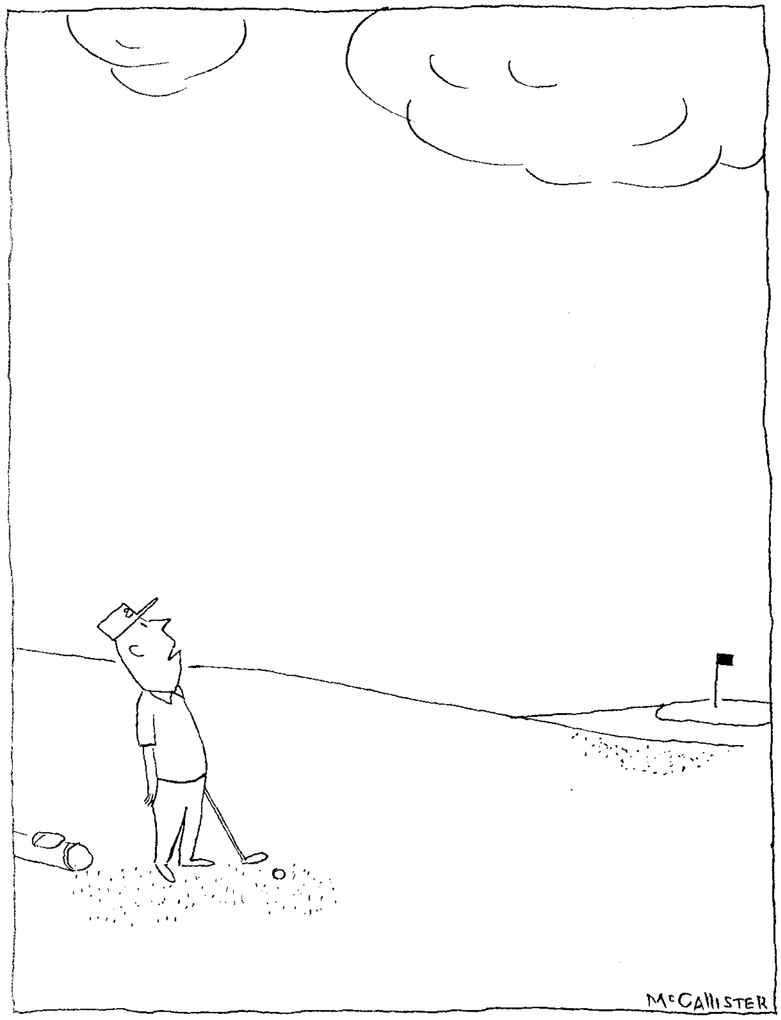
"Sandy not in?" Swede asked.

"Nah, she's home putting on Band-Aids," Myron said.

Both men laughed. The other said to Myron, "Has Arthur put her in the hospital lately?"

"He doesn't love her anymore."

To Swede, Myron's friend said, "He had her in a hospital for a week



"What am I doing wrong, Ike?"

• •

one time with internal damages."

"Stormy relationships," Myron sighed. "How was the big city, Swede?"

Swede said, "Hot."

An old man with a bare, mahogany-colored scalp came in with two thirtyish blondes. "I'll wait on them," Swede said.

The old man and the women were squabbling when Swede approached. He looked at Swede with accusing, inflamed eyes and said, "Where's that little girl who waits on me? I'm in love with her."

"She's not come in yet."

"She's beautiful," the old man said to his companions. "I'm taking her to Acapulco with me."

"But you said you were taking *me* to Acapulco," one of the blondes reminded him.

They ordered drinks, after much pondering, and when Swede went back to the bar he thought that Myron looked at him half contemptuously. When he came back with the drinks, one of the blondes—the one with the longest hair—said to Swede, "Will you take me to Acapulco?"

The other blonde said, "Stop being perverse, Anne."

"I like being perverse. Look at his shoulders."

"Which one of you charming girls is going to sleep with me tonight?" the old man asked.

Swede walked away.

Myron's friend remarked, "I saw them at the Hutch at noon, and they were blind *then*."

"I wish they'd hurry up and pass out," Myron said.

"I wish he'd give me a couple of his paper mills."

Although it was a coolish day and the bar was air-conditioned, Swede felt sweat run from his armpits down his ribs. He saw Joe walking around the empty dining room, talking to a busboy who was setting up silver and napkins. Joe looked thoughtfully toward the bar, but just then Angus, the waiters' captain, came in. He and Joe talked for a while and then went toward the kitchen. "Waiter, another round here," the old man called. Swede placed the order. Another party came in—two couples—and Swede went to their table. They were an orderly party, who had exactly three drinks before dinner every night and comported themselves with such decorum that Sandy once remarked that she thought they probably wife-swapped. He knew without asking that they took three vodka Martinis and one Manhattan. Just then, he saw Sandy hurry through the dining room toward the customers' ladies' room. He had an odd feeling that someone had punched him in the stomach and at the moment of impact his stomach muscles had turned to a feather pillow. "Sandy just came in," he remarked to Myron.

"Oh hell, I thought we were rid of her."

When Sandy appeared in the bar, she had pinned her hair to the back of her head in a severe bun. She picked up the drink order for the old man and his women and said to Swede, "Has Joe been bitching?"

"No, he wasn't in here at all."

"Thanks for filling in."

"Trouble at home?" Swede asked.

She curled her lip and said, "Oh, *no.* Nothing like *that.* Good *grief.*"

The old man sang out, "Here she is—the woman I love," and Sandy said something that Swede did not catch but that made the women laugh. The old man's aged, drink-blotched face turned ugly.

At that moment, Swede knew that he was going to sleep with Sandy. The knowledge made him calm, certain that he would make no mistakes. He merely had to wait until her feminine shrillness created some kind of breakage. Two of his tables outside the bar were taken, and he knew that he could take care of them and the bar and keep an eye on Sandy, too, and that everything was under control. "I can't hack this," Sandy remarked to him, and he said, "No, well, take it easy." And she relaxed, as if she, too, understood the compact.

"Oh, all right, Swede," she said, and laughed.

On his way to the kitchen, Joe waylaid him and said, "What time did Sandy come in?"

"I didn't notice. A few minutes late, I guess."

"Was everything covered?"

"Everything was fine."

"You don't have to cover up for her."

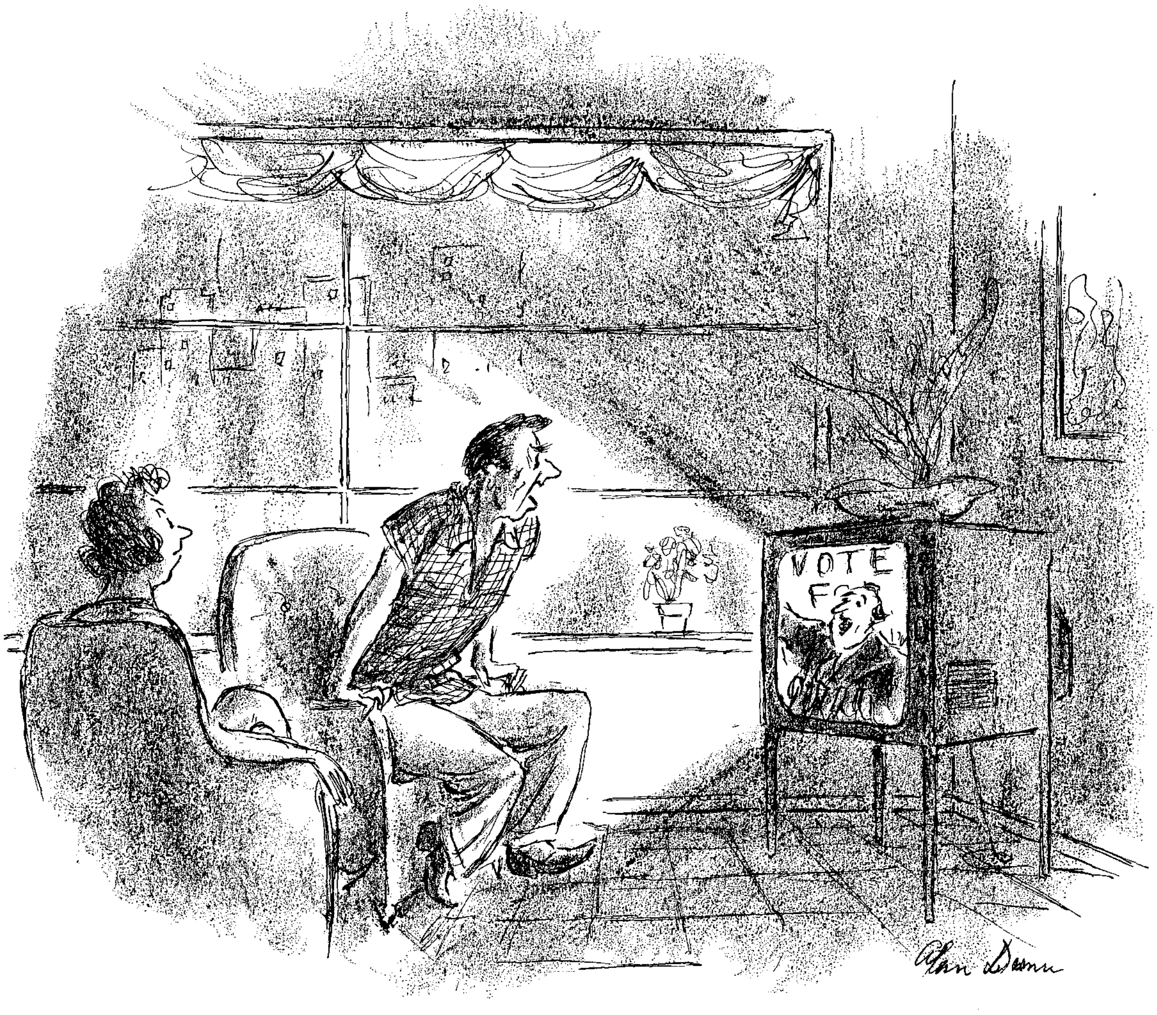
"No, I'm not."

Joe said, "Have you got something going with her? Not that it's any of my business."

"No, she's married."

"She's a bitch."

The dining room filled quickly. There was a crisis in the kitchen. The salad girl hadn't come in, and the cook kept saying, "Come on now, kids, you're not working on Fourteenth Street now," until one of the waiters spun a bowlful of greens at the cook's head, screaming, "*Like hell* this is a



"Now, there are some watts I could gladly save."

• •

Caesar salad." All the dinners were late being put up, and the dishwasher cut his hand badly.

At eight-thirty, a liveried chauffeur, a young man who looked as if he did not enjoy his work, came in to take away the old man and his lady friends.

By nine-thirty, Swede's station was clear except for a nice young couple drinking endless coffees and talking about films. There were two couples left in the bar. "I'm not sticking around till closing time," Sandy said. "Whenever these deadheads leave, I'm splitting."

They began to divvy up their tips. She did not share the tip from the rich old man's table.

"Do you have a car?" she asked.

"No."

"Stick around and I'll run you home."

"All right."

One of the couples left. Sandy cleared their table and said, "Let's go. The other creeps never leave more than a buck anyhow."

"Shouldn't you speak to Joe about it?"

"What for? I'm never coming back to this creep joint."

"What are you going to do?"

"I don't know, but not this," she said, yanking off her apron and handing it to Myron. "Here—keep this for your next drag party."

"Wait," Swede said. He took the check to his last table in the dining room, saying, "Sorry, I have to leave now."

"Oh—sorry," the young man said, fishing in his pocket for change.

Swede and Sandy left through the locker room. Swede carefully hung up his waiter's red blazer. "Do you want to go somewhere for a drink?" Swede asked as they got in her convertible.

"Let's get a bottle and go to a motel."

"All right."

"Mr. Cool. *Wow.*"

They drove along a narrow road between the enormous hedges that marked the boundaries of the summer properties of the rich. Sandy suddenly stopped the car, yanking up the emergency brake with a screech. She threw her arms around Swede and kissed him. Her body felt warm and wriggly—weaker than he would have thought, with tiny bones encased in unmuscled flesh. She kissed him for a long time with her mouth wide open, breathing heavily; then, as if having ascertained that that was all right, she started the car and drove on. This time, he rode with his arm around her shoulder. She kept tossing her head so that her tan hair, which she had released from its bun, streaked out straight behind her.

He wanted to tell her that he thought she was very beautiful, but the words did not spring naturally to his mouth, and he squeezed her shoulder instead. They stopped at a liquor store and she went in, leaving him alone in the car. The streets were empty, and in the street lights the trees looked opulent and mysterious. There were rhythmic squeaky sounds in the night, but since Swede was a city boy, he did not know what they were—birds or insects or what.

"Do you have any ideas where we should try for a room?" Sandy asked.

"No."

"We might as well drive toward Montauk."

The headlights of the car kept picking out the gnarled shapes of trees and bushes. His heart was beating heavily. They passed several motels before they found one without a NO in front of the VACANCY sign.

"How much will it be?" Swede asked.

"Twenty or twenty-five. Have you got it?"

"Yes." Swede pulled out his billfold.

A man came out of the office. "Got a room for us?" Sandy called cheerfully.

"Double for thirty."

"O.K.," she said, handing him Swede's three tens. "How about some ice?"

Swede thought, He knows what kind of deal this is and he doesn't care—which surprised him. "I'll bring the ice to the room," the man said, after handing Sandy the key.

"I suppose I shouldn't leave the car out here in the open, but Arthur can't come looking for me—he hasn't got a car," Sandy said, and giggled. She looked at Swede with roguish fondness, as if she had invented him.

The room was starkly modern, the windows that looked out at nowhere covered with sea-green drapes. In a housewifely way, Sandy looked into the bathroom and let Swede answer the tap at the door to accept the bag of ice. She put the ice in the bathroom sink and said, "Want a drink?"

"Sure," Swede said, sitting down on the edge of one of the twin beds.

"I'll make 'em. Want some water with that, or just ice?"

"Water."

In a few minutes, she came out of the bathroom naked, carrying the drinks. When he stood up to embrace her, she thrust her hands under his shirt.

"Have you had a lot of women?"

"No."

"Take your clothes off."

His assurance returned. She pulled back the covers from a bed and waited for him. When he lay down beside her and kissed her, she whispered, "Christ, this is exciting." After that, they didn't talk anymore; she knew what she was doing and made him feel that he did, too. He kept wanting to tell her that her skin was like silk, and at last he lay with his head in the hollow of her neck, abashed, while she gently kissed his shoulder.

After a while, she got up abruptly and went off to the bathroom. When she returned, she dropped new ice cubes in their drinks and sat on the edge of the bed, smoking and sipping her drink with nervous little gulps. Her tan hair kept falling over her face, and she fastened it behind her ears.

"I hate to think about going back," she said.

Swede said, "How old is your little boy?"

"It's not a boy. It's a girl. She's five."

"Oh."

"She's a great kid," Sandy said. "She's teaching herself how to read. From signs. Stop. Slow. Speed limit."

"You don't want to mess that up," Swede said.

"Oh, don't worry, Arthur wouldn't take her away from me. He doesn't want her. He never did."

Swede said, "Why don't you leave him?"

"Where do you go with a kid?" she asked bitterly. "I never should have given up my apartment in the Village. Fifty a month, on Bank Street. I get sick when I think of it."

"Couldn't you go to your family?"

"In *Syracuse*? Hardly."

"I'll take you away, if you really want to go."

"Would you?" She turned her bright blue eyes toward him. The makeup had smudged off one eye but not the other. "Where?"

"I always thought I'd like to go to Alaska."

"*Alaska*," she said, and laughed.

"Why not? There's a lot happening. I have some money."

"Do you? From what?"

"I saved it," Swede said.

"Really?" She seemed to be on the point of asking more. Her mouth trembled, her tongue pressed against her upper teeth.

"A couple of thousand. Maybe a little more."

"What would you do in Alaska?" she asked.

"What I do here. Or start a business. I always thought I'd like to get into construction."

"Do you know anything about building?"

"My father is a plasterer, but I didn't want to learn that, and then the other building unions are a bitch to get into."

"Don't they have unions in Alaska?"

"Not like in the city. It's more an open country, like a frontier."

"Cold as hell."

"Not in all the places."

Sandy said, "Christ, I've known people who wanted to go to Portugal, or Spain, or Greece, or Denmark, or Puerto Rico, or the Virgin Islands, but you're the first person I ever met who wanted to go to *Alaska*." She looked at Swede closely and finished her drink, then went and made another for herself. "When would you want to go?" she said.

"Tomorrow?"

"Swede, you've got to be crazy."

"I'll go right now, if you feel like it. Go home and pick up your kid and we could be on a plane out of the city by afternoon."

"You've really got it all planned," she said. "You're fantastic."

Swede said, "Well, if you're going to do a thing, you might as well just go ahead and do it, and not stand around hemming and hawing."

" 'Hemming and hawing,' " she said delightedly. "Swede, you're beautiful."

She leaned over to kiss him, muttering a moment later, "Well, for God's sake, give me a chance to set my drink down someplace." While he made love to her, he had an acute vision of her in a parka, snow whirling around her face. She was smiling. In reality, she was struggling in his arms, crying "Swede . . . *darling* . . . Swede."

When it was finished, she clung to him sleepily, hungrily, as if drugged.

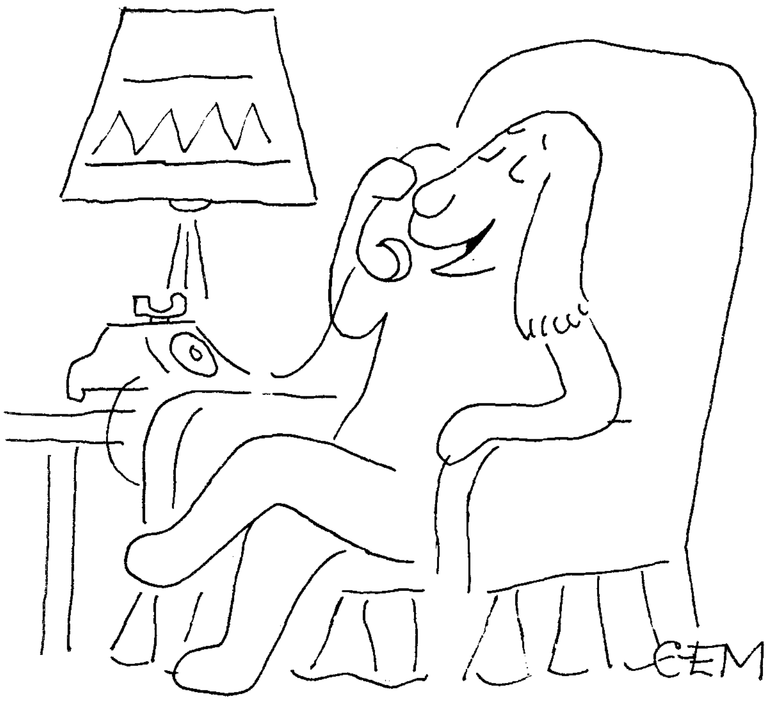
"Do you want to go home now?"

"No," she said, and nestled more closely.

"It might be less trouble."

"I want to sleep with you."

He let her sleep, but he stayed awake for a long time looking at her face in the yellowish lamplight and rubbing a strand of her hair between his fingers. His arm grew numb from her weight. It seemed to him that it was as if he had been on the beach for a long time, listening to a surf that persistently made



"You'll never guess who's calling."

the same ominous roar but never came to any sort of a *point*, and now he felt that the sharp, breaking sound had been made at last, and he lay watching the pebbles, sand, and small broken shells pulled out to the ocean in an unending undertow. Asleep, her face lost all its defenses. She began to snore softly. This made him smile, but at the same time brought a thick pain to his throat.

He eased his arm free and turned off the light. Still, he remained awake for a long time.

WHEN Swede awoke, he knew at once that it was late. He looked at his watch. It was after ten. Sandy was showering. When she came out, she began putting on her clothes, remarking, "I feel like an ass in this uniform."

"It's not so bad. It could be a dress."

"Yes, I always wear black dresses in the morning." She moodily pulled up a fishnet stocking. "I hate these damned things, but they're cheaper," she said.

He got out of bed, feeling suddenly ashamed of his nakedness, and went in to shower. When he came out, he was wearing a towel, which made him feel more at ease. "Hadn't you better call in?" Sandy asked.

"I thought we quit."

"Well, I did, but you didn't."

"Maybe I'd better call."

He told Joe that he had had to go to the city because his mother was suddenly ill. Joe, to his surprise, believed him, inquired minutely after his mother's health, and said to be sure to call when he was ready to come back. "I can always use you," Joe said. "Tell me when you're ready."

The ice had melted in the bathroom sink, and Sandy was drinking Scotch mixed with tap water. "Want one?" she asked.

"No."

"I don't blame you. It really is fierce-tasting." She grimaced and sat staring at the telephone. "I suppose I have to call Arthur and tell him *something*. I don't want to get beat up again."

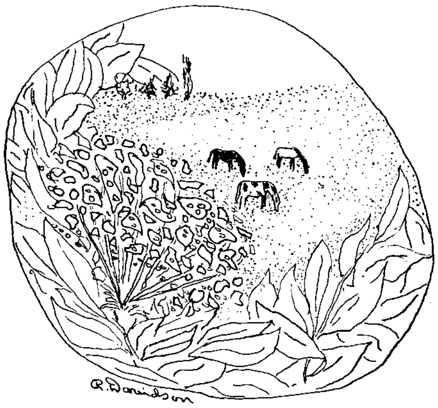
"Can't you tell him you're with a girl friend?" Swede asked, remembering the tricks Martha and Aileen played on their mothers.

"That's a thought. I could tell him I went to New York and stayed with Karen. She doesn't have a phone, so he can't call back to check up."

She finished the drink and made another before she placed the call. The little girl answered and there was a long conversation on the whereabouts of red sneakers—"They're *not in* the closet, they're in the kitchen; I saw them sitting on the washer yesterday. Let me speak to Daddy." She made a face at Swede. "Hi," she said. "I'm at Karen's. What? No, I quit. So I drove to New York. I was bugged." She motioned to Swede to push over her pack of cigarettes. "I left it parked in front of a hydrant, the same as you do." There was considerable squawking from the other end, and Sandy said there wasn't any cereal, try giving her an egg. "I'll be home when I get there. What'm I supposed to do? I can't fly."

She hung up and remarked, "He's worried somebody's going to tow the car away."

Outside, the day was overcast and rather chilly. Sandy found a green sweater, caked with sand, in the back of the convertible and put it over her shoulders. They managed to yank the top up over the car, which made them feel warmer and less exposed. She stopped at a diner and got them hamburgers and coffee for breakfast. "The only trouble with saying I'm in New York is that I can't go home for three hours," she remarked. She drove to a forsaken mud beach where, she said, she and Arthur dug clams the first winter they lived on the Island. The tide was all the way out, and rocks, covered with seaweed and mussels, dotted the water. They got out of the car and walked to the water's edge. "It was all kind of groovy that year—we had some money saved up and we had a great house. A painter let us use it for the winter. We used to bring Lyssa out there in her snowsuit, and she'd dig in the mud with a stick while we raked for clams. That's what we mostly lived on—clams. I don't think I'll ever be able to look another one in the face."



Swede sat on a rock, listening to her. She wasn't wearing eye makeup, and her eyes looked naked.

"I don't want you to think that it's all been rotten with Arthur, because it hasn't," she said. "Only lately we fight all the time, and he hits me. I'm really afraid that he'll go out of his mind sometime and kill me." She tore open a new pack of cigarettes. "I knew a couple in the Village once, they were always having these ghastly fights that everybody thought were very funny and hoo ha, and one day she turned up dead. The story was that a burglar came in and did it, and some people lied their heads off and said the husband was with them, but everybody assumed that he did her in. Naturally, everybody thought about *him*, and the police, and prison, and protecting *him*, but nobody thought much about what had happened to *her*. I think her family came around and buried her, eventually. They had her on ice in the Bellevue morgue for a coupla weeks."

"She should have left him before it happened," Swede said.

"Yes." She had brought along the bottle, and poured a drink into the empty coffee container. "Yes, sure. The women are supposed to make all the arrangements. Boys will be boys,

THE DILEMMA

Tom Noddy's body speaks, not so his mind;
  Or his mind speaks, not so Tom Noddy's body.
Undualistic truth is hard to find
  For the distressed Tom Noddy.

Mind wanders blindly, body misbehaves;
  Body sickens, mind at last repents—
Each calling on the heart, the heart that saves,
  Disposes, glows, relents.

Which of these two must poor Tom's heart obey:
  The mind, seduced by logical excess
To misbehavior, or its lonely prey,
  The unthinking body sunk in lovelessness?

—ROBERT GRAVES

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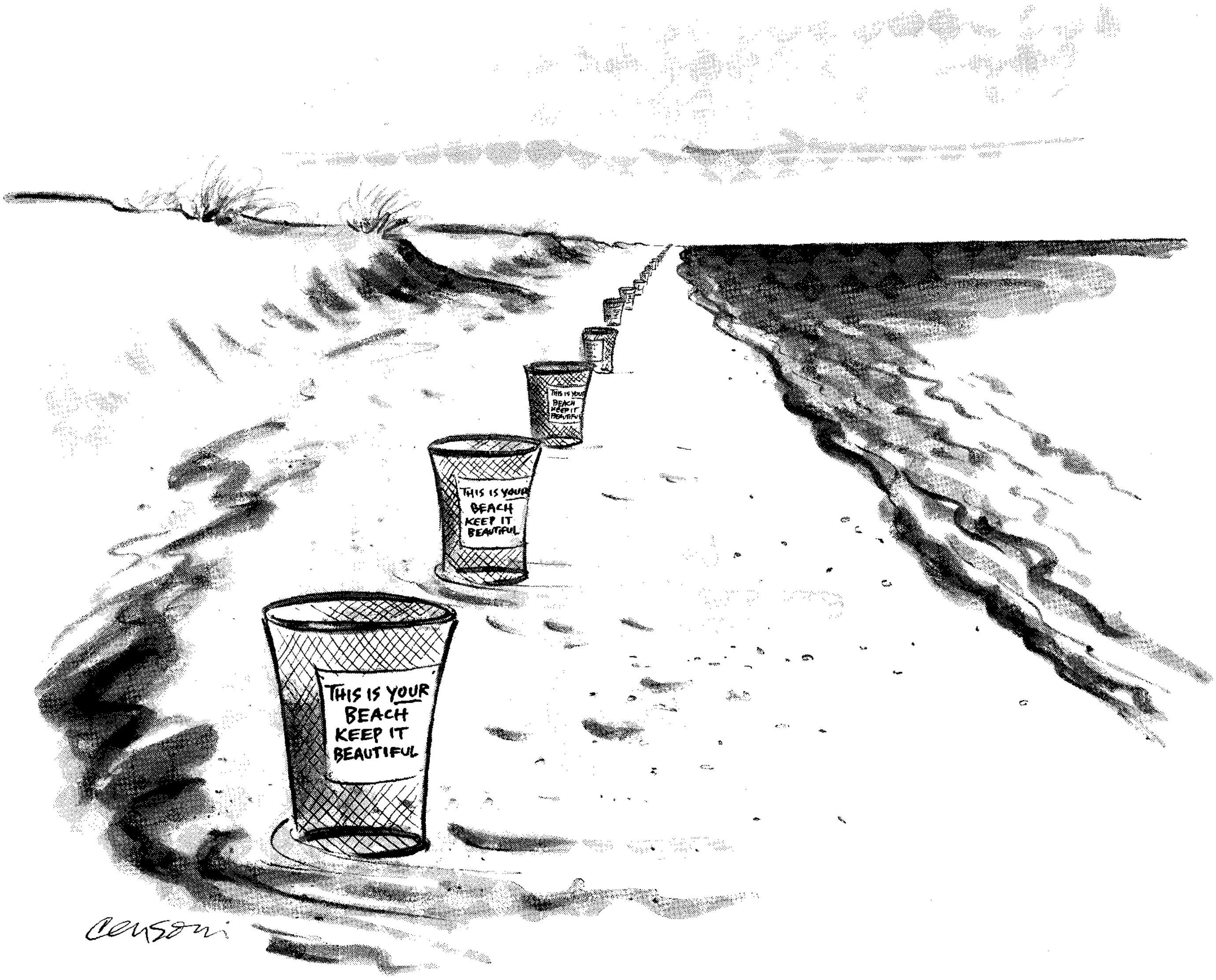

THIS IS YOUR BEACH KEEP IT BEAUTIFUL
THIS IS YOUR BEACH KEEP IT BEAUTIFUL
THIS IS YOUR BEACH KEEP IT BEAUTIFUL

but women have to think about all these things. Nuts."

Swede said, "Are we still going to Alaska?"

She looked at him, tongue between her lips, as if she was measuring all his male determination and possible worth. "Were you serious?"

"Yes."

"You know you're a little crazy."

Swede said, "Well, at least I won't hit you."

"Do you really mean that you'd pick up a woman who was fighting with her husband, and sleep with her, and then get on a plane with her and fly off to some godforsaken place—with a kid, at that—and just not think twice about it? You'd just *do* it?"

"Why not? We get along all right." It was the closest he could come to saying "I love you," and he reddened when he said it.

"I really think you would, at that."

He looked out over the water and resisted the impulse to lift his jaw while she studied his face. After a while, she said, "It would be a big help if you'd get me back to New York. Then I'd know what to do."

"If we're going to go, we should go now," he said stubbornly. "If you think about it, you'll change your mind."

"I've never gone off with another man before," she said defensively.

"Either we go today or we don't go at all."

"You mean you wouldn't take me."

"No, I mean you won't go."

She was silent. They began to walk back to the car. He sensed her obstinacy and did not know how to handle it—by talking more or by talking less. "You're right, of course," she said. "But I'm so sick of hearing it. I got on a horoscope scale one time and put in a nickel and I got a message out saying, 'Don't be a sucker all your life.' I even hear it from machines."

"I won't tell you anything," he promised.

They got back in the car. She put her arms around him and kissed him, but he wasn't stirred. He could feel the frantic tremor in her back muscles. "Don't get scared," he told her. "It might be fun."

It was agreed that he should go back to the employees' lodge, get his things together, and meet her at Mike's. Mike's was a local place, near the lodge, where no one was likely to know Swede. She let him out at a crossroads, smiling and leaning over to kiss him. "How long'll it take?" she asked him.

"Not long."

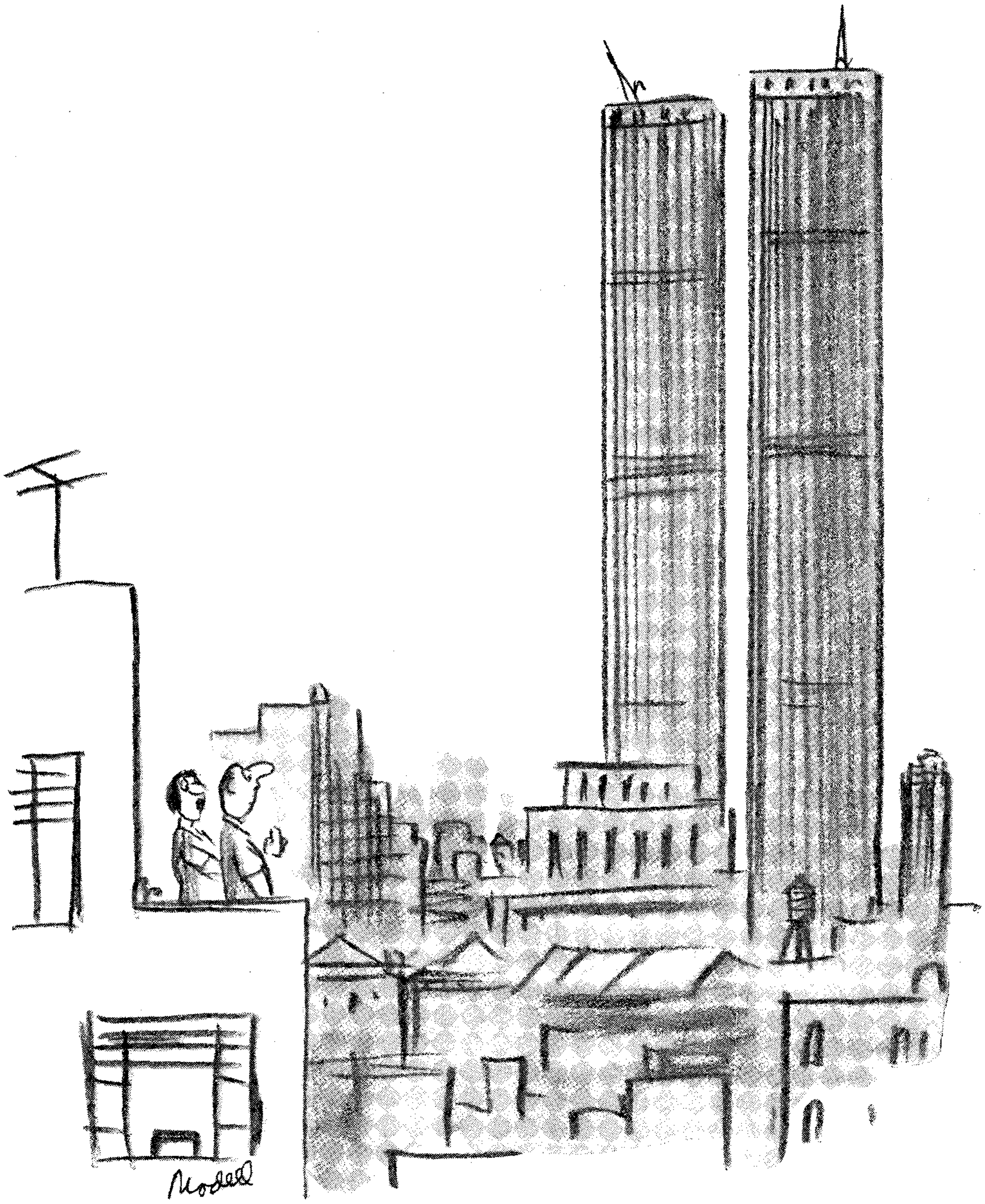
"What if Arthur takes off with the car?"

"We'll take a cab to a train station."

"O.K. I'll see you in an hour."

"Call me at Mike's if you get hung up," Swede said.

It had grown quite dark. Rain began to fall. The barrackslike structure, never inviting, was musty and cold. Swede was glad to find that there was no one around. He shaved and changed clothes while the storm raged. Once or twice, the forty-watt light bulb dimmed while he shaved, reminding him of the old story that the



"Maybe a little shrubbery or something would help."

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lights dimmed in Ossining when a man was electrocuted at Sing Sing. A radio had been left on in one of the bedroom cubicles, and it was aimlessly pouring out rock music and maniacal voices. Swede went in and turned it off. He had brought few possessions with him, and it took little time to pack. The rain had dwindled to a steady patter, so he walked the mile to Mike's.

Mike's was a place that sold beer, clams, soft drinks, ice cream, and a few groceries. It had a jukebox and a bowling machine. He put his suitcase under the seat of a booth and got a draught beer. Someone had left behind a *Daily News*, which he read, or attempted to read, while his eye returned over and over to the parking lot and the road. There was little traffic. A bread truck passed, and now and then station wagons driven by mothers with small children, fleeing a hostile beach. The woman behind the bar discussed zoning laws with what seemed to be two local workmen.

Swede got another beer and a bag of potato chips. It was already an hour since Sandy had dropped him off. A couple of summer people came in and ordered cherrystones, but when they were served the city woman looked at her plate distrustfully and whispered to the man, "Let's go." Swede wondered how Mike's place had come into existence. Maybe the owners had hoped for a rich summer trade that never came. The place was bound to fail, the way the restaurant owned by his brother-in-law, Steve, had failed. A matter of too little capital. Though Steve had survived and would probably go right on surviving. He was a violent man—like Sandy's husband, Swede thought—and he would lash out viciously at his wife or whoever was near him when things went badly. And then improvise and wheedle his way out of trouble again. People like Steve could always find a cure for disaster by something like paying the light bill.

Another hour passed. Swede's assurance began to thin out, imperceptibly at first but then swiftly, so that he seemed to be back on the beach with the ocean slopping around, with a tide that rushed in and was quickly pulled away again, a tide that did not change. After a while, he stopped looking at the road. He looked instead at his hands, which had begun to shake as they held the newspaper. He went to the bar for another beer and drank it there, and then drank two more. There was a new, hollow place in his center and it seemed that beer might fill it or alleviate its gnawing pain. The phone had not rung, and by now he had given up expecting it to ring. In the phone booth, he tried to look up Arthur Morgan, but the page was torn in such a way that the name, and seven or eight others, was missing. He said to the woman at the bar, "You need a new phone book."

"What?"

"Your phone book is torn. You need a new one."

"Call Information," she said.

However, he did not. The sun was shining steadily as he walked out to the road and considered his situation. He could not go back to the club, not because he had lied but because Joe had believed him. So if there were no more trains he would have to hitchhike into New York. The suitcase bumped awkwardly against his leg as he walked, and he shifted it from side to side in a search for comfort. He told himself that if she wanted to find him she could always get his home address from the club. But he knew she wouldn't do that. If she called and asked for his address, word would get back to Myron and the others, and to Arthur. And she could find him no other way, he thought, because she did not know that his name was not Swede but Howard—Howard Jacobsen—any more than did Aileen or Martha or the four German whores.

—ELAINE MUELLER

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STOLEN JUNE 8, '63 green 4 door Chevrolet, License No. 1-C8123 from Ak-Sar-Ben parking lot. Red telephone on antenna, Terry Carpenter stickers on all sides of car, carrying racks on top, support your local police in all windows. Please notify police or call 731-7070.
—*Omaha World-Herald.*

There's a challenge for the constabulary!

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

S.F.

UP until a few years ago, otherwise normal human beings who happened to enjoy reading science fiction tended to be somewhat secretive about their reading habits. They were well aware that most people thought of science fiction as a subliterary genre of adolescent escapism that flourished in magazines with names like *Amazing Stories*, *Thrilling Wonder Stories*, and *Astounding Science Fiction*—magazines printed in blotchy ink on brittle pulp paper and wrapped in garishly colored covers showing a nubile girl astronaut about to be engulfed by an octopodan creature from outer space with a strange gleam in each of its multifaceted eyes. There was no use trying to explain that scenes of intergalactic rape had long ago vanished from the covers of the better S.F. magazines, or that even in the darkest days of the pulp era there had been more to science fiction than adolescent escapism. Stereotypes die hard, though, and science fiction was one of those subjects—like life after death, or sexual perversion—that everyone felt qualified to have an opinion on despite a lack of first-hand experience. It was taken for granted outside the science-fiction world that the plot ideas in the S.F. pulps were all cribbed from "real writers," like Jules Verne and H. G. Wells, and that the quality of the prose rarely rose above the standard set by a man who signed his stories Edward E. Smith, Ph.D., and who began writing one of the earliest of the so-called space operas, "The Skylark of Space," in 1915:

> "Dick discovered something that converts copper into pure energy. That water-bath took off in a straight line—"
>
> "That *still* sounds preposterous, Martin," the girl interrupted, "even when *you* say it."
>
> "Careful, Dorothy," he cautioned her. "Nothing that actually happens is or can be preposterous. But as I said, this copper bath left Washington in a straight line for scenes unknown. We intend to follow it in a suitable vehicle."

Of course, there were bound to be one or two anomalous figures, like Ray Bradbury and Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., who somehow emerged from the genre to win a wider audience, and even critical acclaim. But Bradbury could not really be considered a science-fiction writer, because he obviously hated technology, and Vonnegut went out of his way to repudiate his science-fiction past. Besides, they both wrote too well.

From time to time, a respected member of the literary establishment would come out of the closet and admit that he found pleasure in reading all kinds of science fiction, from the classic novels of Verne and Wells to the contemporary magazine stuff. But even these daring individuals were careful not to go too far. In a 1955 essay called "The Boredom of Fantasy," Arthur Koestler confessed that he was a *former* "science-fiction addict" who was "still liable to occasional relapses" characterized by a craving to read about "space travel, time travel, Martian maidens, robot civilizations and extra-galactic supermen." Koestler's main point, however, was that a steady diet of such futuristic marvels soon palls:

> Swift's "Gulliver," Huxley's "Brave New World," Orwell's "Nineteen Eighty-four" are great works of literature because in them the gadgets of the future and the oddities of alien worlds serve merely as a background or pretext for a social message. In other words, they are literature precisely to the extent to which they are not science-fiction.

In the spring of 1959, the English novelist Kingsley Amis came to Princeton University to deliver a series of lectures as part of the Christian Gauss Seminars in Criticism. The topic he chose was science fiction. Like Koestler, he looked for a redeeming social message in what he read, but, unlike Koestler, he found just what he was looking for in contemporary science fiction. His lecture series, which was published in 1960 in a book entitled "New Maps of Hell," was the first full-length sympathetic appraisal of the genre to reach the general reader. Nevertheless, Amis felt obliged to explain right at the beginning that the overwhelming majority of science-fiction readers were probably "addicts" like him. "As is the way with addictions," he noted, "this one is mostly contracted in adolescence or not at all, like addiction to jazz."

Today, Amis's self-deprecatory tone seems as quaintly old-fashioned as all those lurid magazine covers from the nineteen-thirties. During the past decade, while real astronauts were rocketing to the moon and back, the much abused genre of science fiction was being spirited off to the den of respectability by a multifaceted creature known as the Academic Critical Apparatus. More than a hundred colleges and universities in the United States and Canada are now offering courses in science fiction as literature; graduate students are sifting the *œuvres* of major S.F. writers, like Isaac Asimov and Arthur C. Clarke, for dissertation topics; creative-writing courses are being taught by writers (like Joanna Russ, of Cornell) who have made their names almost exclusively within the genre; teachers and scholars in the field have organized a Science Fiction Research Association, with a biannual journal called *Extrapolation;* undergraduates have embraced a number of hard-core science-fiction novels—Robert A. Heinlein's "Stranger in a Strange Land" (1961), Frank Herbert's "Dune" (1965), Ursula K. LeGuin's "The Left Hand of Darkness" (1969)—as objects of cultish veneration; and at least two S.F. textbooks are now available in campus bookstores. They are "Science Fiction: The Future," an anthology of stories and articles, and "SF: The Other Side of Realism," a collection of twenty-six critical, analytical, and bibliographical essays, complete with footnotes, references, and all the other paraphernalia of conspicuous erudition.

VAL

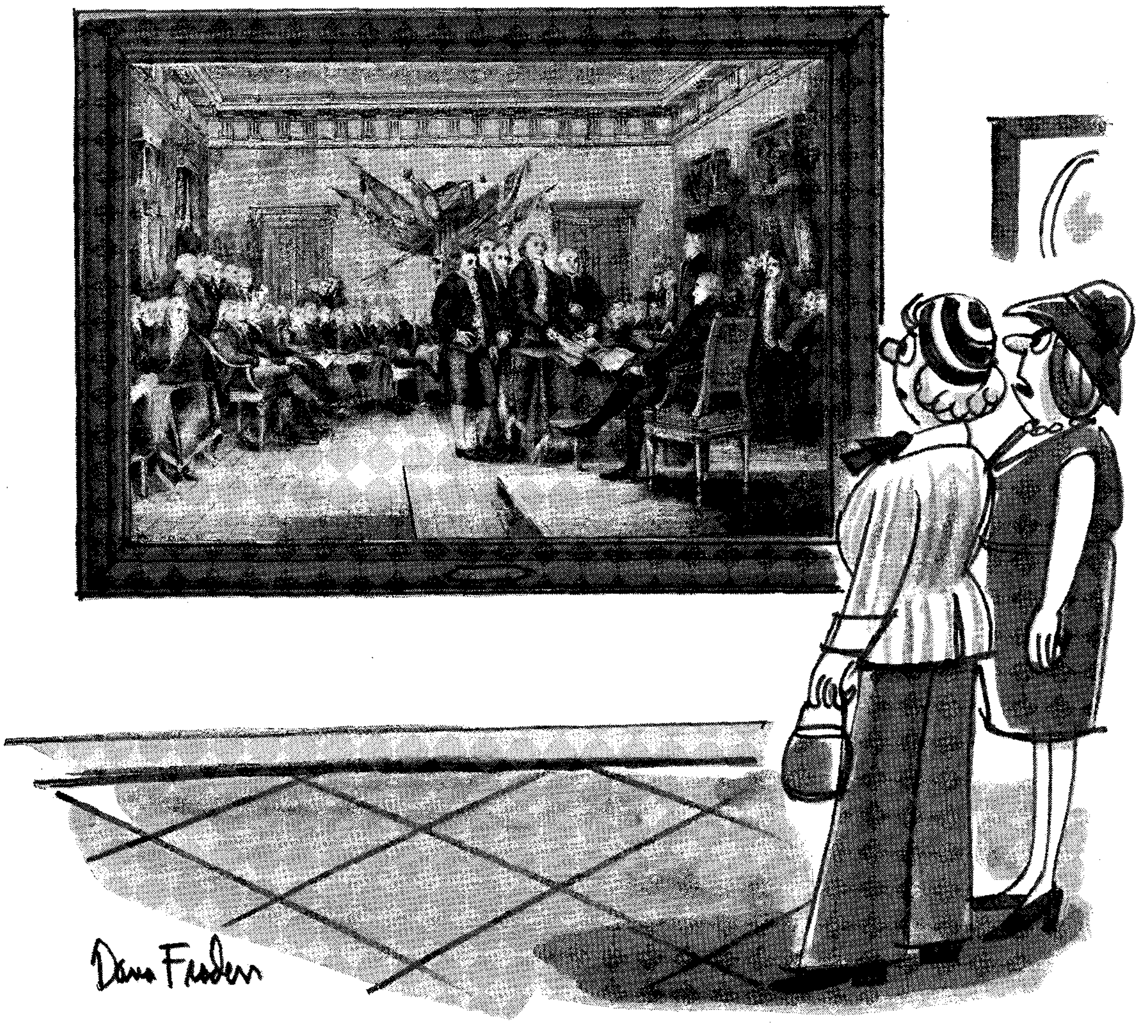
One of the most erudite scholars in this new field of study is Dr. Darko Suvin, a short, intense man of thirty-seven, who teaches Elizabethan drama and science fiction at McGill University, in Montreal. One of his current projects is the construction of a new "taxonomy" of literary forms, which will include an important niche for the work of the best science-fiction writers, past and present. In a long paper entitled "What Are We Really Talking About?," which he delivered at a Science Fiction Research Association conference in Toronto not long ago, Dr. Suvin laid down some basic guidelines for serious science-fiction criticism:

> I take it as axiomatic: 1) that no field of studies and rational inquiry can be investigated unless and until it is at least roughly delimited; 2) that there exist literary genres, as socioaesthetic and not metaphysical entities; 3) that these entities have an inner life and logic of their own, which do not exclude but on the contrary presuppose a dialectical permeability to themes, attitudes, and models from other literary genres; 4) that the

genres pertinent to this discussion are naturalistic fiction, fantasy, myth, folk-tale, pastoral, and science fiction.

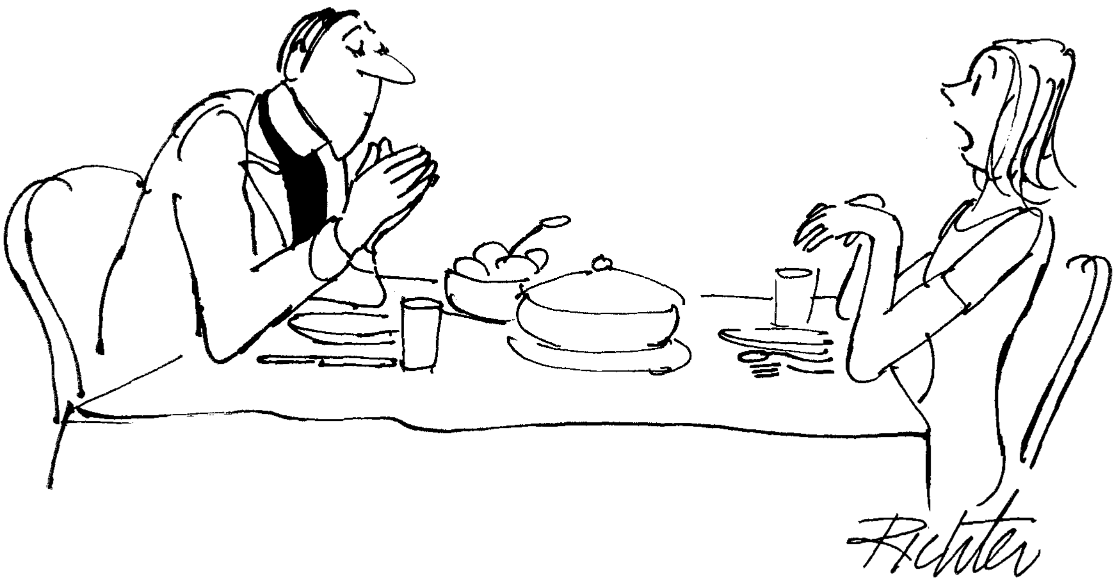
As might be expected, the people who have been passionately interested in science fiction all along are both pleased and puzzled by its belated recognition in academic circles. Science-fiction writers have always believed that what they were doing was fundamentally different from the penny-a-word hack work that made up the bulk of other popular fictional genres, like the Western, the mystery, and the gothic novel. But to at least one writer in the audience at Toronto, Dr. Suvin's "taxonomy" sounded a little too much like "taxidermy" for comfort. After the conference, Philip Klass, who was known to an earlier generation of S.F. readers by the pen name William Tenn, said he had got the distinct impression that the academic critics were "trying to pour fixative over the entire field and pin us to the wall." Klass himself can hardly be called anti-academic; he has been teaching creative writing at Penn State for the last six years. But he looks back nostalgically to "the golden era of science fiction," in the nineteen-forties and fifties, when the pulp magazines were still going strong and he and his friends were publishing regularly in the best of them. During that period, Klass believes, the genre fostered a special kind of collective creativity. "We had the sense that we could go on endlessly, constantly topping each other, adding new twists to each other's ideas, getting into whole new areas, creating things that didn't fit into any of the familiar literary categories," he said recently. (The best-known William Tenn story from the forties—"Child's Play"—concerns a perfectly ordinary young man who, through some unexplained hitch in time, receives a "Bild-A-Man Set" intended for a child in the twenty-second century. By carefully following the step-by-step instructions, the young man creates a living, breathing replica of himself, tries in vain to destroy it, and is then himself "disassembled" by a "Census Keeper" from the year 2153, who mistakes him for his own creation.) "What we were doing may not have been literature, but it wasn't *less* than literature," Klass says. "If nothing else, we created an exciting playground for lively minds. Now someone is showing us walls that we didn't know existed, and there's a terrific sense of loss."

The exciting little world of science fiction that Klass remembers so fondly was sustained, at least in part, by the unique institution of science-fiction fandom. Unlike the passive consumer of Westerns, mysteries, and gothics, the true S.F. addict has not been content merely to read his favorite form of fiction; he has also devoted enormous amounts of time and energy to collecting science-fiction magazines and books, publishing amateur "fanzines"—which have served as a farm system for many aspiring writers in the field, including the young Ray Bradbury—and organizing elaborate get-togethers of fellow-enthusiasts on a regional, national, and all but intergalactic level. The first World Science Fiction Convention, or Worldcon, was held in New York in 1939; the thirtieth Worldcon is scheduled for Los Angeles in September. In the early years especially, the atmosphere at these conventions resembled a cross between a college reunion and a religious revival. When the fans and writers in attendance were not drinking each other under the table or selling each other old magazines or dressing up as bug-eyed monsters and squirting each other with water pistols, they were earnestly debating the proper relation of science fiction to what was usually referred to as "mainstream fiction"—an elastic category that included everything from "The Sun Also Rises" to "The Amboy Dukes." There was a lot of talk about science fiction's being "the literature of the future," but no one ever explained exactly what that meant; in fact, no one ever came up with a really satisfactory definition of science fiction. What was it that set off a story like "Child's Play" from an old-fashioned fantasy of the wicked-witch-and-fairy-godmother school? Was the main function of science fiction to teach science to laymen? Which was more important—to get the science right or to write well? And what was wrong with adolescent escapism anyhow, especially if many of your readers were adolescents? Despite the



"Founding Fathers! How come no Founding Mothers?"

violent passions that such questions were capable of arousing (one insider wrote a comprehensive history of early fandom under the title "The Immortal Storm"), it was generally taken for granted that the future of the genre would be decided by a small coterie of writers, editors, and fans, who, alone among the sentient creatures in the universe, took science fiction seriously.



"Henry! After all the horrible things you've said about my cooking!"

THE editor of "Science Fiction: The Future," an anthology of S.F. readings for college students, is Dick Allen, who is an associate professor of English at the University of Bridgeport, in Connecticut. He is also a poet who uses science-fiction images extensively in his own work. His first book of poetry, which was published simultaneously in hardcover and paperback by Delacorte and Delta in 1971, is called "Anon and Various Time Machine Poems." He is now at work on a long sonnet sequence set in the near future in "a monastery somewhere outside America;" his community of monks, whose legendary founder reputedly vanished in a time machine, keep busy raising marijuana, building a Noah's ark, and searching the sky with a telescope for signs of God "or His dead body."

Allen began teaching an undergraduate seminar in science fiction in the spring of 1971. The first semester, a hundred and twenty-five students tried to sign up for a class that was limited to twenty-five. "The students have the feeling that science fiction is talking about the world they live in," Allen says. "I think of them as the children of Einstein—not in an intellectual sense but on a more basic, gut level. Their assumptions about society and the universe are simply not those of mainstream literature. They've been turned off the J. Alfred Prufrock sensibility. They know that there are no absolutes—not even space and time. They take change for granted. So does science fiction." One excited young man told Allen, "I finally took a course about my life—and it was *literature*." The students who feel this way about science fiction often know nothing about science. "The scientist has become almost a mystical figure to them," Allen says. "These kids don't understand machines, or even *want* to understand machines. But they live with things like telephones and electric guitars, and they're not afraid of them. They can get inside machines and humanize them. There is even a kind of longing to become a machine."

Teaching science fiction as literature to these students prompted Allen to reconsider some of his basic ideas about both teaching and literature. "I went to college and graduate school in the late fifties and the early sixties, and I had the usual training in New Criticism: 'Seven Types of Ambiguity,' and style *is* content, and the more complex the better. When science fiction got popular on the campus, in the late sixties, and a few of us who had been reading it all along started thinking seriously about teaching it, we went through an intense conflict, because we found that you couldn't talk about it in the classroom in the critical language we'd all learned." Allen had already come to the conclusion that the trouble with contemporary American poetry was that all the poets, including him, had been "so influenced by New Criticism that we'd forgotten how to talk to other people." The more he thought about the great epics he had read, the more he realized that what he remembered was "not the words, not the style, not even the characters" but "the writer's vision of the world as expressed through scenes and images." With this in mind, he began experimenting on his own with narrative poetry. "I wanted to tell a story, to bring prose elements—easy reading, easy understanding—back to poetry," he said. And in the classroom he felt justified in concentrating on what he calls the "aftereffect" of science fiction rather than on the means used to achieve it. "We're all locked into one time and one perspective, and science fiction allows you to float the mind and let it go free."

Once you free your mind from the straitjacket of New Criticism, Allen says, there are any number of valid approaches you can make to the teaching of science fiction: you can treat it as modern mythology and go hunting for archetypes; you can compare and contrast themes of utopia and anti-utopia; you can discuss science fiction as a reflection of popular culture or as a means of bridging the "two-cultures" gap; you can trace its development through literary history or use it as a jumping-off point for what has become known as "future studies"—the new "science" of predicting the future on the basis of studies of current trends and attitudes. Allen himself leans toward the pop-culture and futurological approaches. "My students grew up with a consciousness of the basic absurdity of everything, but they are also the children of Saturday-morning television and comic books, and they like happy endings and easy answers," he says. "One of the things they respond to in science fiction is the promise, at least, of answers."

Allen says that his S.F. seminar is an unusual undergraduate course in that almost all the students actually read the assigned material and almost all of them speak out in class. "Sometimes it's more like teaching a course in ethics than in literature," he says. "Instead of analyzing the style or the characters in a particular story, we'll get into a discussion about the primacy of aggression in human nature, or whether or not it's possible for man to love an alien being, or what distinguishes a man from a machine. These subjects just come up naturally in class." In case inspiration flags, however, Allen has appended a list of suggested-study questions to each of the selections in his anthology. For example, one of the selections is a short story by Robert Heinlein called "They," which first appeared in the April, 1941, issue of *Unknown*, a sister magazine of *Astounding Science Fiction*. The protagonist is an inmate in a mental hospital who believes that the entire world is involved in a conspiracy to keep him from finding out his true identity. He insists that everything he has ever been told is a lie, that the actions of ordinary "human beings" make no sense, that he himself is somehow "different," and that the world does in fact (and not merely in appearance) revolve around him. A kindly psychiatrist at the hospital tries to cure him of this classic solipsistic paranoia. At the end of the story, it turns out that the inmate is absolutely correct: Nothing *is* real except himself and the conspirators; everything else is a gigantic stage play, with scenery, that has literally been created to divert him from self-awareness, and the psychiatrist is actually the arch-conspirator, a being whose real name or title is "the Glaroon." The story is told with a minimum of explanation and stylistic embellishment. The reader never finds out what the protagonist and the Glaroon look like, and he never learns the reason for the conspiracy or the details of its operation. The story ends succinctly:

> The Glaroon continued with orders: "Leave structures standing until adjournment. New York City and Harvard University are now dismantled. Divert him from those sectors.
>
> "Move!"

In Allen's textbook, the ending is followed by four questions from the editor:

1. Is the fantasy of Heinlein's main character a common one?
2. Discuss this story in terms of childhood and adolescence as times of slavery.
3. Paraphrase the ending of "They." Do you feel that the device of the surprise ending adds or detracts from the story?
4. In the future, do you think the government's control of the mind will be more acceptable than its control of the body?

The Glaroon himself would be impressed by this smooth transition from pulp to pedagogy.

Allen is well aware that the new academic interest in science fiction may have some unfortunate effects. "For one thing," he says, "I find that since I started teaching it I don't enjoy reading it as much as I used to." He also worries because some science-fiction writers suddenly want to be compared with the best of the mainstream and have started turning out a lot of "pretentious, mock-literary writing." "What's happened," he says, "is that many young writers are trying to write to the old specifications of New Criticism just when the young professors who were trained in New Criticism are turning to completely different literary values."

THERE is no question that science-fiction writers have become more ambitious, stylistically and thematically, in recent years. But this may have less to do with the siren call of academia than with changing market conditions—a factor that academic critics rarely take into account. Robert Silverberg, a former president of the Science Fiction Writers of America, is one of the most prolific professionals in a field dominated by people who actually write for a living. (Unlike mystery or Western writers, most science-fiction writers cannot expect to cash in on fat movie sales or TV tie-ins.) Still in his late thirties, Silverberg has published more than a hundred books, and he is disarmingly frank about the relationship between the quality of genre prose (including his own) and the quality of available outlets. By his own account, he was "an annoyingly verbal young man" from Brooklyn who picked up his first science-fiction book at the age of ten, started writing seriously at the age of thirteen, and at seventeen nearly gave up in despair over his inability to break into the pulp magazines. At his parents' urging, he enrolled in Columbia University, so that, if worst came to worst, he could always go to the School of Journalism and "get a nice steady job somewhere." During his sophomore year, he sold his first science-fiction story, to a Scottish magazine named *Nebula*. By the end of his junior year, he had sold a novel and twenty more stories. By the end of his senior year, he was earning two hundred dollars a week writing science fiction, and his parents were reconciled to his pursuit of the literary life. "I became very cynical very quickly," he says. "First I couldn't sell anything, then I could sell everything. The market played to my worst characteristics. An editor of a schlock magazine would call up to tell me he had a ten-thousand-word hole to fill in his next issue. I'd fill it overnight for a hundred and fifty dollars. I found that rewriting made no difference. I knew I couldn't possibly write the kind of things I admired as a reader—Joyce, Kafka, Mann—so I detached myself from my work. I was a phenomenon among my friends in college: a published, selling author. But they always asked, 'When are you going to do something serious?'—meaning something that wasn't science fiction—and I kept telling them, 'When I'm financially secure.' "

By 1960, Silverberg says, the science-fiction market had "gone sterile" for him. Many of the old pulp magazines had folded in the late fifties, and the ones that were left had developed all sorts of ideological and artistic restrictions. "One magazine was basically didactic—you had to put over a clear point about society in each story," he says. "In another magazine, you weren't allowed to say anything at all. The best-paying magazines—the ones that paid three or four cents a word—had the most rigid restrictions. The ones that paid a cent a word, on publication, let me have my head, but my wife and I had just bought a house in Riverdale, and we couldn't live on that. And there wasn't much of a book market in those days, unless you were a Heinlein or an Asimov." Rather than try to "transform science fiction" singlehandedly, Silverberg began writing factual science books, on historical and archeological subjects, for the high-school audience. Books like these tend to keep selling year after year once they are accepted by teachers and librarians, and since Silverberg could research and write them at the rate of five or six a year, he was soon as close to financially secure as a writer can hope to be, short of producing a national best-seller. Then, in 1964 and 1965, the science-fiction book market expanded, in Silverberg's words, "with a wondrous rush." Publishers who had been paying an advance of a thousand dollars on a fifty-thousand-word novel were suddenly offering three times as much. Someone had apparently discovered a wider, more sophisticated audience for science fiction on the college campuses; at the same time, there appeared a new generation of science-fiction writers who had not gone through the stultifying apprenticeship in the pulps. "Most of us had started out imitating other science-fiction writers, who weren't very good to begin with," Silverberg says. "The new

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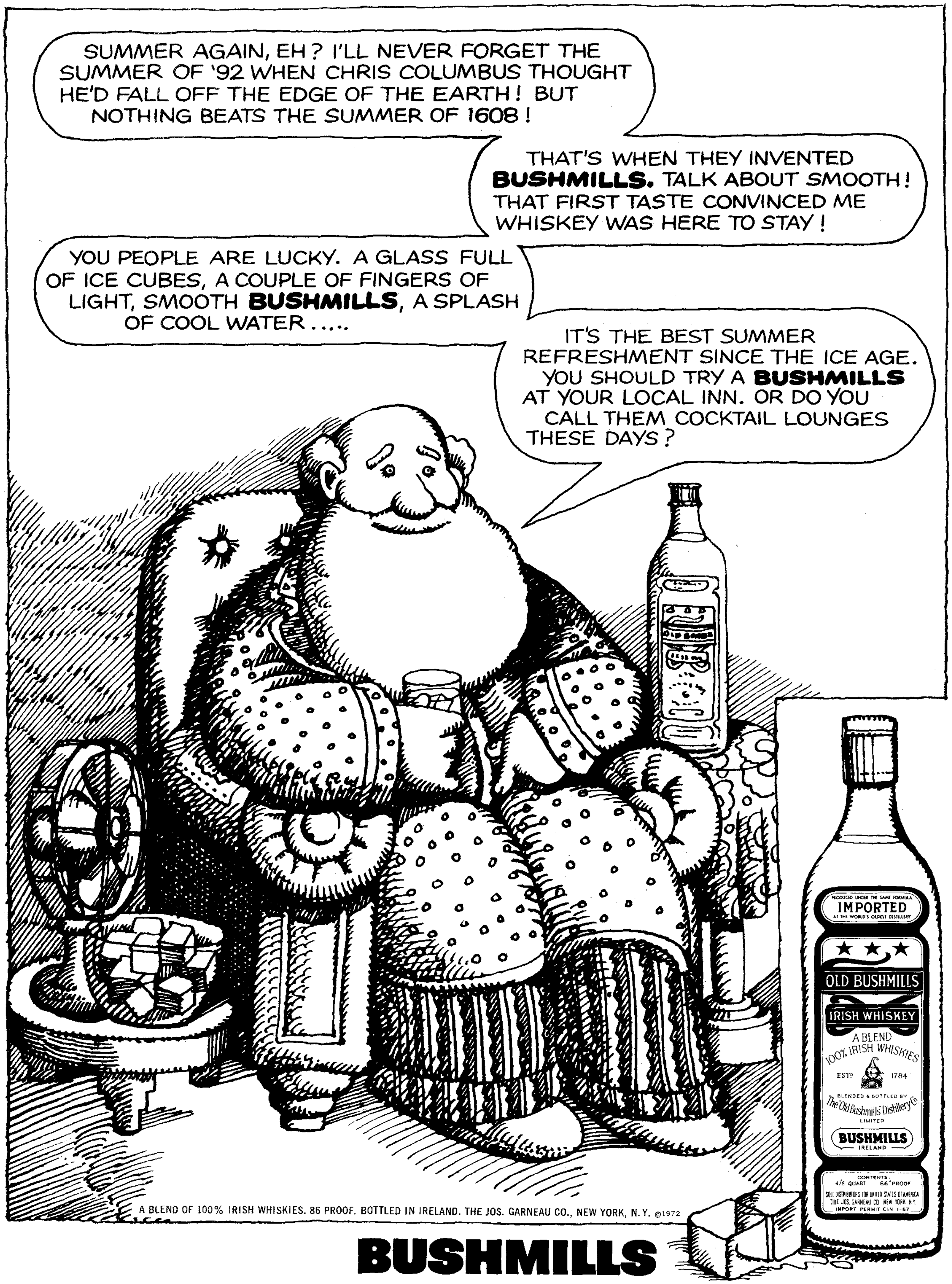
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BUSHMILLS

writers of the sixties—people like Samuel Delany, Roger Zelazny, Thomas Disch, J. G. Ballard—took their models from the entire range of literature." They also had more room to work in, because the paperback novel was rapidly replacing the magazine short story as the dominant science-fiction form. For the first time, it seemed conceivable for a writer to function on the highest artistic level—to push himself to the limits of his talent—within the genre. Inspired by this prospect, Silverberg returned to the field in 1966, and, "in an orgy of creation," turned out no fewer than thirteen science-fiction novels in the next four years.

Some of the new writers that Silverberg admired have gone on to reject the term "science fiction" as a description of their work. Samuel Delany, for instance, prefers to talk about "speculative fiction;" others have suggested "speculative fantasy," "science fantasy," or simply a question-begging "S.F." But Silverberg sees no point in inventing a new label now merely to avoid the pulp connotations of the old one. "There have always been *two* science fictions, really," he says. "A 'high' science fiction, written by people like Wells, Verne, Orwell, and Huxley, which everyone called by some other name, such as 'visionary or Utopian literature,' and a commercial science fiction, which everyone treated as a kind of literary ghetto. Lately, the two science fictions have been on a converging course. It's my feeling that we have created a useful set of themes and images—rockets, robots, time travel, mutants, invasions from space, alien beings—that writers can now turn to high literary purpose, whether they consider themselves science-fiction writers or not." Curiously, Silverberg says, back in the days when stories about interplanetary travel were automatically dismissed as Buck Rogers fantasies, most commercial science fiction was written in a naïvely realistic style—as if to say, "Look, these people are *really* on the moon!" When science caught up with fiction in this particular area, S.F. writers naturally felt vindicated and elated; then came the inevitable letdown. Some writers were disappointed with the cut-and-dried quality of the American moon trips; a few felt vaguely resentful, as if the rest of the world were somehow trespassing on their private domain; others began to worry about how they were going to compete with the headlines. But, according to Silverberg, the moon landings may have liberated science-fiction writers once and for all from the delusion that they were in the business of scientific prophecy. It makes absolutely no difference, he says, that interplanetary travel has become a reality while time travel remains a logical impossibility. The two themes are equally available to the serious writer who wants to dramatize problems of "technological change and cultural evolution"—just as the mixed bag of fact and legend in the Homeric canon was available to the Greek dramatists of the sixth and fifth centuries B.C.

One of Silverberg's most ambitious books to date, "Tower of Glass," was published in hardcover in 1970 by Scribners. The hero of "Tower of Glass" is an industrial magnate of the twenty-third century named Simeon Krug, whose company manufactures and sells synthetic manlike beings called androids. Krug's androids are created cell by cell in a process that closely parallels natural embryonic growth, except that the basic genetic building blocks—the DNA templates, the RNA messengers, the chains of proteins—come directly from vats of chemicals in the factories of Krug Synthetics, Ltd. A few minor styling changes, like bright-red skin and hairless bodies, have been introduced, to distinguish the androids from ordinary human beings. Although the androids have been created for no other purpose than to serve mankind, they have somehow got it into their bald heads that Krug, their creator, will also be their savior. Gathering in clandestine chapels wherever they live and work, they pray to the Divine Krug to deliver them from bondage. They have even fashioned their own liturgy out of the triplets of RNA bases that make up the fundamental genetic code of all living creatures: "AAA AAG AAC AAU be to Krug!" they chant. "AGA AGG AGC AGU be to Krug!" But Krug is not listening. A giant radio telescope has picked up a strange sequence of signals from outer space that just might be a message from an intelligent race somewhere in the cosmos. Although the signals have not yet been deciphered, Krug has ordered an army of androids to begin building a tower, nearly a mile high, to hold the machinery that will send back a "faster-than-light" beam of tachyon particles with a message saying, *We are here! Man is here! Krug is here!* A collision between Krug's grand obsession and the androids' great need is inevitable. When Krug finally discovers that godhood has been thrust upon him by the "things" he has created, he recoils from the awful responsibility; the disillusioned androids rebel and, with a mighty crash, bring down the uncompleted tower, and the entire structure of twenty-third-century society as well. Only Krug escapes the wreckage; a few faithful androids, obeying his final orders, seal his body in suspended animation in a one-man starship and launch him into space in the direction of the enigmatic radio signals.

Silverberg's handling of this material is "serious" enough to impress the most skeptical non-fan; we are obviously a long way from Buck Rogers country. But even a brief

"I think it's Harper's ready smile that turns me against him."

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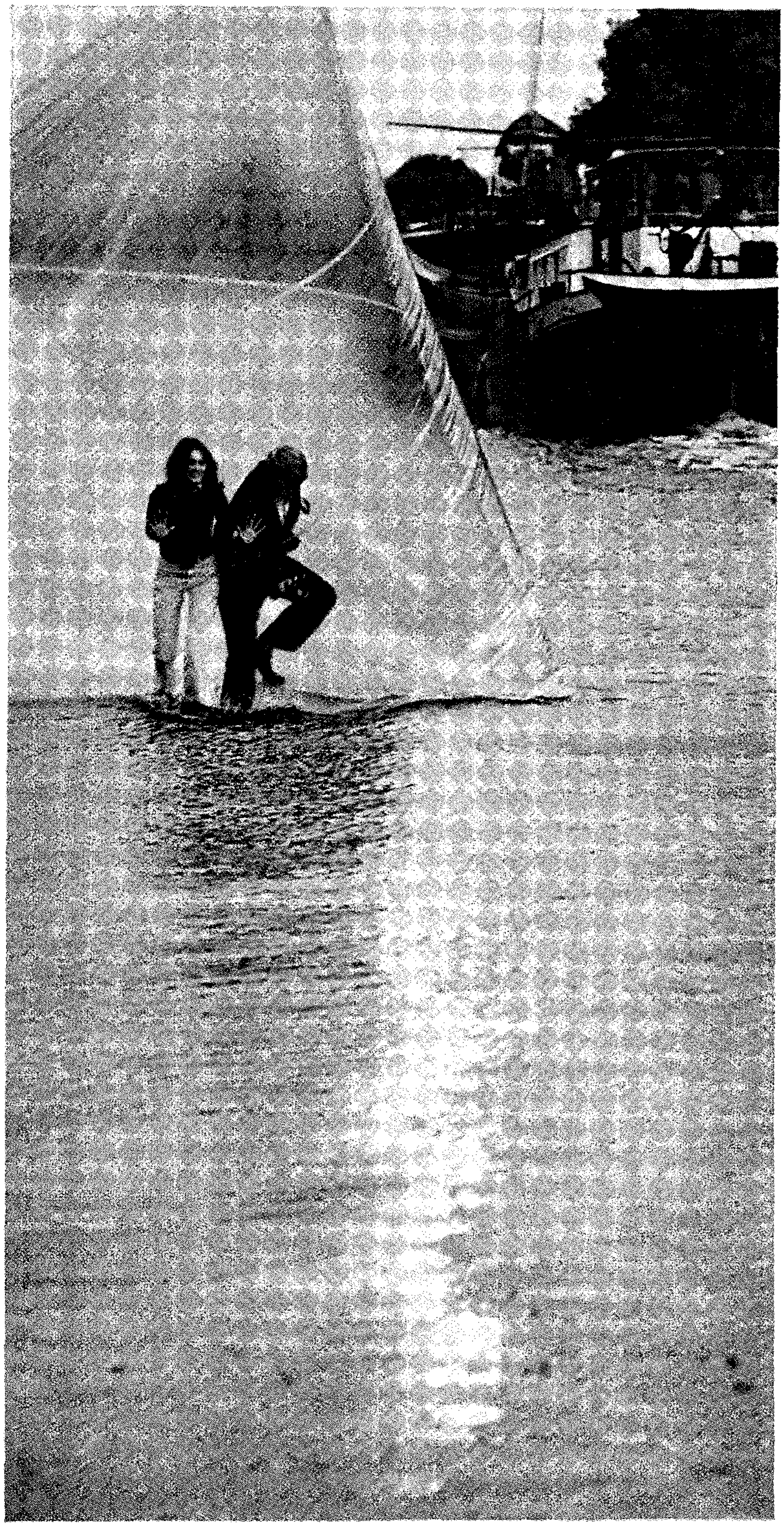

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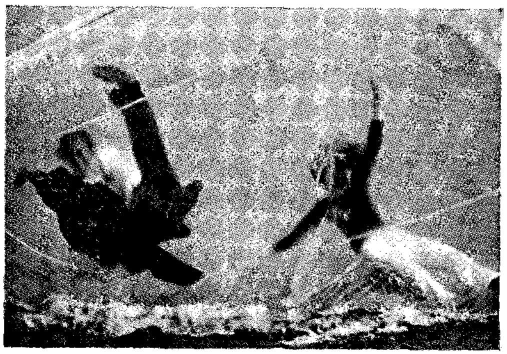
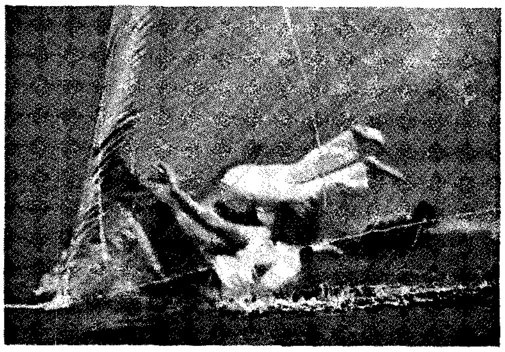


"The trick of the sport is to stay on your feet and keep the bag moving. Rather like doing the tango in an enormous bowl of gelatin.



"Oops! There we go again . . . toppled by the wake of a passing barge. And much to the amusement of the Amsterdamers watching from the stern.

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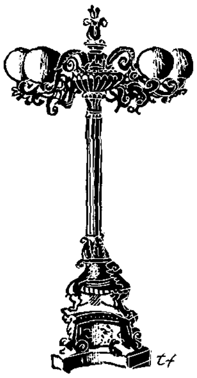
plot synopsis points up the difficulties that a science-fiction writer faces in trying to appeal to a broad readership without abandoning the specialized audience that has kept the genre alive all these years. To the general reader, Silverberg's interstellar enigmas and fanatically religious androids are fascinating, if rather arbitrary, inventions; to the science-fiction addict, they are familiar conventions, borrowed from the common storehouse of the genre. The general reader doesn't mind if the author makes up things as he goes along, provided that his inventions are justified by some over-all satiric, prophetic, or allegorical purpose; the fan doesn't mind a few conventional themes and images, so long as they are bound together in a coherent, fully furnished, never-before-imagined future world—sometimes known as a "secondary universe"—which is not necessarily related to our world except through the author's controlling vision. The basic problem is that the two audiences bring such different expectations to a story that almost anything the author does to satisfy one set of readers is bound to infuriate the other set. For example, when one of the characters in "Tower of Glass" wants to get somewhere in a hurry, he simply steps into the nearest "transmat cubicle," a technological marvel that Silverberg describes at some length:

> The lambent green transmat field pulsed up from the floor aperture, forming a curtain dividing the cubicle in two. . . . The hidden power generators of the transmat were linked directly to the main generator, spinning endlessly on its poles somewhere beneath the Atlantic, condensing the theta force that made transmat travel possible. . . . He unhesitatingly stepped into the glow of green. There was no sensation; Krug was destroyed; a stream of tagged wavicles was hurled several thousand kilometers to a tuned receiver; and Krug was reconstituted. The transmat field ripped a man's body into subatomic units so swiftly that no neural system could possibly register the pain; and the restoration to life came with equal speed.

The details are Silverberg's, but, as any fan knows, the general idea of a transportation system that whisks people around the world at the speed of light is another convention of the genre. The fan also knows, however, that such devices usually appear in stories set much further in the future than the twenty-third century. By his choice of this particular transportation system—rather than something less conspicuous, like suborbital commuter rockets or high-speed pneumatic subways—Silverberg is deliberately distorting the "realistic" fabric of his story, as if to remind the reader that Krug's twenty-third-century world is not to be taken simply as a linear extension of our own. The real purpose of the transmat is to transport the reader into a secondary universe where, like Coleridge's wedding guest, he will be invited to experience someone else's carefully orchestrated vision of man as both creature and creator. Now that all the old gods are gone, Silverberg seems to be saying, is it possible that, for the first time in history, man is on his own? And can we really face this possibility? Unfortunately, the unsuspecting general reader who remembers his Verne and Orwell will be left behind trying to make prophetic or satiric sense out of all those tagged wavicles and theta forces. And when he fails he may wonder why anyone would expect him to learn the technical jargon of modern science just to be able to comprehend modern science fiction.



The truth is, the stylistic barrier that separates most science fiction from the so-called mainstream is not technical jargon at all but a pseudo-technical shorthand devised by impatient S.F. writers who want to pay homage to modern science without letting it hinder their wilder flights of fancy. For example, a fundamental constant in Einsteinian physics is the speed of light—represented by the symbol c in the equation $E=mc^2$. The speed of light is approximately 186,300 miles per second, and, according to the relativity theory, nothing in our space-time continuum can travel faster than light. Since the star nearest to our solar system is several light-years away, this means that the fastest spaceship that could be devised would take several years to complete even the shortest interstellar journey, so exploration of the far reaches of the galaxy would seem to be out of the question. In science fiction, however, anything is possible as long as one knows the rules of the game. A writer who wants to use the entire galaxy as a backdrop for a story cannot simply ignore the theoretical speed limit; this would be an unforgivable *gaffe*. But hardly anyone will object if the writer makes use of a "space warp" or "null-space" or "hyperspace"—shorthand expressions that refer to cosmic anomalies where the laws of Einsteinian physics do not apply. Since it is impossible to prove that such anomalies do not exist, they may be invoked under the heading of legitimate speculation, and the hero of the story is free to race to Andromeda for lunch and get back to Earth in time for cocktails.

THERE are some writers who argue that the freedom gained through the use of "hyperspace," "transmats," and the like is largely illusory. The most uncompromising advocate of this view is J. G. Ballard, a forty-two-year-old Englishman, who believes that it is "inner space," not outer, that needs to be explored. In any other literary milieu, such a statement would hardly be considered controversial. But Ballard has gone on to urge his fellow-writers to give up both their traditional subject matter—spaceships, aliens, and all that—and their traditional storytelling techniques. In an article in the British magazine *New Worlds*, in 1965, he declared, "Science fiction must jettison its present narrative forms and plots. Most of these are far too explicit to express any subtle interplay of character and theme." As for the readers, "the onus is on them to accept a more oblique narrative style, understated themes, private symbols and vocabularies."

In his boldly experimental stories, which he calls "condensed novels," Ballard not only has dispensed with the old science-fiction conventions but has gradually dropped all pretense of explanation, scientific or otherwise, and has fragmented the narrative into short, neatly labelled paragraphs arranged in a manner that seems to mock the very concept of linear progression. The opening of "You and Me and the Continuum," one of his "condensed novels" (published in 1966 in *Impulse*, a sister magazine of *New Worlds*), contains this sequence:

> *Ambivalent.* She lay quietly on her side, listening to the last bars of the scherzo as his hand hesitated on the zip. This strange man, and his endless obsession with Bruckner, nucleic acids, Minkowski space-time and God knows what else. Since she had picked him up at the conference on Space Medicine they had barely exchanged a word. Was he wholly there? At times it was almost as if he were trying to put himself together out of some bizarre jigsaw. She turned round, surprised by his dark glasses six inches from her face and the eyes burning through them like stars.
>
> *Brachycephalic.* They stopped beneath the half-painted bowl of the radio-telescope. As the blunt metal ear turned on its tracks, fumbling at the sky, he put his hands to his skull, feeling the still-open sutures. Beside him Quinton, this dapper pomaded Judas, was waving at the dis-

tant hedges where the three limousines were waiting. "If you like we can have a hundred cars—a complete motorcade." Ignoring Quinton, he took a piece of quartz from his flying jacket and laid it on the turf. From it poured the code-music of the quasars.

In shedding all vestiges of the S.F. pulp tradition, Ballard seems to be moving toward a narrative style that is virtually indistinguishable from experimental fiction in general, and his work can now be found in "little magazines" on both sides of the Atlantic. There is some question in orthodox fandom whether this proves that science fiction has finally been accepted by the literary avant-garde or that Ballard's work no longer has any relation to *real* science fiction. Confusing the issue still further is the fate of the magazine in which Ballard—and other writers who shared his outlook—appeared regularly during the late sixties. *New Worlds* was founded right after the Second World War by a group of British science-fiction fans, among them Arthur C. Clarke. After a change of editors in 1964, the magazine was gradually transformed into a frankly avant-garde vehicle for "speculative fiction." In 1967, it received a financial boost from the British Arts Council; in February, 1970, after a drastic decline in circulation and a running battle with government agencies and commercial distributors over contents alleged to be "obscene," it temporarily ceased publication. *New Worlds* has been through several reincarnations since then, but the momentum of the late sixties—the sense of living dangerously for the sake of a major aesthetic breakthrough—seems to have dissipated.

If the ferment in English S.F. had a counterpart in the United States during the last decade, it was the acrimonious debate over the so-called New Wave, a loose grouping of young S.F. writers whose stories often dealt with formerly taboo subjects like drugs and sex and whose generally bleak view of the future shocked many older writers, editors, and fans. The most influential figure associated with the New Wave is Samuel R. Delany, who was born in Harlem in 1942, graduated from the Bronx High School of Science in 1960, attended City College sporadically for a couple of years, and published his first science-fiction novel in 1962. Since then, he has produced seven other novels, several novellas, and ten short stories—a meagre output by genre standards. Much of his influence on his fellow-writers—not to mention his high standing with college English instructors—is based on the fact that he apparently takes the time to rewrite. His best-known novels, "Babel-17" (1966), "The Einstein Intersection" (1967), and "Nova" (1968), represent an all too rare attempt to create imaginary future worlds that are both intellectually stimulating and aesthetically satisfying. At least, he is willing to take the necessary risks, and, despite inevitable shortcomings, all these books radiate excitement and good humor and an air of contagious confidence.

On one level, Delany tries to breathe new life into stale S.F. conventions with unlikely metaphors, as in this passage from "Babel-17" (which won a Nebula Award of the Science Fiction Writers of America as the best science-fiction novel of its year):

> Drop a gem in thick oil. The brilliance yellows slowly, ambers, goes red at last, dies. That was the leap into hyperstatic space.... Fling a jewel into a glut of jewels. This is the leap out of hyperstasis into the area of the Alliance War Yards at Armsedge.

On another level, instead of jettisoning the standard adventure plot, Delany tries to shape it to his own purposes. It is now becoming fashionable in academic circles to talk about the "mythological substructure" of popular art forms. Like the peripatetic gunfighter of the old Western, the galaxy-hopping, blaster-toting starship captain of the early space opera has been elevated to the status of an archetypal hero; the adventures that an earlier generation of critics dismissed as adolescent escapism have been reinterpreted under the guise of questing after grails, slaying dragons, redeeming the world. The larger-than-life heroes of Delany's novels do all these things and more, with the fate of entire solar systems hanging in the balance. The difference is that while the authors of the old-fashioned space operas were presumably unaware of the hidden sources of their inspiration, Delany supplies his own running commentary. "The Einstein Intersection" (which won a Nebula Award in 1967) takes place in a universe mysteriously vacated by mankind and now inhabited by a race of alien beings who are trying against all odds to re-create human civilization. But the real theme of the book, as Delany makes abundantly clear, is man's need to create new myths *for himself* as times and circumstances change. The hero, Lobey, has a machete which is hollow from hilt to point and which makes music when he blows through it; at the beginning of the book, he is explicitly identified with Orpheus, and also—since the aliens have trouble separating fact from legend in man's past—

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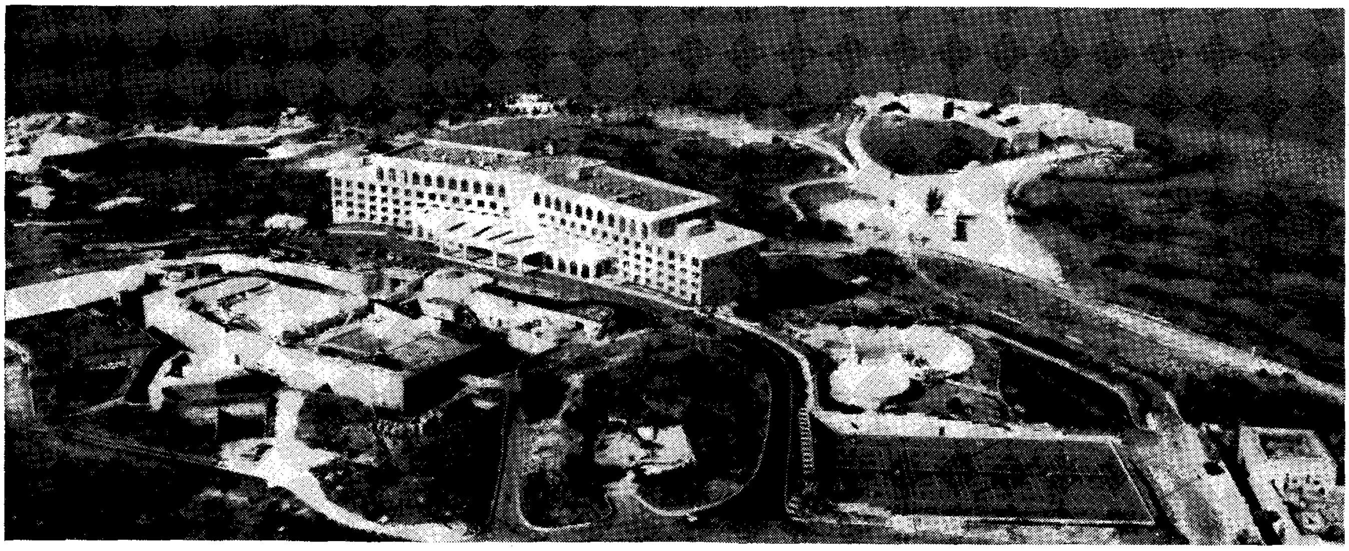

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City ____________ State ____________ Zip ____________ NY-7 with "the Beatle Ringo," who "after a hard day's night" was "torn apart by screaming girls." In the course of his adventures, Lobey stumbles across "a computer from the old time" named PHAEDRA, who remembers the days when there were real men on Earth. The efforts of Lobey and his race to live up to mankind's "million-year-old fantasies" do not impress her. "You're basically not equipped for it," she says. "But I suppose you have to exhaust the old mazes before you can move into the new ones." Just in case the reader misses the point, the thirteen chapters of "The Einstein Intersection" are prefaced with no fewer than thirty epigraphs, drawn from such sources as Pär Lagerkvist, Niccolò Machiavelli, James Joyce, Jean Genet, Jean-Paul Sartre, Bob Dylan, Sappho, John Ruskin, John Ciardi, Erasmus, James Agee, the Marquis de Sade, Plotinus, Emily Dickinson, William Butler Yeats, Andrew Marvell, the King James Bible, Thomas Chatterton, Gregory Corso, and José Ortega y Gasset.

Despite the title of the book, there are no quotations from famous scientists or from scientific journals. Yet Delany has what he calls "a strong layman's interest in science," and in most of his stories he devotes at least as much attention to the impact of technology on human mores as he does to the mythological substructure. The premise of a short story called "The Star Pit," written in 1965, is that only the truly psychotic can survive a journey to the far ends of the universe, where the nature of "reality" breaks down. Another short story, "Aye, and Gomorrah" (1966), is based on the premise that prolonged exposure to radiation beyond the atmosphere destroys human gonads; this means that young children must be surgically neutered to fit them for work on other planets. In both these stories, Delany avoids the temptation to satirize the straw men he has created or to make any easy judgments about whether the goals attained are worth the sacrifice. The psychotic spaceman in "The Star Pit" is an object of envy as well as distrust for the other characters; in "Aye, and Gomorrah," the neutered "spacers" are worshipped by a new breed of sexual perverts, known as "frelks." ("My love starts with the fear of love," a young woman frelk says to a once male spacer that she has picked up on the street in Istanbul. "I want you because you can't want me. That's the pleasure.") In "Nova," which is about a quest across the galaxy for a fantastically rare and valuable substance called Illyrion, Delany postulates a symbiotic relationship between man and machine that goes far beyond current speculation on the virtues or dangers of automation. In Delany's hypothetical future, all work is performed by machines. But each job—whether it involves piloting a starship or operating a power shovel—is under the direct control of a man known as a "cyborg stud," who has been surgically equipped with sockets on his spine, neck, and wrists, so that his nervous system can literally be plugged into the machinery. Another writer might have built an entire utopian (or anti-utopian) novel around this concept; Delany slips it in as a background detail. His cyborg stud is neither a technological superman nor an industrial slave. Unplugged, he is a completely ordinary man. Plugged in, he becomes the Compleat Workman, totally at one with his tools and his task. Perhaps because this image is introduced so casually, it remains in the reader's mind—a challenge to the commonly accepted notion that every advance in technology inevitably pushes man further from the center of the productive process.

At its best, Delany has said, science fiction is the ideal medium for a writer who sees a need to bring together "the disparate and technical with the desperate and human"—the physics of the sun with the myth of Icarus. Yet in the last few years Delany, like Ballard, has come to believe that the conventions of the genre are often "naïve" and "deadening to the writer trying to write well." He is no longer sure that a starship warping through hyperspace is a suitable vehicle for conveying a modern mythology, and he deplores the often unexamined assumptions behind the typical science-fiction story—"that the universe is essentially a hospitable place, that one person can influence the course of history, that intelligence, and even genius, works in an essentially linear way." The one science-fiction writer he admires without qualification is the eccentric, unpredictable Theodore Sturgeon, who is best known for his portrait of *Homo gestalt*, the next stage of evolution, in a book called "More Than Human." Outside the genre, Delany lists among his major influences Arthur Rimbaud, Marcel Proust, and Jean Genet. Since 1968, he has been working on a big novel (two hundred and seventy-five thousand words and still counting), which he describes as "speculative fiction" or "borderline S.F." But he finds even these vague phrases unnecessarily confining. In December, 1970, he and his wife, Marilyn Hacker, who is a poet, and whom he married in 1961, began editing a paperback review entitled *Quark: A quarterly of speculative fiction*. The second issue started out with this editorial pronouncement: "All fiction is speculative." Although many of the contributors were familiar names from the conventional science-fiction markets, there was a notable lack of S.F. conventions in the stories they wrote for *Quark*. Unfortunately, *Quark* did not sell as expected, and the publisher, Paperback Library, stopped publication after the fourth issue.

WITH the demise of *Quark* and the decline of *New Worlds*, much of the furor between the Old Guard and the New Wave seems to have died down in the S.F. community. But the campaign to break down the barriers between that community and the so-called mainstream is just beginning to gather momentum on the college campuses. Thomas D. Clareson, a forty-five-year-old professor of English at the College of Wooster, in Ohio, who is the editor of the critical anthology "SF: The Other Side of Realism" and is also the chairman of the Science Fiction Research Association, takes the long, long view—that of the literary historian. Instead of trying to justify the ways of S.F. to the mainstream, he asks why anyone should ever have thought that they needed justifying.

Even the briefest survey of literary history reveals that fantastic or visionary literature has always existed side by side with the realistic or representational, and in most important works of art the two modes of expression have been seamlessly intertwined. The geography of Homeric myth is quite accurate, give or take a few monsters' lairs; the compilers of medieval bestiaries borrowed freely from contemporary chroniclers and mapmakers, and vice versa; and virtually all the classics of European literature written before the eighteenth century take place in a secondary universe that is rooted in pagan or Christian myth but furnished with a convincing array of representational details. According to Clareson, this cozy little setting fell apart with the coming of the Age of Reason and the rise of natural science; the old myths lost their binding power, and as each writer sought a new way to express the truths he saw, the visionary

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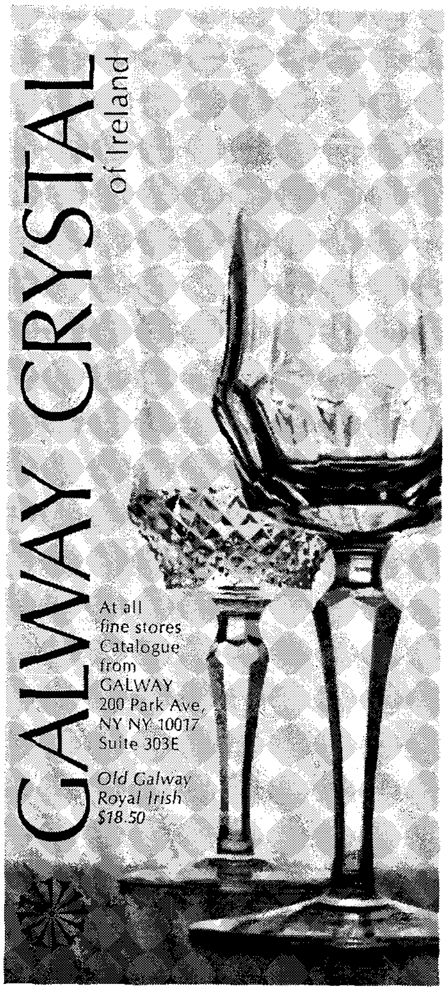

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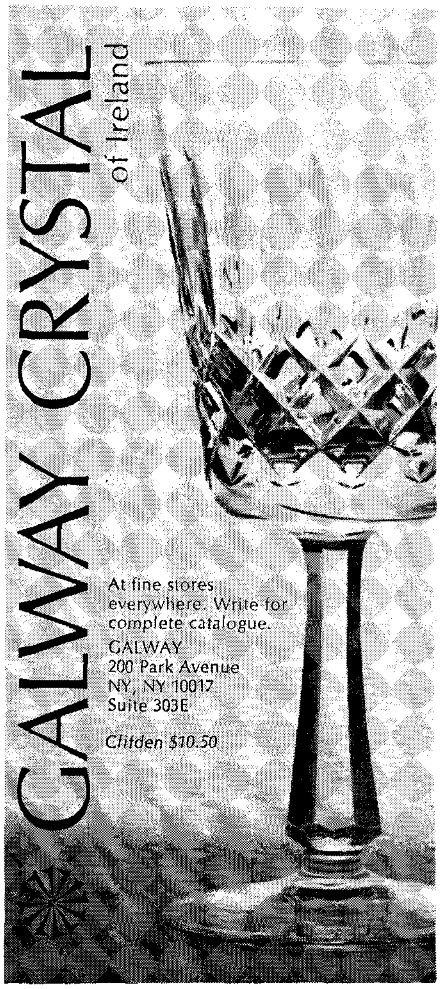

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and representational modes of writing began to diverge. A popular new form of representational writing—the prose novel—seemed particularly suited to depicting the shifting relationship between the individual and contemporary society; at the same time, people kept on reading romances and allegories and, especially, tales of imaginary voyages, which drew on the continuing fascination with the exploration of distant lands. But something was obviously missing. If God was no longer in His Heaven, judging saints and sinners, then the world of literature was ultimately without meaning—unless some equally imposing authority could be found to take His place. The search for a new artistic rationale led eventually to what Clareson calls "one of the great delusions of the last century: the concept of literary realism."

The literary realists and their more extreme first cousins the naturalists championed a purely representational fiction, to the exclusion of all other forms; they found the basis for this in the goals and methods of mid-nineteenth-century science. A belief in absolute morality was no longer possible, but the scientists at least preached an absolute materialism; their mechanistic universe ran according to inexorable laws that could be discovered and described (and then either obeyed or blasphemed against). Writers like William Dean Howells, in America, Charles Reade, in England, and Émile Zola, in France, enthusiastically laid down the ground rules. Allegory and romance were out; empirical observation and objective documentation were in. "Truth to life," which Howells declared, in 1899, to be the "prime test" of the novel, could be attained only by a dogged concentration on the here and now, and a "most devoted fidelity to particulars." Zola was even more explicit in claiming the mantle of the scientist. By treating his characters as specimens under observation, by recording what people actually do and say and think under given circumstances, he hoped to discover the fundamental laws of heredity and sociology upon which a just ethic could be based.

As Professor Clareson puts it, "the realistic-naturalistic 'mainstream' might just as well be called science fiction as anything else," since it is clearly a "product of the scientific ideas and procedures of its times." Compounding the irony, Clareson says, the modern form of fantasy that we call science fiction is best understood as "the other side of realism," a "companion response" of nineteenth-century writers to the new scientific age. The overriding problem was to find common ground between art and science. While literary realism explored the parallel between representational fiction and the scientific method, the new fantasy exploited the coincidence between visionary literature and the marvellous discoveries of contemporary science. The two literary experiments took recognizable shape during the same period—roughly, from 1870 to 1910. Clareson points out that virtually every major author in English during that period tried his hand at what would now be called science fiction. Examples range in tone and treatment from Mark Twain's "Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" (1889) to E. M. Forster's "The Machine Stops" (1909). The acknowledged master, of course, was H. G. Wells. In his enormously popular "scientific romances," like "The Time Machine" (1895), "The Invisible Man" (1897), "The War of the Worlds" (1898), and "The First Men in the Moon" (1901), he made science seem the very stuff of imagination and won the praise of people like Henry James, Joseph Conrad, George Bernard Shaw, Enoch Arnold Bennett, and John Galsworthy. Yet even in Wells' hands the scientific romance never posed a serious challenge to the ascendancy of representational fiction as *the* modern prose form. Wellsian science, after all, had to do with machines, and the literary establishment knew that the machine was the enemy of culture. As for the traditional forms of fantasy, they were for children or poets. After 1900, Wells himself all but abandoned the scientific romance in favor of more conventional novels about contemporary English life, such as "Kipps" (1905), "Tono-Bungay" (1909), and "The History of Mr. Polly" (1910). Predictably, these were hailed by the critics as his greatest achievements.

The same critical atmosphere toward fantasy, new or old, prevailed in the United States during the early decades of the twentieth century, and the creation of the specialized pulp magazines in the nineteen-twenties did nothing to improve matters. *Amazing Stories*, the first pulp devoted exclusively to science fiction, appeared on the newsstands in April, 1926. The man behind *Amazing* was an electrical engineer named Hugo Gernsback. He had coined the name "scientifiction" to describe the crude tales about new inventions and triumphant technology that he had used to enliven the pages of a group of popular-science magazines he published in the preceding decade (Gernsback himself wrote one of the earliest, crudest, and most popular of these tales, "Ralph 124C 41+: A Romance of the Year 2660," which appeared in his magazine *Modern Electrics* in 1911.) By offering a steady diet of such stories, *Amazing* and its many imitators soon attracted a fanatically loyal readership, composed of people who looked to science and technology for amusement, enlightenment, and even salvation. Anyone writing for this new audience found an acquaintance with scientific principles more important than a knowledge of English grammar, and plausible gadgets (like a television-telephone that Gernsback described in "Ralph 124C 41+") more important than plausible characters. Plots were no problem; they could always be borrowed from other forms of popular fiction—as in the durable formula girl meets monster, monster engulfs girl, boy zaps monster, boy gets girl. Gernsback knew all about Wells, and even reprinted some of his short stories in the early issues of *Amazing*. But by the early thirties American science fiction had become closely identified with pulp fiction in the public mind—and, even more important, in the minds of serious writers. "Perhaps this is why we produced no successor to H. G. Wells in this country," Clareson suggests. "In England, where the pulp market was never very important, you get people like Huxley and Orwell and C. S. Lewis and Olaf Stapledon drawing on the same literary tradition as Wells and Forster to say things that could not be adequately expressed in the conventions of the mainstream."

Clareson sees a double irony in the general acceptance of representational fiction as the mainstream of twentieth-century literature. Not only did the literary establishment quickly become disillusioned with natural science and all its works but the very basis of the realist position, the supremely confident world view of nineteenth-century science, was out of date even before it was translated into literary terms. The scientists of the mid-nineteenth century had assumed that their methods of experimentation and observation would eventually lay bare the "true" nature of matter and energy, and therefore of reality itself. This assumption turned out to be at odds with the theoretical physics of the twentieth century. In the universe of Einstein, Heisenberg, and Planck, all observations are relative to the position of the observer, matter and energy are interchangeable, and scientific laws are ultimately based on statistical analyses of the behavior of "particles" that do not necessarily exist except as useful intellectual constructs. Seen in this perspective, the "real world" of representational fiction—the world of Dreiser, Hemingway, Dos Passos, Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson—becomes just another metaphor, another more or less arbitrary attempt to carve a small area of meaning out of the vast unknowable flux. Though literary realism may tell us something about man's condition, it can hardly tell us everything—a point made in various ways by modern fiction writers as diverse as William Burroughs, Joseph Heller, Donald Barthelme, Norman Mailer, Jorge Luis Borges, Kafka, and Joyce.

NOW that the heyday of literary realism is past, Clareson says, the continued segregation of science fiction into a small, self-sufficient genre, with its own inbred audience and its own narrow standards of taste, is getting harder and harder to justify. The black humorists and other practitioners of the literature of the absurd can only hold a mirror up to past delusions; it may take something like science fiction, with its dual emphasis on science and imagination, to forge a satisfying metaphor for man's condition in this bomb-haunted space age we have backed into. ("The Last Whole Earth Catalogue" lists Frank Herbert's "Dune"—a science-fiction novel in which the science is ecology—as one of its recommended "tools" for survival.) Clareson believes that some kind of rapprochement with the mainstream—whatever that might be these days—is inevitable, but he stops short of suggesting that science fiction may someday *become* the mainstream. Other critics in the field are not so cautious. Alexei Panshin, a thirty-one-year-old S.F. writer, who won a Nebula Award in 1968 for his novel "Rite of Passage," speaks of science fiction as "a modern incarnation" of "an ancient and noble art form that has been in exile and disrepute for two hundred years," and he predicts that the long exile is about to come to an end.

Panshin and his wife, Cory, are working on an exhaustive critical study of S.F. (titled "The World Beyond the Hill"), in which they divide all literature into two basic categories: mimetic and non-mimetic. The dominant impulse in mimetic literature is to express the truth about life by portray-

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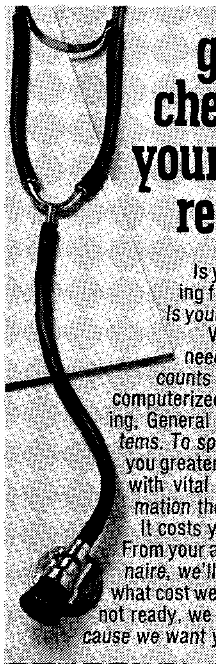

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ing it "essentially as it is." This category includes the modern prose novel and the short story. Just about everything else is non-mimetic, from the "Odyssey" and "Beowulf," through "Parsifal," "The Divine Comedy," "The Faërie Queene," "The Tempest," and "Paradise Lost," to modern science fiction—or, as the Panshins prefer to call it, speculative fantasy. Mimetic literature, they have found, flourishes in times of great social upheaval, its function being to integrate the individual into society. (That presumably explains why it has been doing so well for the last two hundred years.) Non-mimetic literature has a much more complicated role: it is "psychically integrative," which means, according to Panshin, that on one level "it helps the individual get his head together," and on another level "it helps the individual fit himself into the rest of the universe." Its tools are myth and symbol. What has happened in the last century or so, according to the Panshins, is that "non-mimetic literature has been completely squeezed out of its traditional territory by the systematic exploration of the world" and by the gradual creation of a "global village"—a process that has drained all the meaning out of the old symbols and left no suitable settings for the enactment of myth. Once the earth itself was "all filled up"—once Bermuda, for instance, had become a stuffy British colony instead of a far-off fabled isle—non-mimetic literature had no place to go except up and out. For the Panshins, the science in science fiction is not actual science. The function of all those "spaceships and far planets and strange inventions" is not to celebrate technology or make predictions but to create "unlimited metaphorical space and time"—a setting for myth-making far removed from "the familiar factual world of common experience." Whether or not they have known what they were doing, S.F. writers in the United States have been working the bugs out of these new symbols for the last forty years. Now the preliminary work is complete, Panshin says, and "S.F. is finally in a position to give us the material we need to alter our lives." He adds, "All art is a model-making activity. It helps us organize our perceptions of a complex universe into specific ideas and feelings. It's obvious that people can't go on living the way they are and survive. We need a new integration, a new synthesis—a new religion, really. S.F. writers are still shaking off their pulp habits. They haven't quite realized their own importance. But I expect a flowering of S.F. during the next ten years, just like the flowering of the Elizabethan theatre at the time of Marlowe and Shakespeare."

The Panshins delivered a paper expounding these views at the recent Science Fiction Research Association conference in Toronto. One of the people in the audience was Leslie Fiedler, who had been invited to take part in a panel discussion on Soviet science fiction. Since Fiedler was clearly the biggest name from the world of mainstream literature attending the conference, he created something of a stir when he went up to the Panshins after their talk and announced that he agreed completely with everything they had said. "The only trouble was, you didn't go far enough," Fiedler added. "You're still trying to make a distinction between high literary art and junk. That's a meaningless distinction, based on class distinctions that no one believes in anymore. The whole direction of literature today is to put things back together. The art novel is dead; the infusion of pop materials from the pulps and comics is an attempt of the novel to be reborn. The early science-fiction writers in this country blessedly didn't know what they were doing; they were touching on mythological material that the world thought it was through with."

The next afternoon, during the discussion of Soviet science fiction, Fiedler said that the time had come for literary critics to "stop talking like professional authorities, and start talking on a personal level about the things we read for enjoyment." He confessed that he had come to science fiction rather late in life. "My kids taught me," he said. "When I was twenty-five, they taught me to read comics. When I was thirty, they taught me to read science fiction. When I was fifty-three, they taught me to watch soap operas." Fiedler went on to say that he was writing an essay describing his own education in popular art forms, which would be titled "Cross the Border, Close the Gap."

If Fiedler's analysis of current literary trends is correct, the career of a young writer named Gerard F. Conway bears close watching. Conway is not yet twenty years old. He has been writing comic-book continuity as a professional since his sophomore year at Bishop Reilly High School, in Queens, and he now turns out four or five super-hero books a month for the Marvel Comics Group (*Daredevil*, *Thor*, *Spider-Man*), which earn him about fifteen thousand dollars a year. He says that he enjoys this work—"because comics are probably as close to films as I can get at this point"—but that his main literary interest is in science fiction. His first novel, "The Midnight Dancers," was published in paperback last year by Ace Books and has sold some forty thousand copies, and a second one is on the way. "The Midnight Dancers" might be classified as a *Bildungsroman.* Its young hero, the son of a village chieftain, lives on a planet named World that was apparently once colonized by interstellar travellers but has reverted to a primitive hunting and agricultural society with no knowledge of the rest of the inhabited galaxy. At the beginning of the book, the hero and a companion set out on a hunting expedition armed only with swords and trained falconlike birds; together, they slay a huge lizard-beast to provide meat for their village. By the end of the book, the hero has been squooshed across immensities of interstellar space by something called a Fold Vortex; he has come face to face with the three Fates, who literally control man's destiny; he has discovered that the Fates, who live in some parallel universe, are literally mad; and he has resolved to lead his people in a fight to the death against the madness that has already destroyed the rest of mankind.

Conway, who says that the structure of "The Midnight Dancers" is based on James Joyce's "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," admits that he may have tried something a little too ambitious for a first novel. For one thing, he says, "the book definitely goes downhill toward the end"—a flaw that he attributes to the fact that the last fifty pages were written in a single day. Readers who are not already addicted to science fiction may have trouble understanding why anyone would want to read a two-hundred-and-twenty-one-page book about the secret of the universe by an unknown nineteen-year-old author. Certainly the attraction cannot be Conway's prose style, which (as in this description of the Fold Vortex on World) seems to owe more to the Marvel Comics Group than to Joyce:

> Current caught me, carried me along.
> I fought it, fought the current—was too weak to pull free.
> I screamed as I reached the inferno.
> And in a moment—I was in.
> Through it.
> Everything—the world, myself, my soul, my mind, my memories—everything, in that instant, gone.
> I met the void and became one with it.
> I died.
> It was forever.

Perhaps the only way to explain the appeal of a book like "The Midnight Dancers" is to compare its impact to the extraordinary emotion that comes over some people when they stare up at a cloudless nighttime sky full of stars. Freud spoke about the uncontrollable "oceanic feeling" that lies at the core of man's religious yearnings. Science-fiction fans talk about a "sense of wonder," an involuntary shiver of excitement that comes from contemplating the infinite possibilities for creation (and destruction) in our boundless universe. Even a very short story, like Arthur C. Clarke's "The Sentinel," which provided the inspiration for the movie "2001: A Space Odyssey," can evoke this reaction. Clarke's narrator quietly reveals the fact that a group of lunar explorers have inadvertently triggered an alien warning device that must have been left on the moon millennia ago. The only thing to do now, he says, is wait for a visit from representatives of an inconceivably advanced race of beings who may or may not be friendly to our infant civilization: "I can never look now at the Milky Way without wondering from which of those banked clouds of stars the emissaries are coming. . . . I do not think we will have to wait for long."

SCIENCE fiction is hardly unique among the arts in its ability to awaken a sense of wonder. But other forms of fantastic or visionary literature draw a sharp distinction between the wondrous and the rational; only science fiction insists on uniting the two. According to Samuel Delany, the basic attitude of modern S.F. is that a clear, rational explanation of a mysterious phenomenon does not diminish the phenomenon but, rather, enhances it—just as an acquaintance with the intricacies of the periodic table of elements or the genetic code increases our appreciation of the variety and complexity of natural forms. This basic attitude achieved what may have been its purest fictional expression in the works of Olaf Stapledon, a British philosopher, who was born in 1886 and died in 1950, and who was an admirer of H. G. Wells. Stapledon wrote a number of novels that most S.F. fans regard as masterpieces and almost everyone else finds unreadable. In fact, two of his most famous books, "Last and First Men" (1931) and "Star Maker" (1937), can serve as a kind of litmus test to distinguish the true S.F. addict from the mere dabbler. Both books purport to be histories of the future; as such, they contain no plot, no characterization, and no dialogue, in the usual sense of those terms. What they offer instead is a scope so vast that it defies synopsis,

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and a sense of wonder so overpowering that it approaches self-parody. "Last and First Men" takes the reader on a brisk tour through five billion years of human evolution, as man struggles uncertainly toward full self-awareness. After some shaky prophecies concerning the centuries immediately after the First World War, Stapledon hits his stride with a dispassionate account of the rise and fall of eighteen distinct species of man, culminating in the destruction of the solar system by natural causes. The Last Men, who are fully mature, nearly godlike beings inhabiting the planet Neptune, calmly accept their fate. Once they realize that they *themselves* cannot escape the impending catastrophe, they devote their last few millennia of life to two enormous projects: "disseminating among the stars the seeds of a new humanity" (in the indestructible form of "electro-magnetic wave-systems") and contemplating, through a form of telepathic time travel, the entire history of the human race as a beautiful but tragic work of art.

This might seem a tough act to follow—until we open "Star Maker" and discover that the entire time span of "Last and First Men" is summarized in a single paragraph in the second book. "Star Maker" deals not with the history of individual species or planets, or even solar systems, but with that of entire galaxies and, finally, of the cosmos itself. Stapledon's method is basically cinematic. First, he dazzles us with an awe-inspiring vision, and then he pulls back his zoom lens until what we have been staring at is revealed to be nothing but a tiny detail in an even more dazzling vista. And then he pulls his lens back again, and again, and once again.

Any reader who remains unawed by this spectacle will never be a true science-fiction addict. He may learn to admire certain authors for their skill at technological prophecy or sociological extrapolation. He may nod approvingly at a harshly satirical anti-utopia. He may even come to appreciate the pleasures of adolescent escapism, and to forgive (if not forget) the little crudities of style and sketchy characterization. But when he lays aside a science-fiction book he will have a vague feeling that somewhere along the way he has missed the point. He will be right.

—GERALD JONAS

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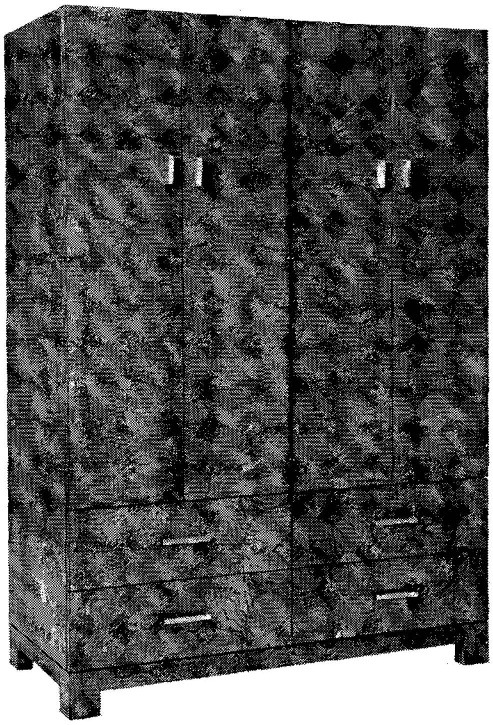

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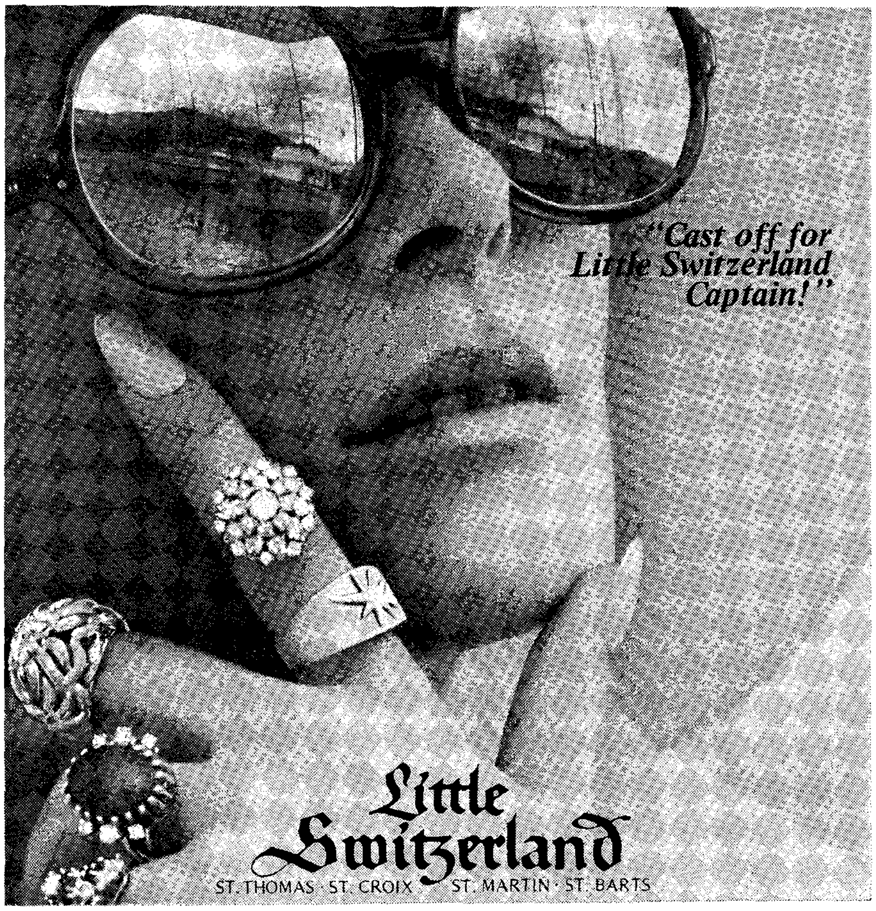

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

His Share of the Purse

ONLOOKERS sit; art is on its knees, struggling to stand. There is something very stirring about the evolutionary effort of John Huston's new film, "Fat City" (written by Leonard Gardner from his own novel). The leathery old sage is again astonishing. He has made great films, like "The Maltese Falcon" and "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" and "The Red Badge of Courage;" he has made ambitious, beautiful mistakes, like "Moby Dick," and studies in uncontrollable edginess, like "The Misfits," and pieces of offhand lunacy, like "Beat the Devil;" he has made "The African Queen," one of the most entertaining and adorable pictures ever. "Fat City" returns to a favorite old theme of men testing themselves. Huston is the Hemingway of the screen, or perhaps the Mailer.

MATINEE TODAY

His hero in Gardner's story, called Tully (Stacy Keach), is a boxer who thinks himself long in the tooth, now hitting thirty and fearing flab. He is a characteristic Huston mixture of courage and cowardice, timidity and candor, fierce conviviality and a loneliness he declines to give up. The film may be about a boxer, but it is not about boxing. The fat city of the title is a man's ideal world: a world of limitless booze or broads or money, perhaps once experienced, perhaps hapless-ly looked forward to, probably a mirage, but always a dream to be looted in sparse times. An encounter with an eighteen-year-old amateur boxer in a gym makes the hero confront his life. You can see it rising before his eyes. He hates much of it, himself especially, though he doesn't care enough for anyone else's lot to quit his own. But perhaps the others are content? Some of this is said. All of it seems to be going on in Stacy Keach's face. The movie is about a man looking without blinking at the world he has built for himself, staring at it as if he were gazing through a log fire at the burnt-out ashes behind and feeling his eyeballs singeing. Keach is a great young performer. Huston is no more likely to miss heroic calibre in an actor than to miss the look of a great horse in a paddock.

John Huston has had a mixed but tonic career. Even his blunders, the Cyclopean ones that they are, can make other directors' fastidiousness look paltry; and this film is far from a blunder, though it maybe has to be seen twice for its sweetness to be clear, and though its girl characters are almost a parody of bloody-nosed men's idea of femininity. We begin in fly-blown parts of Stockton, California. (The designer was the immensely gifted Richard Sylbert; the director of photography was Conrad Hall.) The sun turns dusty streets a blazing white, and the glare outside gives barrooms the darkness of goldfish bowls full of weed. Tully is on his back in some cheap hotel, lying in the heat in his undershorts. Training is out. He smokes. Might as well. He hasn't fought for eighteen months. But, on the other hand . . . He goes to the gym and meets the eighteen-year-old, whom he spars with after a few minutes of workout. The boy, Ernie (Jeff Bridges), a lad with an exquisite young face, whose nose shockingly gets smashed early in the film, makes Tully pull a muscle. God damn! Eighteen months off, and first thing you do is pull a muscle. Tully's manager (Nicholas Colasanto), a venal, amiable ex-boxer whose larynx sounds as if it had once been mashed by a punch, comes to the rescue after Tully has miserably walked out on his equally croak-voiced, boozing girl friend (Susan Tyrrell), and puts him back in the ring. The girl returns to her old love, a black who was in jail, and who gently hands Tully his box of things at the front door when he turns up again in a prodigal-son mood. "Stuff is stuff," says the reinstated lover, with comprehension. (Leonard Gardner's screenplay is piercingly and toughly written.) Tully's manager gives him a stingy hundred bucks out of the purse after a win over a Mexican and tries to stop him from being run over by traffic that he has hurled himself into in a tantrum; after all, Tully is a friend, and also a property.

Fortune runs thin. There has been a lot of perfidy, a lot of chopping onion tops as hired farm labor at eight bucks a day or less. The film ends where it began, on skid row, with Tully pining for a drink, though young Ernie, suddenly faced after trying to avoid Tully's eye, insists on his having a cup of coffee. An aged Chinese cook behind the glass of the restaurant kitchen moves about rheumatically. Life making a beeline for the drain. "Maybe he's happy," says Ernie. "Maybe we're all happy," says Tully, with a dulled face, trying to convince himself. The cook grins. The scene behind the boxers freezes. A shot of down-and-outs playing cards. "Hey, stick around," Tully says to Ernie rather desperately. It is one of Huston's typical hollow-eyed endings, a carrion finish that carries with it something benedictive.

ROBERT J. SIEGEL'S "Parades" is anti-brutality, anti-regimentation, anti-hardness on the young and physically fragile—anti everything that is wrong. It has the look of a documentary without convincing you for a moment that anything in it is actual. "Every few minutes someone goes AWOL from the Army," says a title thematically at the beginning. Yes, but how *many* minutes? You want to know.

The film is not specifically against Vietnam. It's against preparation for war, against inhuman Army discipline, and its hysteria eventually becomes so generalized that it might just as well be an outcry by schoolboys against the rigors of learning Latin. The upper-hack screenplay is by George Tabori (who wrote "Secret Ceremony," "I Confess," in collaboration, the plays "Flight Into Egypt," "Pinkville," and so on). The hero (Russ Thacker) is a thin boy drafted into the Army. He has an artificial heart. At least, he *says* he has an artificial heart, but this may be metaphorical, since we see him as a ghost, too, and also with very obviously artificial entrails colored deep orange spilling out of him when he has determined to commit suicide. The decision is brought on by despair in the stockade, exacerbated by a rather unbelievable bully of a sergeant who chews a cigar stub in the boy's face when he is in sick bay after trying to put out his own eyes. There is something unresolved about the cynicism of the picture. The brutality batters you non-stop, drumming with its small fists on your chest. Its punitive method is a little like Kenneth H. Brown's in "The Brig" (which was an abrasively original play, intentionally hard to bear), but the content here is ornate, and deep-breathing about the selfevident. Being rotten to people is rotten. Well, yes.

Joseph Sargent's "The Man," from Irving Wallace's best-seller, is about a President-by-accident, the first black President. It is one of those very sensitive, girlish films. The President Needs to be Needed. James Earl Jones plays a pained-looking and weak-natured professorial black who is unexpectedly rocketed into the White House after the incumbent President and the Speaker of the House have been killed by a crumbling building in Germany. The Vice-President (Lew Ayres) declines the office from a wheelchair after a stroke. James Earl Jones is a widower called Douglass Dilman, with a daughter who is a black militant. His political dilemma lies in his having heeded the story of an American black accused of assassinating a South African official. The South Africans want the accused sent back to South Africa. Dilman has taken his story at face value, speaking to him pacifically and unwisely at the White House in a Scoutmasterly way. Having become fed up with being patronized by his aides, who take him to be a stand-in and talk over him as if he were a dinner plate, Dilman goes on to adopt a hero's posture, self-defeatingly; and then a Southern senator (Burgess Meredith) produces film footage incriminating the protected boy. The President switches policy and extradites the lad to South Africa, earning the contempt of his daughter—a contempt inexplicably reversed when we see her crying with pride as her father stands on the Convention dais of an unidentified party and offers to run for another term.

Quite apart from the plot, in which the points of narrative and political procedure have as many holes in them as a muffler knitted by a myopic elephant, the film is empty of sensibility and full of bogus pathos. Not one of the minutiae of the picture seems right, apart from props like the foul all-night sandwiches at all-night talks, and none of the stamina or the fanaticism of politicking is here—not even the pure flavor of Washington bitchery, attempted in a scene in which an ambitious and sloshed political wife needles the President's daughter at dinner. Burgess Meredith, looking piratically intellectual, gives the one clinching performance in the film. James Earl Jones, floundering, plays a man with the mind of someone concussed, so you can't avoid feeling that his bossy adviser (Martin Balsam) is right to overrule him all the time. The texture of Rod Serling's screenplay is coarse and unparticular. Heaven knows, we need political movies, but a movie that happens to be about characters labelled politicians isn't necessarily a political movie. Dilman is given to uttering the sort of self-abasing mock-aphorisms that would immediately make him unfit for office, though apt to land on the best-seller pile. "I've discovered something. We're all midgets trying to reach the shelf," he says. And this is a man who is supposed to sway a Convention?

Carol Reed's "The Public Eye," a private-dick romantic farce, was adapted by Peter Shaffer from his own stage play. The eye belongs to Topol as a whimsical Anglo-Greek private detective in London who wears a white raincoat and a white peaked cap, eats yogurt, macaroons, and grapefruit all the time, and loves sultry Eastern proverbs. He has been engaged by Charles, a stodgy London accountant (Michael Jayston), to keep watch on Belinda, his winsome little California bride (Mia Farrow), who has been to India. The trip has definitely been bad for her all-unseeing nature. Her husband finds her adolescent daftness unfathomable. She behaves like a hush-voiced Minnie Mouse in rapt congress with her very own guru. The detective hasn't much to do, for she is actually guilty of nothing more than being bored with stuffy London life and liking to get up early to watch the sun rise. He has the perfectly correct instinct that he should keep mum and just shadow her. Reminded perhaps of her idea of the mysterious East by his muteness and his endless macaroons, mustered from inscrutable pockets in his raincoat, she falls in love with him. The rest should be silence. Carol Reed has made here a thoroughly dubious film about innocence.

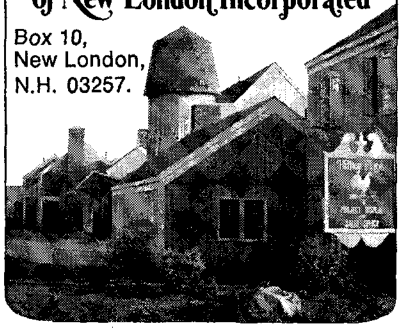
—Penelope Gilliatt

• •

Frightening Facts—A warning on declining U.S. naval power is contained in the 1971-72 edition of Jane's Fighting Ships, an annual compendium on the world's navies published in London. The editor of this authoritative publication comments, "The grated onion and a dash of Worcestershire sauce give the cheese blend that extra "zing" party-goers love.

—*Canaan (Conn.) Connecticut Western.*

But, as Elmer Davis used to say, "Never let them scare you."



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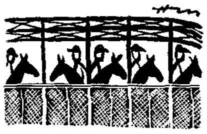
THE RACE TRACK

Heil Hitchcock

THE Suburban, the oldest of the big New York handicaps, is always a good show. The boys in the Amen Corner agree on that. It certainly goes for the many Suburbans I've seen, including the eighty-sixth running, won by Hitchcock at Aqueduct last Saturday afternoon. Storming through the stretch past West Coast Scout, who'd beaten him in the Amory L. Haskell Handicap at Monmouth a week before, Hitchcock won by two lengths, with West Coast Scout barely saving the place by a neck from Naskra. Eight ran, and lightly weighted Oak Spring, who was quickest out of the gate, led for more than six furlongs, with Executioner, winner of the Metropolitan, right behind him and West Coast Scout not far away. Presently, Naskra and Hitchcock moved up, and three furlongs from home the five were heads and necks apart across the track. It looked to be anyone's race at that point, and the crowd roared. Though West Coast Scout turned for home in front, it was plain as Hitchcock came bearing down on him that the eight pounds' advantage the latter had would turn the trick, and it did. It was no day for high weights. Executioner tired under 124 pounds—he was giving twelve to Hitchcock—and Autobiography, carrying 126, couldn't get going till the last quarter. As you know, Hitchcock, who is a big, handsome fellow, was bred in Germany, and raced there before coming to the International at Laurel in 1969, in which he finished fourth, and after which Sigmund Sommer bought him. If you've wondered how he got his name, the man who owned him abroad was a great admirer of Alfred Hitchcock movies. I can tell you that, but I can't tell you how the winner of the 1967 German Derby came to be called Luciano.



Originally, the Suburban was the big race at Sheepshead Bay, a posh track at Coney Island that flourished at the turn of the century. For years, the race was also a big event at Belmont Park. It was hardly a Suburban Day at Big A last weekend, with 33,071 betting $3,809,066. Not long ago, Aqueduct had bigger crowds and handles on Mondays.

THE best news to me all week was that Brigadier Gerard, this department's favorite British race horse, won the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes at Ascot last weekend. He's now unbeaten in fifteen starts. There's something rather fine about a big gamble even if it doesn't come off. When it does, it's an occasion for dancing in the streets. John Hislop, who bred Brigadier Gerard and owns him jointly with his wife, and who gallops him in his work (Hislop was once one of England's leading amateur riders), doubted whether the colt could win at a mile and a half. But this year the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes, which is at a mile and a half, came up the richest race in England; sponsored by the De Beers Consolidated Mines, it had a gross value, according to the U.P.I., of $225,000, with a diamond trophy for the owner, and diamonds for the trainer and the jockey. So Hislop, as any racing man would, took a chance. From all accounts, the Brigadier was always in a good position, and, taking the lead in the stretch, won by a length and a half from Parnell, an Irish horse. Riverman, a French-owned American-bred, was third, and Steel Pulse, winner of the Irish Sweeps Derby, was fourth. Months ago, I'd planned to see the race, but shortly before I was due to leave I popped a splint. You can't always be lucky. Anyhow, this department's congratulations to everyone who made the victory possible.

WELL, a filly, Bold Liz, who had raced in New Mexico, beat all the colts in the Hollywood Juvenile Championship at the Track of the Lakes and Flowers. Taking the lead in the last hundred yards, she won from hitherto unbeaten Doc Marcus and Lucky Mike. The latter had his number taken down for crowding. . . . For the record, Dubassoff and his stablemate King's Bishop finished one-two in the American Derby, run on the grass at Chicago's Arlington Park. . . . And North Sea, who led for half the way in the Dwyer the week before, did it all the way in the Minuteman Handicap at Philadelphia's Liberty Bell. Bee Bee Bee was second, seven lengths behind.

—AUDAX MINOR

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ANNALS OF WAR

VIETNAM

V—SURVIVORS

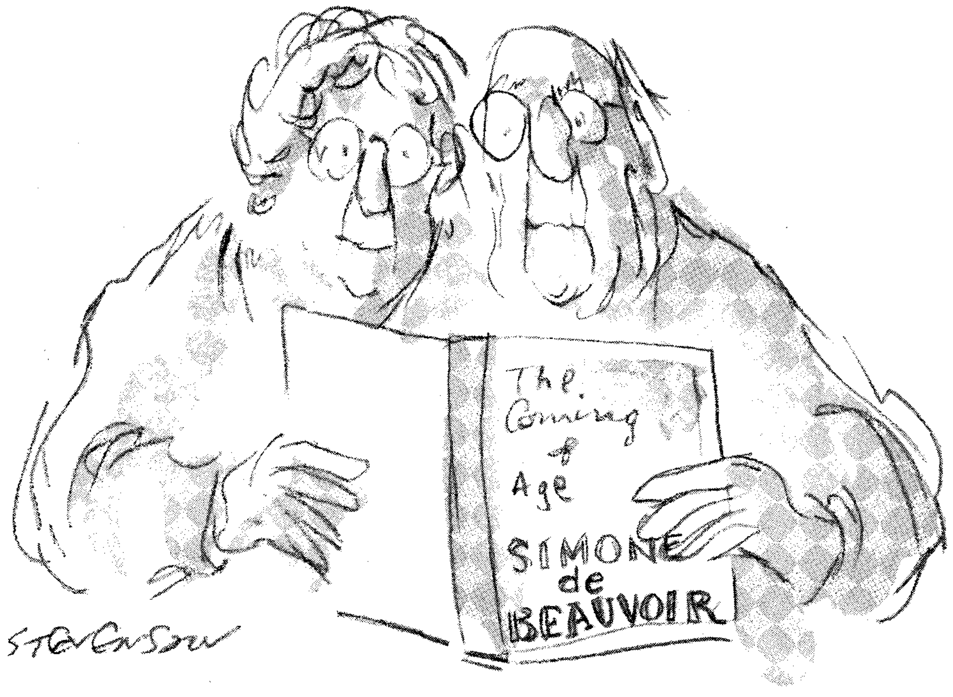
BY the fall of 1968, much of the American public felt that the issue of the war had been settled. With the withdrawal of Lyndon Johnson from the Presidential election, the American peace movement had, as one analyst said, come as close to overthrowing the government as can happen within the American system. During the primary campaigns of Eugene McCarthy and Robert Kennedy, the movement seemed on the verge of becoming a majority. Even after the assassination of Senator Kennedy and the victory in the nominating conventions of two long-term hawks, Vice-President Hubert Humphrey and Richard Nixon, the pressure for peace remained constant. Just before the election, President Johnson took the important steps of establishing a negotiating table in Paris and stopping the bombing of the North. The train of events seemed irreversible. Nixon came to the Presidency with a promise to end the war, and most Americans believed that he would end it, if only because it was for nothing.

But the war did not end. It expanded and grew bloodier. In the first three years of Nixon's Administration, fifteen thousand Americans were killed. In that same period, the South Vietnamese armed forces lost more men than they had lost in the three previous years and more than the total of American dead in Vietnam. In those three years, there were more than four hundred thousand South Vietnamese civilian casualties, and an unknown number of Laotians, Cambodians, and North Vietnamese were killed and wounded, making the over-all total of civilian casualties higher than that for any previous three-year period of the war. In 1970, two years after the start of the peace talks in Paris, the Vietnam war became the Indo-China war, with major battles in three countries. By 1971, the governments of Indo-China had more than two million men under arms; the political and social geography of Laos, Cambodia, and South Vietnam had changed more radically than it had changed in all the years of the Johnson Administration.

How was it possible? It was possible because the American government did not want to face the consequences of peace. After all, it was one thing to wish for an end to the war and quite another to confront the issues upon which the war had begun. President Johnson had wanted to end the war; so, too, had President Kennedy. But to end the war and not to lose it. The distinction was crucial, and particularly crucial after all the American lives that had been lost and all the political rhetoric that had been expended. Nixon, perhaps even more than his predecessors, felt that he could not take the responsibility for "losing the war." "Johnson got us into the war quietly, now we are trying to get out of it quietly," said Henry Kissinger. But the time for Senator George Aiken's solution—simply declaring that the Allies had won and leaving—had long since passed; the issues were all too clearly formulated. To withdraw support from Saigon and allow the Thieu government to fall would be, by Nixon's definition, to "lose the war." There remained the hope of winning it, or, failing that, of not losing it until sometime after an American withdrawal from Vietnam.

POLITICALLY *unable to recharge* the war to meet the specifications of the Joint Chiefs of Staff for a quick military victory, Nixon adopted a policy of scaling down the participation of American ground troops while increasing every other form of military pressure on the enemy. His aim was still to force Hanoi to accept an American-supported government in Saigon, and his strategy was still that of attrition. In fact, his policy involved little more than a change of tactics—and a change that originated not with him but with President Johnson, in the summer of 1968.

The keystone of this policy was "Vietnamization," the ironic name for the slow withdrawal of American ground troops and the buildup of Vietnamese armed forces to fight an American-directed war in their stead. It was, of course, the same strategy the French officials had attempted in 1950, when the war began to seem too expensive and too politically divisive for their country. And it was the same strategy that led to the situation the United States took over in 1954. Still, the Americans enjoyed a much greater military advantage than the French did. At the height of their strength in 1968-69, the Americans had the troops, the air power, and the money to maintain the Saigon government over a number of years, even with a schedule of troop pull-outs. Most important of all, Nixon found a measure of support for his policy in the United States. As was calculated, the American troop withdrawals cut what might be called the middle-of-the-road doves off from the peace movement, for it indicated to them that Nixon intended to end the war. At the same time, Nixon's assurance that he would not abandon the South Vietnamese convinced many hawks that he had found a way to win the war without using American ground troops. Nixon's campaign promise to "end the war and



win the peace" was perfectly ambiguous.

For the first sixteen months, events ran in Nixon's favor. The year 1969 was one of military success for the Allies in South Vietnam. The North Vietnamese units remained relatively inactive, while the National Liberation Front showed an appreciable decline in strength following the bloody campaigns of 1968. Seizing the initiative, General Creighton Abrams, who had succeeded General William Westmoreland as commander, diverted the American forces from large-scale border battles to an all-out attempt to destroy enemy base areas and supply lines in the South and to put as much South Vietnamese territory as possible under the control of the G.V.N., as the Saigon regime was generally referred to by Americans. Starting under the so-called Accelerated Pacification Campaign, the United States 9th Division almost literally "cleaned out" the Front-held regions of the northern Mekong Delta, bombing the villages, destroying the crops, and forcing the peasants to leave their land. Korean forces, United States Marines, and the Americal Division wrought similar destruction upon large parts of central Vietnam. The results of these operations and of the over-all pacification campaign were spectacular by contrast with those of earlier years.

Under these favorable conditions, the program of Vietnamization proceeded in an apparently satisfactory manner. By the end of 1970, the G.V.N. had added some four hundred thousand men to its armed forces, bringing the total up to a million one hundred thousand. The number itself was staggering, for, if it was anywhere near correct, it meant that the government had mobilized about half of the able-bodied male population of the country into the Army of the Republic of Vietnam (ARVN). Counting the militia, the civil service, and the police force of a hundred and ten thousand men, the United States was arming and, in one way or another, supporting most of the male population of South Vietnam—and for the duration of the war. At the same time, the United States began to arm the Vietnamese with a generosity unknown in the days of General Westmoreland. It imported helicopters, patrol boats, tanks, armored personnel carriers, artillery pieces, air transports, and squadrons of F-5s, the reliable tactical jet bombers. New advanced military-training courses were set up in South Vietnam, and a hundred Vietnamese soldiers a week went to the United States for six to eighteen months of technical training. The

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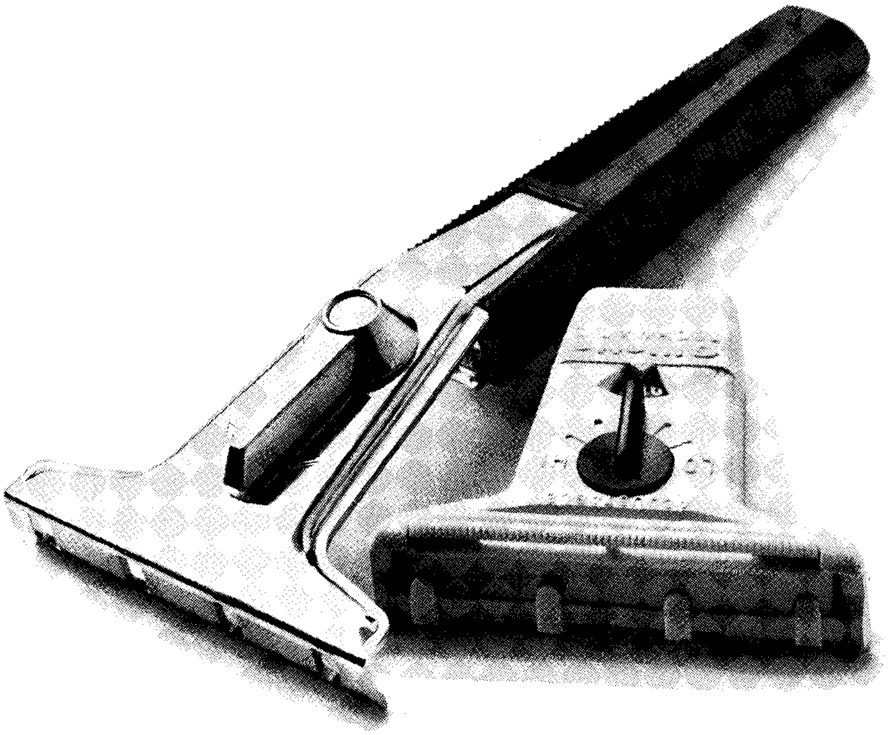

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greatest benefit to the Vietnamese was not, however, in the area of sophisticated armament but in that of conventional infantry weapons. For the first time, the ARVN battalions, which were provided with the same powerful M-16 automatic rifles, grenade launchers, and machine guns that the Americans used, had as much firepower as the North Vietnamese ground troops; the territorial forces, once ragged groups of men with old carbines, now far outgunned the Front forces and could call on air and artillery screens anywhere in the country. In the fall of 1969, an American officer working on the Vietnamization program said, "I think we are at the point now where we are giving them enough training and equipment so that if they lose this war they can only blame themselves." His statement characterized the moral ambiguity of a policy designed to save American lives while continuing the war. In effect, the result of the Vietnamization program was that half the Vietnamese population, armed and trained by the United States, sat in military occupation over the other half.

To many Americans in Vietnam, it seemed that the progress in pacification might continue indefinitely, with the territorial forces slowly "cleaning out" the local guerrillas and with the countryside opening up to the city economy. The difficulty was that the process depended on something more than the continuation of American aid. With all their new weapons and with all the American air power that continued to support and supply them, the ARVN divisions were still no match for their North Vietnamese counterparts. Certain optimists in the American Mission claimed that the North Vietnamese were "hurting" and near the end of their capacity to make war. But, from the amount of supplies coming down the Ho Chi Minh Trail, it was clear that they were "hurting" no more than they had been under the bombing. Quite possibly, they were experimenting to see whether the slowdown of their offensive might not bring the United States to a negotiated withdrawal and a political settlement. Failing that, perhaps they were simply waiting for more American troops to leave. As the Tet offensive, in February, 1968, had shown, the North Vietnamese had more dedication to their war aims than the American people had to those of the American President, and they remained militarily capable of disputing the American presence in the South. In any event, the root of the problem lay elsewhere. As one former G.V.N. Premier put it, "The problem is not the North Vietnamese; it is the Saigon government." Whenever President Thieu repeated that a coalition with the N.L.F. would be a "disguise for surrender," he was admitting that the G.V.N. could not compete politically with the Front. After all these years of war, the Saigon government remained a network of cliques held together by American subsidies, a group of people without a coherent political orientation, bent on their own separate survival. By building up the ARVN, the Americans were merely enlarging this artificial tissue without injecting any life into it. The N.L.F. had lost strength, but it was difficult to believe that it could not recover as the Americans moved out, for the simple reason that the G.V.N. did not constitute a "side" within the domestic political struggle. The Vietnamization program was, like so many American policies in Vietnam, a solution to an American, rather than to a Vietnamese, problem.

VIETNAMIZATION was not, however, Nixon's only strategy for "saving" the South Vietnamese. In April, 1970, the Administration sent a large force of American and South Vietnamese troops to destroy the North Vietnamese base areas across the Cambodian border. It was an initiative that the Joint Chiefs had long requested; only now, with the overthrow of Prince Norodom Sihanouk by a general of Thieu's political complexion, the Administration had no fear of opposition by the Cambodian government. Nixon represented the invasion as a necessary step to prevent a North Vietnamese buildup and an eventual attack on the dwindling numbers of American troops. Despite the flimsiness of this pretext (the North Vietnamese had by then offered to refrain from attacking American troops if the United States set a withdrawal date), he was, it appeared, surprised by the force of the reaction in the United States. The American public would tolerate the buildup of the Saigon regime's Army, but it would not, it seemed, stand for the invasion of another country by American troops. There were demonstrations and student strikes throughout the country, their numbers and intensity growing after the incident at Kent State University in which National Guard troops shot and killed four students. Spurred on by this public outcry, the Senate doves played upon the Constitutional issue of the right to declare war and passed an amendment to the

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Foreign Military Sales Bill calling for the prohibition of the use of American troops, advisers, or air support in Cambodia after July of that year.

From a purely military point of view, the advantage the Cambodian invasion gave the United States and the G.V.N. was important, if temporary. In their two months in Cambodia, the United States troops destroyed thousands of tons of North Vietnamese equipment and supplies, but they killed very few enemy troops. The greatest achievement of the operation was indirect: it permitted the new Cambodian regime to close the port of Sihanoukville to the N.L.F. and the North Vietnamese, thereby cutting sharply into the flow of munitions and other supplies to the southern guerrillas. Still, by most Pentagon estimates, the operation set back the North Vietnamese offensive by no more than a year. Before the operation—and in anticipation of such an event—the North Vietnamese troops drove west to occupy the northern provinces of Cambodia and to set up a new (and indestructible) supply route along the Mekong River. At the same time, they began to build up a local insurgency movement, the Front Uni National de Kampuchea (FUNK), and to menace Phnom Penh, the capital, with guerrilla units. With the removal of the American forces from Cambodia in July, Nixon put himself in the position of having to defend yet another government that could not protect itself and of leaving the ARVN with a new responsibility that it could not fulfill.

A second border of Indo-China was crossed the next year, with the ARVN invasion of Laos—an operation that had much less happy results, even in the short run. In February, 1971, sixteen thousand ARVN troops, supported by American aircraft and helicopters, marched across the Laotian border with the mission of cutting the Ho Chi Minh Trail where it ran through Laos on its way from North Vietnam into Cambodia. The American commanders who planned the operation in Saigon saw it as a decisive blow to enemy supply lines: the North Vietnamese would either fall back and abandon their communication centers and storage depots, as they had in Cambodia, or fight a last-ditch battle for control of the Trail, which would be their Waterloo. The American command had, however, greatly underestimated North Vietnamese strength in the region, and the problems of operating in such terrain. For days, there was no action to speak of. The ARVN columns moved slowly forward down long, narrow valleys while American helicopters lifted in battalions to set up firebases overlooking the vast network of camouflaged roadways the North Vietnamese had built through the mountains. Then, suddenly, just as the advance units reached the center of the Trail complex, the North Vietnamese attacked with tanks, heavy rockets, and four of their best divisions. Most of the ARVN units stood up to the assault, and American aircraft killed thousands of North Vietnamese with close-in bombing near the ARVN positions. But the North Vietnamese were on their own territory and they clearly outclassed the ARVN units, which still depended upon American air power and upon their now absent American advisers to call it in with precision. The ARVN casualties mounted and the positions of their units weakened to the point where certain battalion commanders had to request an order for withdrawal. Their requests were refused. The American command and the White House had claimed that the ARVN would stay in Laos and occupy the Trail until the end of the dry season, in May, and the ranking ARVN officers did not dare contradict the Americans. It was not until some of the commanders on the ground threatened to take the troops out on their own initiative and the retreat had already begun that the order for withdrawal was formally given. The campaign lasted forty-five days, and by the end of it the ARVN had suffered about fifty per cent casualties: thirty-eight hundred killed, fifty-two hundred wounded, and eight battalions put out of action. Three months later, United States intelligence sources reported that the traffic on the Ho Chi Minh Trail had, if anything, increased during the spring.

The Laos operation was a military failure in terms of the objectives the American command had set for it; it was a political failure as well. During the initial stages of Lam Son 719, as it was called by the South Vietnamese, President Nixon said that this operation, like its predecessor in Cambodia, was designed to save the lives of American troops in Vietnam. Whether or not his announcement made any impression on the skeptical American public, it certainly had a powerful effect on the ARVN troops, who, with some justification, blamed their casualties on the failure of American intelligence and American air power. Lam Son 719 showed the South Vietnamese that Vietnamization meant increased Vietnamese deaths in pursuit of the American objective of extricating the Ameri-

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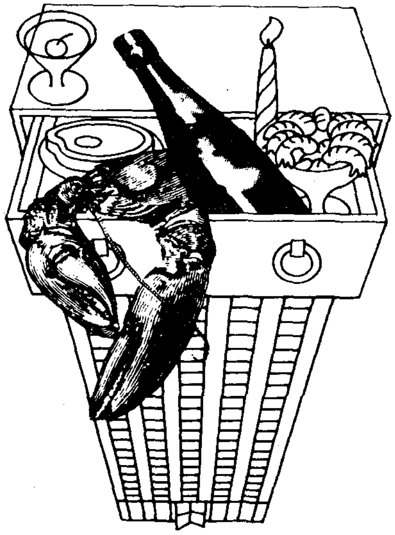

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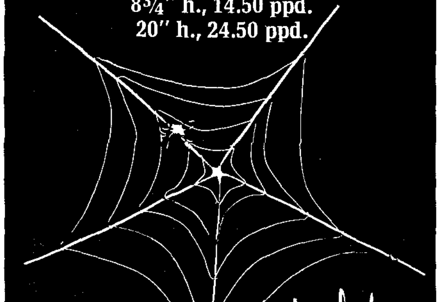

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can troops from Vietnam without peace negotiations. In Lam Son 719, the Americans had actually risked an ARVN defeat in pursuit of this short-term goal. And their maneuver had not worked.

As Daniel Ellsberg, a former Pentagon consultant, has suggested, the operations in Laos and Cambodia were staged not only for their military utility but for their importance as a signal to the North Vietnamese. The signal was that Nixon was willing to remove the constraints that Johnson had observed; he was willing to use whatever force he had at his disposal in order to maintain the American position in South Vietnam. Just how far Nixon was actually willing to go remained a matter of conjecture. He would not reintroduce American troops into Vietnam, nor would he take any action that was likely to bring the Chinese into the war. But, short of that, he had a number of options, all of which—or so the signal indicated—he was willing to use. In the first week or so of the Laos operation, Vice-President Nguyen Cao Ky threatened a ground incursion by the ARVN into North Vietnam. The announcement was, no doubt, an attempt at a bluff. But had the Laos operation been a success, the North Vietnamese would have had to live with the threat of a future invasion by the ARVN. As it was, Nixon now had to rely on his air power alone.

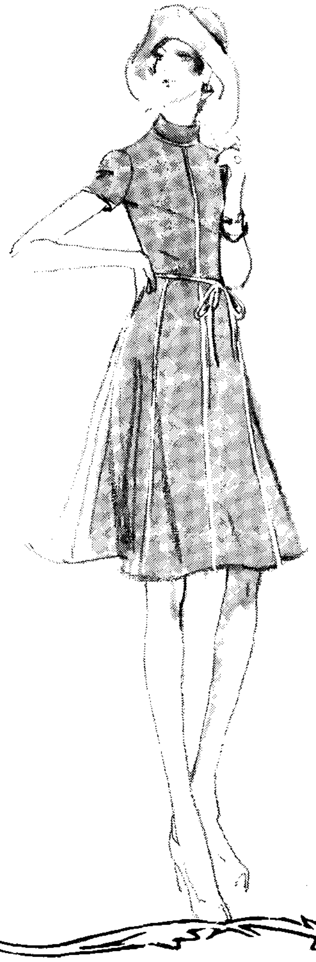
Even before Lam Son 719, the United States Air Force had taken on the main burden of the war. The Johnson Administration had intended in 1964 that it should do so, but the strong ground position of the N.L.F. inside South Vietnam forced the President to commit American ground troops. Because after 1968 the main military threat came from the North, such a strategy was now feasible as a temporary measure. From 1969 on, Nixon expanded and intensified the air war, more than doubling the total tonnage of bombs dropped, so that after two years and a few months of his Administration the United States had dropped more bombs in Indo-China than it had in both the European and the Pacific theatres during the Second World War. The tactical strikes in South Vietnam continued while the B-52s expanded their operations in northern Laos, turning a large percentage of the Lao population and most of the Montagnard tribes into refugees. United States air operations over Cambodia finished the job the troops had taken on, killing thousands of people and displacing millions. The Administration also renewed the bombing of North Vietnam, with what American officials called "protective reaction strikes" against anti-aircraft positions. This hail of bombing did not substantially affect North Vietnamese military strength, but perhaps it was not even designed for that purpose. Nixon claimed that the strikes were made to protect American lives. Had he been primarily interested in saving American lives, there were, of course, more direct means at his disposal. In effect, the raids were providing Nixon with the means to maintain the Thieu regime and the American presence in Saigon for a certain length of time at the cost of the lives of hundreds of thousands and the property of millions of Indo-Chinese.

The strategy would work for a while, but it would not work indefinitely, for the withdrawal of the American troops was removing the underpinning of the war. In the spring of 1970, during the Cambodian operation, the desertion rate among ARVN troops rose from its normal level of eight thousand a month to twelve thousand; after the Laotian operation, it was questionable how many battalions remained combat-effective. In the fall of 1970, the C.I.A. reported that there were some thirty thousand people inside the Saigon government who more or less coöperated with the N.L.F., and that soon their number might reach fifty thousand. To change the Saigon government in the future, the Front would hardly require an introduction of any new personnel. The following year, a resurgence of the political apparatus of the N.L.F. began to manifest itself in a decline in G.V.N. security in the countryside. The history of the insurgency, going back to 1961, had begun to repeat itself. At the end of the process, time would once again run out for the United States government. If the President did not make a settlement, he would be faced with the same dilemma with which the American war in Vietnam had begun.

THE Vietnamese of the cities understood and registered the situation. In 1968, with the announcement of the bombing halt and the negotiations in Paris, the mood of Saigon had changed. Vocal political groups now expressed open resentment against the Americans. The head of one Saigon student committee described to an American reporter how the change came over him. As a high-school student in central Vietnam, the young man said, he had admired the American soldiers: "They seemed so carefree, so strong. I was moved to think they should have come from so far away to die for something other than their own country." But later he began to look at them more critically: "I saw how they interfered at all levels in Vietnamese society. I read about the massacre of Vietnamese civilians in My Lai. I saw myself how the lives of city people were disrupted by the American presence. I began to feel that the American presence itself is the reason the Communists continue the war." Another student said, "We students take note of the fact that on this side we have half a million foreign troops, while on the other side there are none." It was not only the students who criticized the Americans. Even Saigon newspapers that supported the Thieu regime began to attack the United States and expose stories of new military atrocities. The politicians who had been the strongest supporters of the United States now spoke of the Americans as they used to speak of the French in Vietnam.

Instead of allaying resentment, the slow process of Vietnamization increased it. As time went on and the Americans hesitantly pulled at the fabric they had created, every slight tear seemed to remind the Vietnamese of the inevitable. The central and most sensitive issue was the economy. Resistant to all attempts at public-relations camouflage, the value of the piastre registered with almost mathematical precision the amount of United States aid to South Vietnam and Vietnamese confidence in the continuation of the war. As the United States troops withdrew, the black-market rate shot up to new heights, and the inflation, once "stabilized" at thirty per cent a year, rose crazily. The political temperature rose with it. When the Americans urged Thieu to impose higher taxes and devalue the piastre, some Vietnamese politicians warned him against complying with American "schemes" to impoverish all Vietnamese. There were fistfights in the legislature when Thieu presented a bill requesting dictatorial powers over the economy for several months. In 1970, there were demonstrations by veterans and war widows calling for welfare benefits. Thieu met these complaints with stopgap measures, but he could not raise the salaries of the armed forces enough to compensate for the rise in prices. And it was the soldiers upon whom the regime depended.

For the moment, Thieu controlled the police, but the more he had to use them against opposition groups, the more his power declined. For the moment, he controlled the top Army of-



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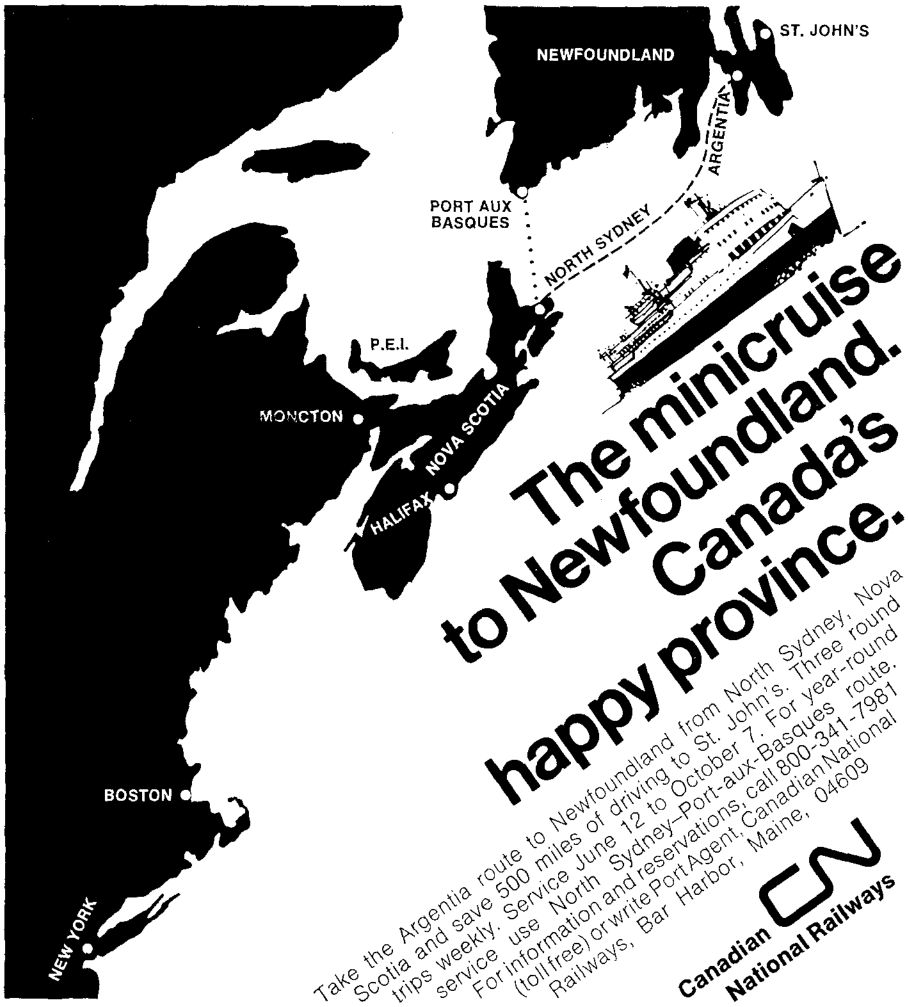

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ficers and province officials, but he trusted no one—not even his own Premier—and he appointed only those particularly indebted to him as commanders of the provinces controlling the roads into Saigon. The regime was closing in on itself, just as Diem's had done before its fall, in 1963. The opposition in Saigon was waiting for a change of American policy, and meanwhile, as the American troops withdrew and the economic situation grew worse, the signs of disintegration began to accumulate. The armed forces increased their financial exactions upon the civilians, and incidents of theft, hooliganism, and even fighting between whole units were reported throughout the countryside. In the Central Highlands, the Montagnard troops that had once been the protégés of the American Special Forces and were now incorporated into regular ARVN units began to defect en masse from their Vietnamese officers. In these and other border areas, the junior Vietnamese officers complained that they were being sacrificed to the interests of their senior officers and the Americans. The people of the central-Vietnamese cities, still the last on the supply lines and the closest to the fighting, gave signs of turning against Saigon once again in reaction to the American withdrawals. Except for certain isolated episodes, such as the burning of American vehicles by students, Saigon was quiet, betraying as little of itself as it had in the early spring of 1963. Once again, the Saigonese were withdrawing from political life and waiting for the crisis—economic, military, or diplomatic—that they felt sure would fall upon the regime. When it came, they would respond, breaking through the surface of order and orderly repression to put an end to American power in Saigon.

THE United States government seemed to have used up its credit with the American people as well as the Vietnamese people for the pursuit of its war aims. Vice-President Agnew liked to make a distinction between the "hippies" and "subversives" who opposed the war at home and the young patriots who nobly served their country in Vietnam. But in the period of the Nixon Administration there was no longer a political distinction to be made between young Americans in and out of the armed forces. The Army, once dominated by career men and volunteers, was now filled with draftees who did not want to die in Vietnam for a cause they felt had already been abandoned. (And they had before them the spectacle of a President who engaged in peaceful negotiations with the Soviet Union and the People's Republic of China after having condemned thousands of Americans and Indo-Chinese to die for the principle of anti-Communism.) Even before Nixon took office, many American troops in Vietnam had come to oppose their government's war aims; others merely resented their own condition. It was a white man's war being fought by blacks, a rich man's war being fought by the poor, an old man's war being fought by the young. While Agnew talked of patriotism, the soldiers grew more and more sensitive to these antagonisms. The American command made it practically impossible for the soldiers to demonstrate, write, or petition against the war, and thus the overt opposition to it was confined to the wearing of peace symbols, an occasional letter or petition, and the anti-war movement of the Vietnam veterans. These were the healthy signs. In general, the soldiers expressed their sense of alienation in a manner reminiscent of the ARVN, turning their suppressed, and often unfocussed, anger against themselves or their superiors. There were more reports of atrocities against Vietnamese civilians, and then, quite suddenly, there was a rash of "fragging" incidents, in which enlisted men killed or wounded their officers. These incidents remained scattered, but many officers took the threat seriously and grew less and less willing to compel their men to carry out orders. The well-known Vietnamese practice of passive resistance and avoidance became almost standard. Combat units would shirk patrols and routine security duties, leaving their positions open to enemy attack. Many—perhaps the majority—of the soldiers in Vietnam smoked the cheap, locally grown marijuana, on and off duty. In the spring of 1971, the United States command itself estimated that ten per cent of the troops in Vietnam were taking heroin, and that five per cent were addicts.

The traffic in heroin was the final, and perhaps the blackest, irony of the war. The heroin came largely from Burma and Laos. Much of it was processed near Vientiane by those people for whose sake (it was to be supposed) the United States government was demolishing the rest of Laos. It came to Vietnam either by airdrop from Vietnamese or Laotian military planes—planes paid for by the United States government—or through the customs at Tan Son Nhut Airport.

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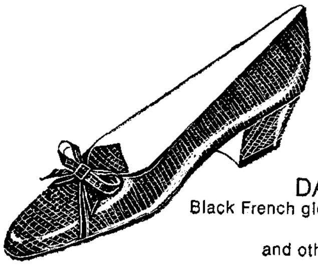

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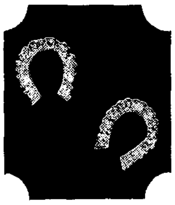

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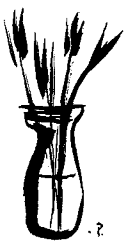
The Vietnamese customs inspectors earned several dozen times as much for not inspecting bags and bundles as for inspecting them. At one point, when the American customs advisers attempted to crack down on their so-called counterparts, they discovered that the two key customs posts were held by brothers of Thieu's Premier, General Tran Thien Khiem. General Khiem was one of three men whom the N.L.F. said that it could not include in a coalition government. American officials refused to consider dropping their support of Khiem because, they said, he belonged to the "freely elected government of the South Vietnamese people." Since this "freely elected government" would not prosecute the customs officials (heroin, the Vietnamese said, was "an American problem"), the heroin continued to enter the country unimpeded. Once in Vietnam, it was sold openly in the streets and around the American bases by young war widows and by children orphaned by the American war.

BEFORE entering Saigon, the military traffic from Tan Son Nhut Airport slows in a choking blanket of its own exhaust as it crawls along to a narrow bridge. There, in a frenzy of bicycles, pedicabs, and tri-Lambrettas, two piles of garbage mark the entrance to a new quarter of the city. In the evening, a girl on spindle heels picks her way over the barrier of rotting fruit and onto the sidewalk, where, triumphant, she smiles at the boys who lounge at the soft-drink stand and, with a toss of her long earrings, climbs into a waiting Buick. Behind her, an alleyway carpeted with mud winds back past the façade of the new houses into a maze of thatched huts and tin-roofed shacks. This refugee quarter lies just across the river from the generous villas and tree-lined streets of French-built Saigon. After twelve years and recurrent tides of new refugees, the area is less an urban quarter than a compost of villages where peasants live with their city children. The children run thick underfoot. The police, it is said, rarely enter this quarter, for fear of a gang of teen-age boys, whose leader, a young ARVN deserter, reigns over it. Most of the people in the quarter live beyond the law, the electricity lines, and the water system, but there are secret fortunes. Amid the chaos of shacks and alleyways, new concrete buildings rear up here and there in a splendor of pastel-faced walls, neon lights, and plastic garden furniture. In one of them, there is a half-naked American who suns himself on a porch under a clothesline draped with military uniforms. A house just down the alleyway is owned and inhabited by an agent of the N.L.F.



Such refugee quarters are what the American war has brought to Vietnam. In the countryside, there is only an absence: the bare brown fields, the weeds growing in the charred earth of the village, the jungle that has swept back over the cleared land. From Dong Ha, in the north, to Rach Gia, at the base of the Mekong Delta, these new slums, these crushed villages spread through all the cities and garrisoned towns. They are everywhere—plastered against sandbag forts, piled up under the guns of the provincial capitals, overwhelming what is left of the Delta's yellow stucco towns. Outside of Danang, the tin huts of the refugee settlements lie between the ammunition dumps and the garbage dumps, indistinguishable from either. These huts have been rebuilt many times during the war, for every year there is some kind of disaster—an airplane crash, an explosion in the ammunition depot—that wipes out whole hamlets. Around Qui Nhon, Bien Hoa, and Cam Ranh Bay, where the Americans have built jetports and military installations to last through the twentieth century, the thatched huts are crowded so close together that a single neglected cigarette or a spark from a charcoal brazier suffices to burn the settlements down. On streets of tin shacks that run straight past the runways and into the sand, babies play naked in the dust. The desire for survival has been more powerful than the war itself, for there are approximately two million more people in the South today than there were a decade ago, before the American war.

In a population of eighteen million, there may now be five million refugees. Perhaps forty or fifty per cent of the population, as opposed to fifteen per cent before the war, lives in and around the cities and towns. The distribution is that of a highly industrialized country, but there is almost no industry in South Vietnam. And the word "city"—even the word "town"—is misleading. What as late as 1965 was a nation of villages and landed estates is now a nation of *bidonvilles*, refugee camps, and army bases. In Saigon alone, almost three million people live on swampy ground adequate to accommodate a quarter of a million. Saigon has one of the densest populations in the world, yet few Saigon houses rise

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above two stories, for in the monsoon season whole quarters of the city sink into the marsh. Some districts are little more than gigantic sewers, lakes of filth above which thatched huts rise on stilts, connected only by rotting boards. In other quarters, where the refugees have not had time to build stilts, sewage has inundated the houses. But there is nowhere else for these people to go. The squatters have already filled up all the free space; their shacks elbow across the main thoroughfares. In the spring of 1970, crowds of disabled veterans came to the Presidential palace to demonstrate against the plan of the Saigon municipality to tear down the squatters' shacks. The scene of these veterans—the blind, the tubercular, the double and triple amputees—advancing on the palace on crutches and wheely boards might have come straight from a Goya illustration of "The Disasters of War."

At least, there is employment and food in the cities. The women can become prostitutes or cleaning women; they can hawk gelatine or sit on the street corners with their trays of stolen PX goods. The men can push cyclos or break stones in the American construction projects; they can also steal, or work at the docks stealing for others. Of course, their jobs are disappearing slowly as the American troops move out, but in the meantime they are better off in the cities than in the free-fire zones or in a refugee camp. The Americans were correct on that point. The physical suffering of South Vietnam is difficult to comprehend, even in statistics. The official numbers—859,641 "enemy" dead, over 165,268 ARVN soldiers—only begin to tell the toll of death this war has taken. At least three hundred and eighty thousand civilians have been killed. Proportionately, it is as though twenty million Americans had died in the war, instead of the fifty-five thousand to date. But there are more to come. In the refugee camps and isolated villages, people die of malnutrition and the children are deformed. In the cities, which have no sanitation and rarely any running water, there is tuberculosis, cholera, typhoid, smallpox, leprosy, and bubonic plague, and children suffer from sores and other diseases of filth. To be sure, South Vietnam knows nothing like the suffering of India or Bangladesh. Comparatively speaking, it has always been a rich country, and the American aid has provided many people with the means of survival. But its one source of wealth is agriculture, and the American war has wrought havoc upon its forest and paddy lands. It has given great fortunes to the few while endangering the country's future and forcing the many to live in poverty, ignorance, and disease of a kind that South Vietnam has never known before.

Still, the physical destruction is not, perhaps, the worst of it. "The destruction of an entire society—that is, above all, what the Vietnamese blame the Americans for," one Vietnamese scholar has said. "Willfully or not, they have tended to destroy what is most precious to us: family, friendship, our manner of expressing ourselves." For all these years, the columns in the Saigon newspapers denouncing Americans for destroying "Vietnamese culture" have sounded somehow fatuous and inadequate to those Americans who witnessed the United States bombing raids. But the Vietnamese were keeping their eyes on what is permanent and irreparable. Physical death is everywhere, but it is the social death caused by destruction of the family that is of overriding importance. The French colonial presence and the first Indo-China war swept away the traditional Vietnamese state and the order of the village, but it left the family. And the family was the essence—the cell, as it were, that contained the design for the whole society. To the traditional Vietnamese, the nation consisted of a landscape ("our mountains and our rivers") and the past of the family ("our ancestors"). The land and the family were the two sources of both national and personal identity. The Americans have destroyed these sources for many Vietnamese, not merely by killing people but by forcibly separating them and by removing the people from the land and depositing them in the vast swamp cities.

An American in Vietnam observes only the most superficial results of this sudden shift of population: the disease, the filth, the stealing, the air of disorientation about the people of the camps and the towns. What he cannot see are the connections within the mind and spirit that have been broken to create this human swamp. The connections between the society and what it produces, between one man and another, between the nation and its own history—these are lost for the refugees. Land had been the basis of the social contract—the transmission belt of life that carried the generations of the family from the past into the future. Ancestor worshippers, the Vietnamese saw themselves as more than separate egos, as a part of this continuum of life. As they took life from the earth and from their ancestors, so they would find immortality in their children, who in due course would take their place on the earth. To leave the land and the family forever was therefore to lose their place in the universe and to suffer a permanent, collective death.

When, in 1962, the Diem regime forced the peasants to move behind the barbed wire of the strategic hamlets, the peasants found that they no longer trusted each other. And for an excellent reason. Once landowners or tenants, they overnight became improvidents and drifters who depended for their survival on what they could beg or take from others. Their behavior became unpredictable even to those who knew them. The American war only completed the process the Diem regime had begun, moving peasants out of the villages and into the refugee camps and the cities—the real strategic hamlets of the war. For these farmers, as for their distant ancestors, to leave the hamlet was to step off the brink of the known world. Brought up as the sons of Mr. X or Mr. Y, and as the inhabitants of such-and-such a place, they suddenly found themselves nameless people in a nameless mass where no laws held. They survived, and as the war went on, outside their control, they brought up their children in this anarchic crowd.

It was not, of course, the cities themselves that were at fault. To leave the village for the towns was for many Vietnamese by no means a personal tragedy. In the nineteen-forties and fifties, enterprising young men left their villages voluntarily, to join an army or to find some employment in the towns. The balance of village life had long ago been upset, and, in any case, who was to say that the constant toil and small entertainment of a peasant's life was preferable even to the harshest of existences in a city? To join an army was in fact to see the world; to move to a town was to leave a life of inevitability for one of possibility. Though, or perhaps because, the hold of the family and the land was so strong, it contained its contradiction—the desire for escape, for the death of the father and the end of all the burdensome family obligations. But it was one thing to escape into the new but ordered life of the N.L.F. and quite another to escape into the anarchy of the American-occupied cities.

They are not like village children, these fierce, bored urchins who inhabit the shacks and alleyways of Saigon. When a Westerner visits these slums, the women look out shyly from behind their doorways, but the children run

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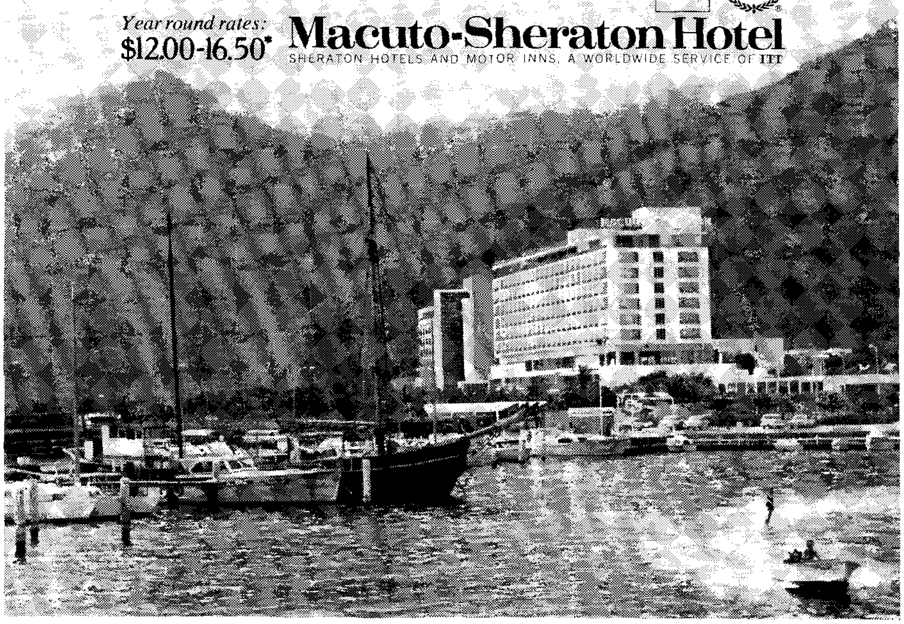

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out, shoving and scratching at each other for a better view. They scream with hysterical laughter when one of their number falls off the planking into the sewage. In a few moments, they are a mob, clawing at the stranger as if he were an animal to be teased and tortured. The anger comes up quickly behind the curiosity. A pebble sails out and falls gently on the stranger's back, and it is followed by a hail of stones. There are street gangs now in every quarter of Saigon. Led by ARVN deserters and recruited from among the mobs of smaller children, they roam like wolf packs, scavenging or stealing what they need to live on, never sleeping in the same place twice. Many of their number are orphans; the rest are as good as orphans, for their parents remain helpless peasants in the city. As a result, these boys are different from other Vietnamese. In a society of strong parental authority and family dependence, they have grown up with almost no discipline. It is as though they were trying to create an entire society for themselves—a project in which they cannot succeed.

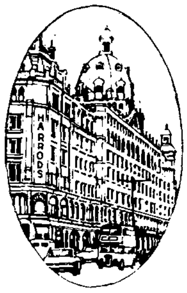
"In an absentminded way," wrote Professor Samuel Huntington in 1968, the United States in Vietnam may well have stumbled upon the answer to "wars of national liberation." The effective response lies neither in the quest for a conventional military victory nor in the esoteric doctrines and gimmicks of counter-insurgency warfare. It is instead forced-draft urbanization and modernization which rapidly brings the country in question out of the phase in which a rural revolutionary movement can hope to generate sufficient strength to come to power.

But there was nothing absentminded about the manner in which the U.S. armed forces went about their program of "forced-draft urbanization." Nor was it a simple oversight that they neglected the corollary of "modernization." Since 1954—indeed, since 1950, with the American sponsorship of the French war in Indo-China—the United States has had only one concern, and that was the war to destroy the revolutionary movement. It has not won that war and it has not destroyed the revolution, but it has changed Vietnam to the point where it is unrecognizable to the Vietnamese.

In 1954, South Vietnam held great promise as an economic enterprise. Unlike so many countries, it could feed its population and, with some agricultural development, produce enough raw materials to create foreign exchange. Its rich farmland perfectly complemented the mineral resources and the industry of the North. Given a modicum of outside aid, the Vietnamese, with their relatively skilled population, might have succeeded in breaking through that cycle of poverty and underdevelopment that affects so many countries of the world. But the American war has undermined those possibilities—by the side effects of its own military presence as much as by the bombing. The phenomenon is a curious one. The United States has had no direct economic interest in Vietnam. Over the years of the war, it has not taken money out of Vietnam but has put large amounts in. And yet it has produced much the same effects as the most exploitative of colonial regimes. The reason is that the overwhelming proportion of American funds has gone not into agricultural or industrial development but into the creation of services for the Americans—the greatest service being the Saigon government's army. As a whole, American wealth has gone into creating and supporting a group of people—refugees, soldiers, prostitutes, secretaries, translators, maids, shoeshine boys—who do not engage in any form of production. Consequently, a great percentage of the South Vietnamese population depends on the continued influx of American aid. The same sort of dependence existed, to a lesser degree, in 1954, and Saigon experienced an acute depression in the months between the French withdrawal and the first direct American commitment of aid. But now the balance of the population has changed so that the agriculture of the country scarcely suffices to feed its population, much less to create foreign exchange.

To be sure, as the American troops depart and the supply of dollars declines along with the shooting, many of the refugees will return to their villages and to agriculture. But for many the return will not be so easy. It is not merely that the population has grown and some of the arable land has been permanently destroyed. It is a social problem. Some millions of Vietnamese have now lived in the cities for five years, ten years, or more, and their children may never have watched a rice plant harvested. A certain number are used to the luxuries of the West and the freedoms of a Western-dominated city. The life of the peasantry is almost as foreign to them as it is to Americans, and yet they lack the foundation upon which American society rests. These new city people have no capital—most of the money the United States invested in Vietnamese officials and businessmen has flown to safer investments abroad—and they have no industrial skills. They are not producers but go-betweens, who have engaged in nothing but marketing and services. The American war has rendered them helpless.

IN looking beyond the American withdrawal to a Vietnam governed by Vietnamese, American officials have generally seen nothing but disaster ahead. They have predicted a long period of armed struggle culminating in a severe political repression and the massacre of thousands of their "allies." Many of these predictions have been no more than self-serving propaganda designed to camouflage the destruction the United States itself is perpetrating in Indo-China. Others have been sincere expressions of doubt that the Vietnamese can recover from the war without further upheavals and violence. The officials may be right in their predictions. The Vietnamese, after all, have to deal with over a million soldiers and a vast disorganized mass of refugees as well as with the personal and political hostilities that have grown up over the years of war. The difficulty of this task will only increase for as long as the United States continues to fight the war by proxy and to give the Vietnamese no latitude to make a political settlement. In the future, the possibility exists that the ARVN will disintegrate into banditry and the N.L.F. and North Vietnamese will slaughter thousands of anti-Communist partisans in an attempt to take control. The American war has devastated the economy while at the same time it has broken down the political power that is necessary to restore it. If no group, or coalition of groups, has the authority to govern by rule of law, the chances are that there will be a severe political repression, followed by a Draconian attempt to force the urban masses back into some form of production. Organized violence may, in its turn, lead to a disorganized reign of terror, such as occurred during the North Vietnamese land reform of 1955 and 1956. But these disasters may well not occur—or, at least, not on a scale that would make them significant beside the past horrors of war. South Vietnam is still a rich country. The withdrawal of all foreign aid would bring a serious economic crisis but not starvation for thousands of people. Then, too, the American officials, who have witnessed only the division and paralysis their presence has created among their own "allies," tend to underestimate the capacities of the Vietnamese. The American war has brought about a social and economic chaos, but it has not stripped the Vietnamese of their vitality and powers of



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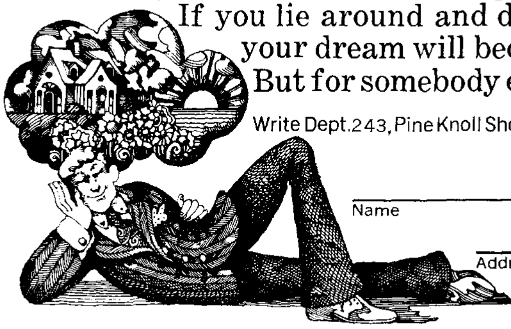

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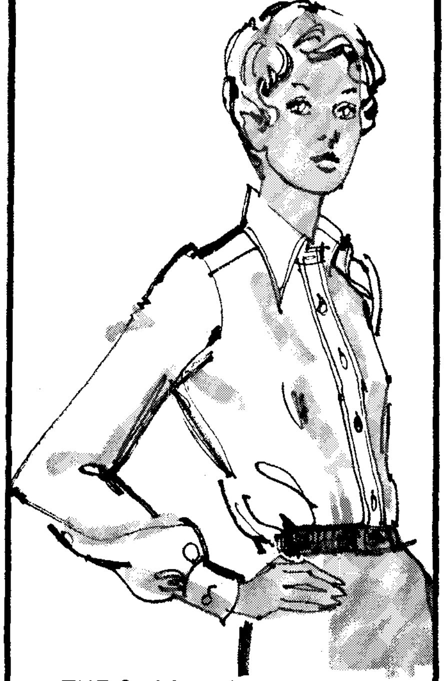

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resistance. The Vietnamese survived the invasions of the Mongol hordes, and they may survive the American war.

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"It is beyond imagination," wrote Professor Kissinger just before joining the Nixon Administration, "that parties that have been murdering and betraying each other for twenty-one years could work together as a team, giving joint instructions to the country." It may be beyond the imagination of American officials, but it is not necessarily beyond that of the Vietnamese, who have come to hold the Americans responsible for those murders and betrayals. It is true that there will never be a permanent coalition in which each party joins in an amicable agreement to disagree. The Vietnamese way is not that of a balance of power but that of accommodation leading to unanimity. The majority of Vietnamese, in any case, do not belong to parties and have no interest in dividing themselves up to continue the fratricidal struggle. But national reconciliation may be difficult to achieve. The Nixon Administration is, after all, determined to prevent it. It is apparently determined for the sake of what its officials imagine to be American prestige to force the Saigon government to go on fighting for as long as possible after an American troop withdrawal. At a time when all Vietnamese political parties have been shattered by the war and half of the population depends on the United States, American economic aid and firepower will surely continue to have a great deal of influence on the Vietnamese. If the force of the American peace movement has expended itself on obtaining American troop withdrawals, then Nixon may well succeed in compelling Vietnamese to kill each other for some time to come. His prediction of massacres may thus be a self-fulfilling prophecy.

Whatever strategy the American government uses to carry on the war, it will only be delaying the inevitable. It is not just that the North Vietnamese and the N.L.F. will refuse to surrender; it is that after all these years of war the Vietnamese have an immense desire for peace. And peace not merely as an end to violence but peace as unity: the unity of North and South, the unity of a way of life and of the continuity of Vietnamese history from the past into the future. Over the years, Americans have grown so used to a divided Vietnam that they have come to regard these divisions as natural and permanent, but they are not. In 1954, it was possible to imagine that the foreign powers could maintain the barriers between North and South, as they had maintained similar barriers in Germany and Korea. But the Vietnamese did not accept the division, and now the maintenance of it appears impossible even in the abstract. The Americans have destroyed the economic base of the region they hoped to preserve as a separate country. Furthermore, instead of ending the drive for reunification, they have destroyed the regional political groups that held out in resistance against it. They have uprooted the sect populations and flattened the local ethnic, religious, and cultural peculiarities beneath a uniform national disaster. If Vietnam is to be independent, it must now have a national government.

For the Vietnamese, domestic peace implies not merely the cessation of hostilities but the victory of a single political system and way of life. In the past, "peace" meant the rule of that Confucian monarchy, which certified the traditional way of life in the Vietnamese villages. Today, however, peace implies revolution—a complete change in the order of society. The N.L.F. has been engaged in this project from its very beginning, but it is not alone. For all Vietnamese, even before the French war began in 1946, revolution meant not so much the overthrow of an established order as the adjustment of society to those changes that had already taken place within it; it meant the imposition of order upon disorder. In Vietnam, the scope of the revolution ranges from the redistribution of wealth and power down to the relationship of the individual with his fellow-men. Just what shape the new society should take has been a matter of debate, but there has been no debate over the necessity for a comprehensive new order. The American war, with its "forced-draft urbanization" policies, has sharpened this need to the point where it is felt by the majority of the population.

The slum children and the juvenile gangs are only the most visible manifestations of the disorder and the unease that underlie much of South Vietnamese society. The cities, the army bases, and the refugee camps are filled with people who get along in one way or another, who cause no trouble and survive. Only the meaning of their lives has gone. Brought up to regard themselves as part of a larger enterprise—brought up in a world that would seem oppressive to most Westerners—they experience the life of the cities as a profound alienation, a division of self. One Vietnamese intellectual has said, "Even the bar girl, who now has money, who lives in the city and no longer wants to return to the country, who is accustomed to independence and gets along very well—even she feels guilty. She does not feel easy with herself, even after five or ten years of such work. She feels there is something missing. To find it, she will give up her independence and all the advantages she now possesses."

Personally, socially, politically, the disorder of the cities is a highly unstable condition. Americans may force the Vietnamese to accept the disorder for years, but behind the dam of American troops and American money the pressure is building toward one of those sudden historical shifts when "individualism" and its attendant corruption give way to the discipline of the revolutionary community. When this shift takes place, the American officials will find it difficult to recognize their former protégés. They may well conclude that the "hard-core Communists" have brainwashed and terrorized them into submission, but they will be wrong. It will simply mean that the moment has arrived for the narrow flame of revolution to cleanse the lake of Vietnamese society from the corruption and disorder of the American war. The effort will have to be greater than any other the Vietnamese have undertaken, but it will have to come, for it is the only way the Vietnamese can restore their country and their history to themselves.

—FRANCES FITZGERALD

(*This is the last of a series of articles.*)

•

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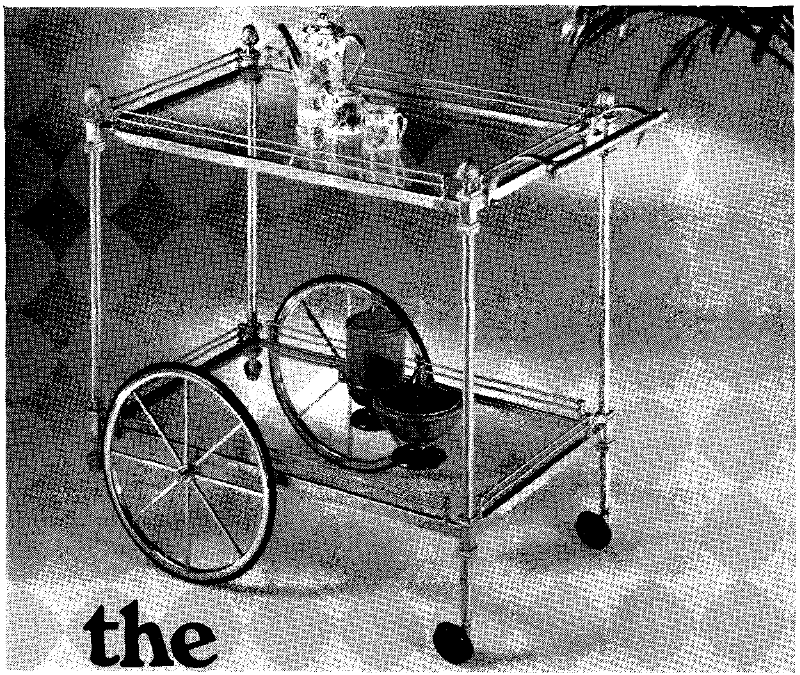

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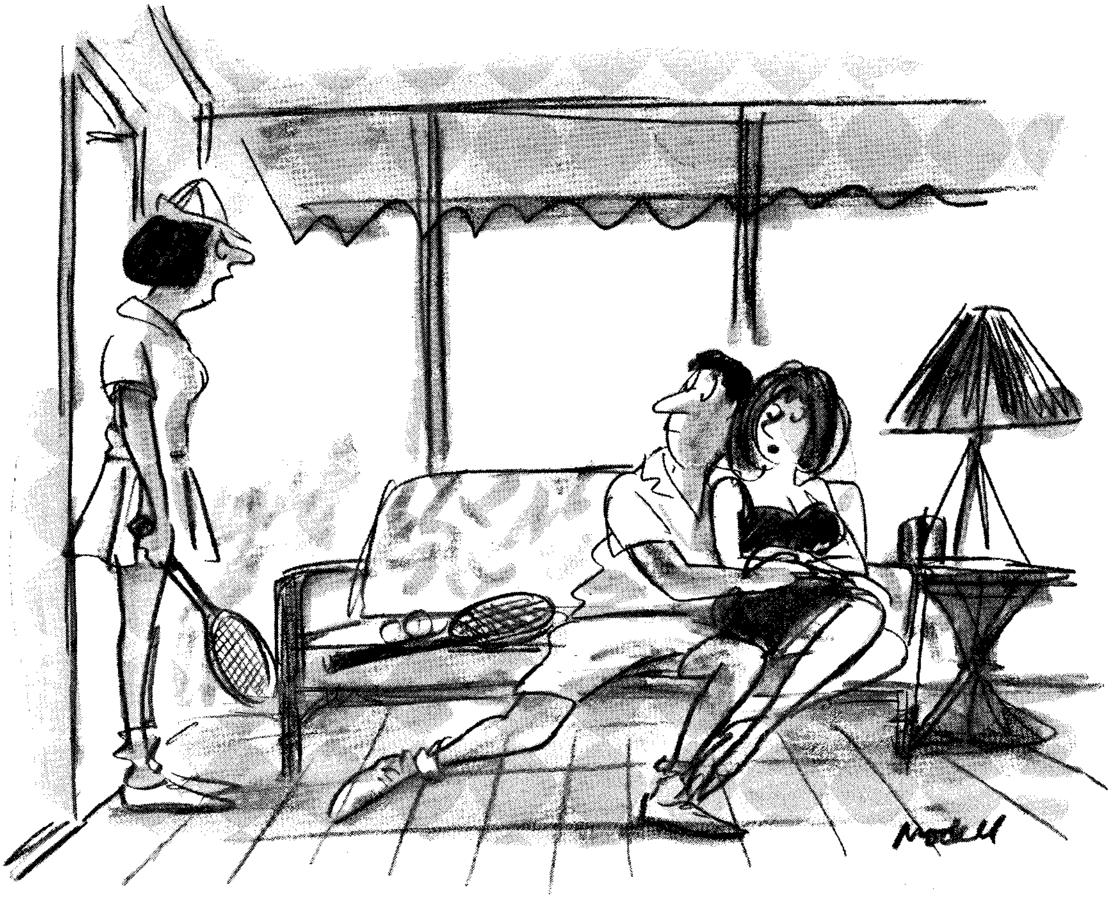
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

THE objects in the Museum of Modern Art's big exhibition entitled "Italy: The New Domestic Landscape" have become such a familiar part of our own commercial landscape that it is hard to see them with a fresh eye. The chairs, tables, lamps, utensils, and electronic devices stylishly displayed in the Museum garden are a disappointing sight. It is like arriving at a dinner party where you had expected to meet Norman Mailer, Buckminster Fuller, Jane Fonda, and the Rolling Stones only to find, instead, your mother, Uncle Charles, Aunt May, her dermatologist, and the Lennon Sisters. Most of the things in the garden have long been on view here—at Bloomingdale's, Altman's, D/R, and Bonniers—and nothing looks new. But inside the Museum, where the show continues, it substantiates its advance publicity as a Cultural Event (picture stories appeared in *Time*, *Newsweek*, and *New York* magazines a week before the opening), and offers the visitor an unprecedented opportunity to study the new breed of designer that has emerged in Italy over the last decade. His equivalent exists in France, England, Germany, and America, but not in such great numbers or with such uniform markings. The New Designer is characterized as follows:

1. He is not simply an artisan concerned with the making of objects. He is a philosopher-psychologist-sociologist-economist-linguist-aesthetician concerned with the repression, exploitation, manipulation, reification, cupidity, unkindness, and dull sex that are rife in the world today.
2. When he designs something, he accompanies it with a statement of his hatred of possessions.
3. But, for preference, he doesn't design anything, since he is against work.
4. He occasionally accepts commissions from the oppressors (like the Museum of Modern Art), but he and his colleagues prefer to take in each other's wash.
5. He usually works out of a university.

Emilio Ambasz, the Museum's curator of design and the mastermind of "The New Domestic Landscape," invited a number of the New Designers to participate in the show, and then assigned them to "Environments" entitled "Design" or "Counterdesign," depending on whether they sent over actual environments *cum* disavowals of complicity with the consumer society, etc., or just plain disavowals. To make them feel at home, Mr. Ambasz provided the invited designers with a lengthy and pretentious sheaf of instructions called the Design Program, which is reprinted in the show's ten-dollar catalogue. He enlists William Empson, Henri Lefebvre, George Steiner, David Cooper, and Siegfried Giedion, among other writers, and advocates, among other things, "a radical design operation" that would "imply not so much returning to the protohistorical and functional reasons for the artifact's existence and stripping it bare of any social and private meanings it may have been assigned, but, rather, becoming conscious of this meaning-accrual process and designing the domestic environment in such an adaptive way that it may satisfy the requirements for the enactment of any play, regardless of its origin—whether Proustian or Strindbergian." Among the "Specific Considerations" included in the Design Program is a stipulation that all designers of environments attach twenty-three-inch television screens to their project and show films about "the ceremonies, rituals, and uses of space of the proposed environment." Further, Mr. Ambasz asks the designers not to exceed the space of twelve by sixteen by sixteen feet, and tells them—with uncharacteristic chintziness, since everything else is done so grandly and the show is rumored to have cost a million dollars—that they have to provide their own lighting.



"I see your tennis elbow doesn't seem to be bothering you anymore."

The visitor to the first room of Environments enters a vast black area that has no visible boundaries and in which the six environments that got made (six other invited designers elected to make audiovisual avant-garde Statements) appear to great effect. The air is filled with recorded sound coming from the TV sets—rock, atonal music, and cultivated European voices—and with a new-

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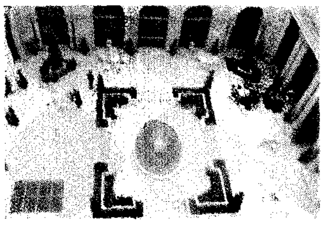

The Inter-Continental's courtyard. Where the 19th century meets the 20th.

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After lunch, stop at the hotel concierge's desk (a concierge is an entertainment director and chaplain rolled into one) to make reservations for the evening.

Then, a Paris afternoon. Use the Parisian form of conveyance: your feet. Across the street, at the top of the Tuileries stands the Jeu de Paume Museum, crammed with Renoirs, Monets, Van Goghs, Gauguins.

Afterwards, stroll past the boat pond where model-boat makers test their designs, and on to the Louvre.

The Mona Lisa's smile notwithstanding, there's a limit to the punishment your feet can take. Hail a taxi, with your best accent say "Fouquets, s'il vous plaît," and watch as he threads his way up the Champs Élysées to one of the city's best known sidewalk cafés. A cool drink and some remarkable people-watching—again, on the Money Card.

That night, an eight o'clock table is waiting at the Auberge du Vert Galant on the small, flowered terrace overlooking the Seine. A classic dinner: foie gras, a grilled channel sole and if the season's right, raspberries with crème fraîche. Local color and calories are all on the Money Card.

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That evening, the concierge reserves a table at Lapérouse: no mean trick at this gourmet's haven. After dinner, Montmartre and Monseigneur for champagne and violins. Champagne is on the Money Card, but local custom dictates a little cash to the violinist.

The next day, a rent-a-car (as everywhere, Hertz and Avis welcome the Money Card)—and a trip to Versailles, lunching in the sun-dappled gardens of the Coq Hardi in Bougival along the Seine. (On the Money Card.)

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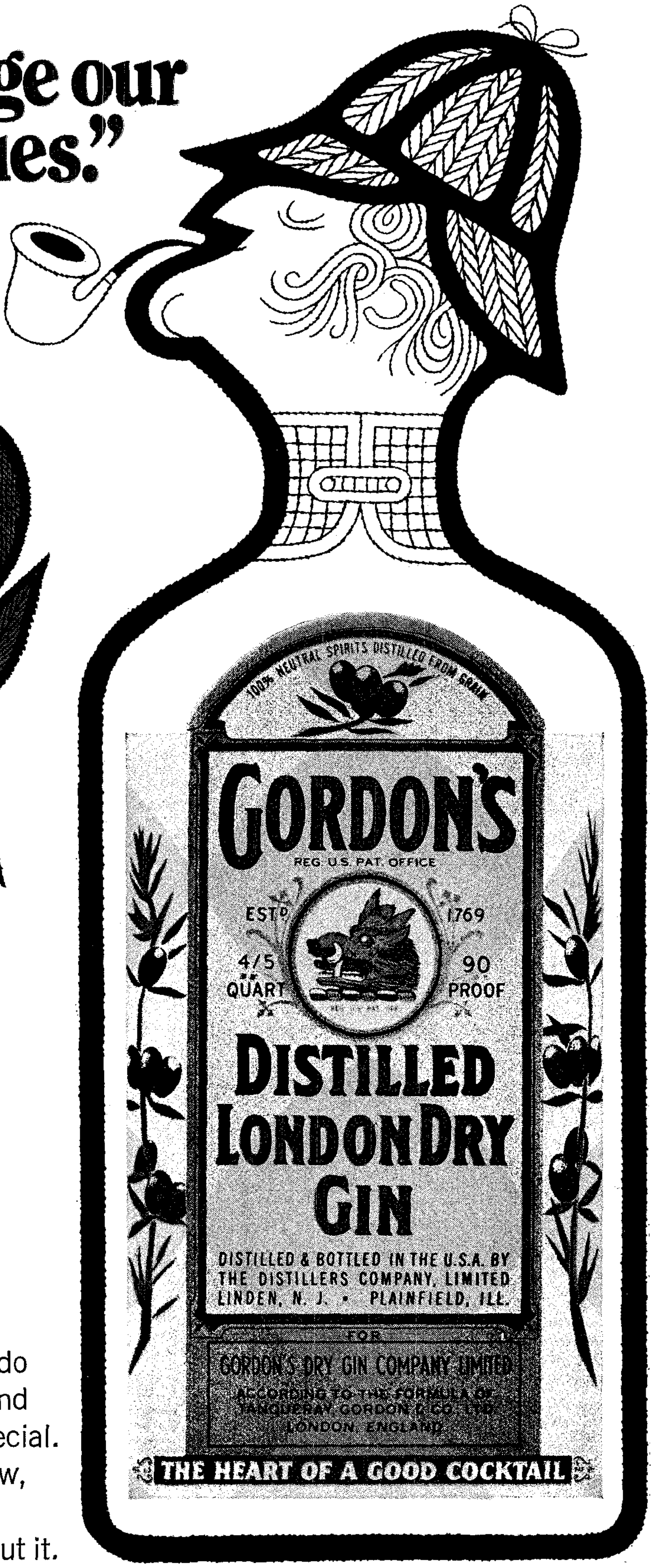
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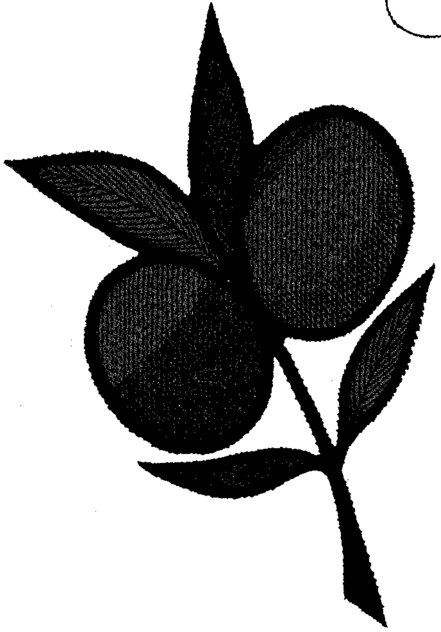

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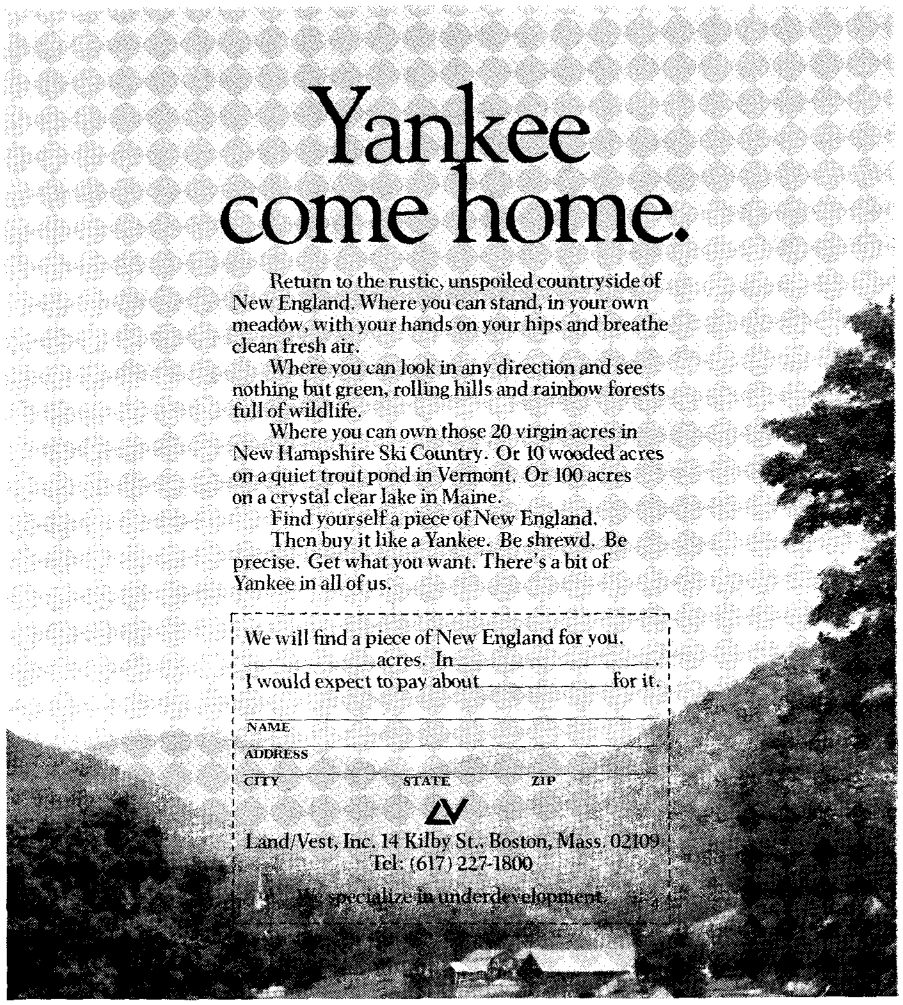
car smell. Ettore Sottsass, Jr., is represented by an arrangement of monolithic plastic boxes, on casters, that are hinged together in a circle and severally contain cooking units, storage facilities, dining quarters, and electronic equipment. The environment has a brutal, grim, industrial heaviness. In the catalogue, Sottsass proudly characterizes it as "a kind of orgy of the use of plastic, regarded as a material that allows an almost complete process of deconditioning from the interminable chain of psycho-erotic self-indulgences about 'possession.' " He continues, "Let's say that the idea is to succeed in making furniture from which we feel so detached, so disinterested, and so uninvolved that it is of absolutely no importance to us." Gae Aulenti has sent over an elegant and preposterous composition of bright-red plastic pyramids—a sort of Babylonian Creative Playthings—which incorporates steps, platforms, and a five-foot-high bed that resembles a sacrificial altar. Aulenti writes of her misgivings about "the objects with which we generally deal," some of which, she asserts, "unleash anxieties and psychoses, are prone to injure the nervous system and cause casualties in mental adjustment, even criminality." Unfortunately, she doesn't name any of these dangerous objects, so one can only speculate on what sort of thing it is that has the power to drive a person insane or into crime. Defective cigarette lighters? Chopsticks? I was struck by the studied starkness of Aulenti's environment: she is the only woman designer in this section of the show, and her environment is the least conventionally "domestic." The late Joe Colombo's "total-furnishing unit," in contrast, has an almost Victorian aspect of domesticity. (He is not the other Joe Colombo.) The "total-furnishing unit" is a sleek yellow-white-and-black Pullman car of a habitation, full of ingenious multipurpose pieces that tuck into and under and behind each other. This environment is comfortable and inviting, and is probably the one that most psycho-erotically self-indulgent viewers would select if they had to choose one to live in. Colombo's designs have, in fact, already enjoyed commercial success here among people rich enough to afford them.

Two mobile homes and a green automobile called KAR-A-SUTRA complete the first Environments section. The mobile homes, one designed by Alberto Rosselli and the other by Studio Zanuso (Marco Zanuso and Richard Sapper), are a great improvement over the Moorish-plastic furnished hovels that are sold over here (and, by the



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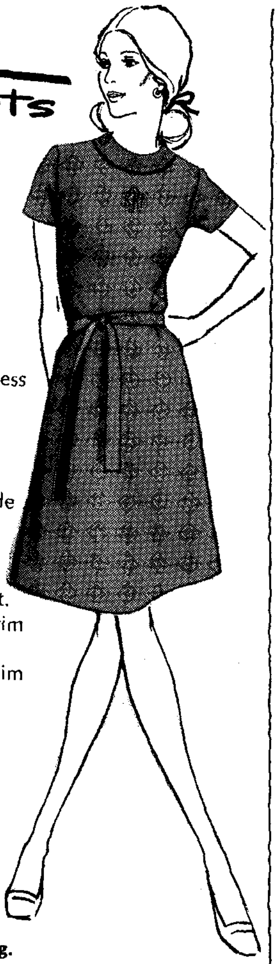

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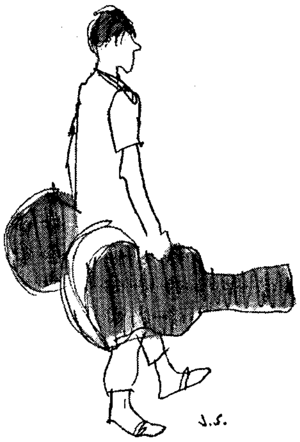
way, constitute thirty per cent of the single-family habitations annually constructed in this country). The Italian versions have the elegance of the toilets in jet airplanes, and are really mobile. (Most American mobile homes have got too big to be transported by car or regular truck and can be moved only at great expense by special, dinosaur-size truck.) KAR-A-SUTRA, designed by Mario Bellini, is the single truly innovative work of design in the show. It is a sort of station wagon approximately sixteen feet long and six and a half feet wide, and its revolutionary feature is an idiotically simple idea. Instead of having fixed passenger seats, the car is appointed with loose two-foot-square cushions, which are made of a flexible material that takes on the shape of the sitter, and which can be arranged in innumerable ways, so that the occupants may face each other, lie down side by side, sit in rows, eat meals, play cards, make love, etc. The cushions can also be removed, and then the interior can be used for transporting large objects. There are continuous big rectangular windows along each side, which can be raised or lowered at the push of a button, and the roof—panes of glass running the length of the vehicle and separated by a metal panel—is also retractable, the panes sliding beneath the panel like the leaves of a dining table. Furthermore, the roof can be raised (pneumatically) by almost two feet, to make a closed car in which people can stand up. Shelves for food, drink, and so on line the interior, and there is a small refrigerator next to the dashboard. Bellini's idea—that the car (or KAR, as he calls it) won't go away and we might as well enjoy the ride—is not exactly Proustian or Strindbergian, but it's not bad.



DEBASED Marcusian ideas are the fare in the second Environments section. I'm reminded of Vladimir Nabokov's likening the clichés of science fiction to the kind of boxed cookies that come in all sorts of tempting shapes and designs but all turn out to taste the same. The exhibits of the Counterdesigners, as Mr. Ambasz styles them, are the same sort of cookie. A group called Archizoom makes its bid for inattention with a completely empty room. From a speaker in the ceiling comes a child's voice haltingly reading something about "wonderful colors" and "how fine it will be . . . just spending the whole day doing nothing, without working or anything." In another display, by a group called Superstudio, the visitor peers into a large recess that has polarized glass walls, a raised floor divided into nine squares, a number of blinking lights attached to coils, and some bits of artificial, plastic foliage. Nearby, a color film shows life in a nomadic utopia where no one will work or anything, and, according to the sound track, "We'll keep silence to listen to our own bodies / we'll hear the sound of blood in our ears / the slight crackings of our joints or teeth / we'll examine the texture of our skins, the patterns made by the hairs / on our bodies and heads." Gruppo Strum's exhibit is a platform supporting three rolling carts piled with booklets, which are distributed free to visitors. The booklets, described by the Strum group as "an odd kind of symbiosis between an illustrated adventure story and the descriptive catalogue of a department store: a stratagem that allowed us to tackle big topics in a sufficiently synthetic way," combine familiar leftist rhetoric ("The only solution is to get involved in the class warfare, starting a big front of mobilization against repression . . .") with unearthly colloquial speech ("You tell us, professor, the reason why we ain't given the houses. Where go the money they take from our wages?" reads the balloon in one of the photo comic strips). Ugo La Pietra, an independent Counterdesigner, offers a mysterious and boring audiovisual experiment called "The Domicile Cell: A Microstructure Within the Information and Communications Systems," and Enzo Mari is represented by a cryptic printed statement he calls a "proposal for behavior directed to my colleagues."

Gaetano Pesce, who is in a category of his own, entitled "Design as Commentary," has constructed an elaborate dwelling for a subterranean city of the post-atomic-holocaust period. The visitor has to wear special outsized rubber galoshes to enter Pesce's environment. (This visitor was not about to wait on a line to do so.) The project is accompanied by a black-and-white film showing naked people bleakly schlepping about the habitat to the sound of slowly dripping water.

The catalogue that Mr. Ambasz has put together is four hundred and thirty-one pages long. Along with color photographs of the objects in the garden and of the environments, statements by the designers, introductory and summarizing essays by Mr. Ambasz, and his Design Program, there are a number of critical and historical articles written for the occasion by leading Italian Counter-Writers. Examples follow:

> On the one hand, there is the theory that would attribute the principal cause of modification to that capacity for renewal inherent within the discipline of design itself. This view is held by those who regard the methodological changes in the designing process, the capacity of the morphologies produced (and often self-reproducing) to become a support for social imagination, and the innovation of spatial concepts and relationships as fundamental instruments for a new cognitive relation to reality and a new interpretation of social relationships themselves.—*Vittorio Gregotti, page 315.*

> The object teaches one how to act according to a plan for action: its human and social significance consists in the fact that, since behavior is a way of life, in designing objects one designs life itself. —*Giulio Carlo Argan, page 359.*

> Production is a further medium of architecture. It is the most obviously concrete medium and, therefore, the most alienating. As the final medium, it encompasses in itself mediums of production and concrete execution (each medium used naturally augmenting the possible combinations in architecture and the making of objects), and hence introduces into the scheme other elements having a high informational potential—*Germano Celant, page 385.*

"Italy: The New Domestic Landscape" is one of those self-important shows that are also important. Gathered here, along with a few designs of genuine interest and usefulness, is the biggest display of fatuity that the city has seen for a long time. The scope of design has expanded almost illimitably in the last twenty years. The excesses at the Museum of Modern Art have established the limits.

—JANET MALCOLM

•

POEM OF THE SELF

Two birds are perched in the midnight
tree.
One whistles, hops, and preens
his golden plumage ceaselessly;
he can't think what he means.

The other—motionless, discreet—
watches with golden eyes
till their twin radiances meet
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—FREDERICK MORGAN

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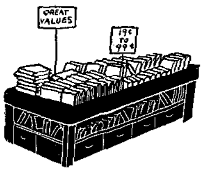
BOOKS

Is There Life After Golf?

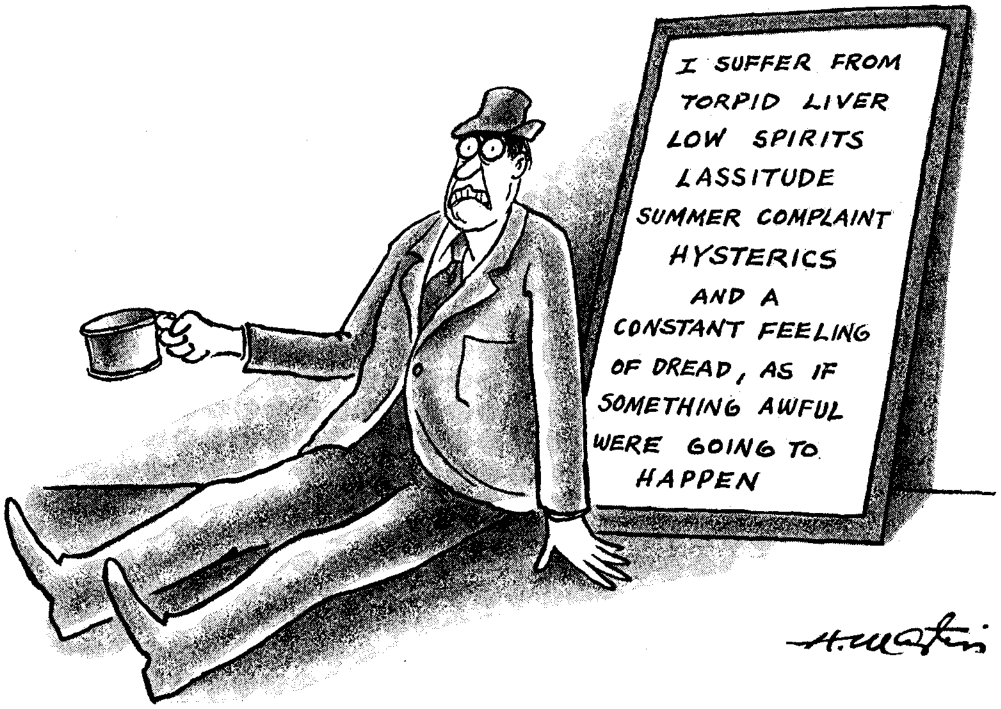


LIKE a religion, a game seeks to codify and lighten life. Played earnestly enough (spectatorship being merely a degenerate form of playing), a game can gather to itself awesome dimensions of subtlety and transcendental significance. Readers of these pages may recall George Steiner's hymn to the fathomless wonder of chess, or Roger Angell's startlingly intense meditations upon the time-stopping, mathematical beauty of baseball. Some sports, surely, are more religious than others; ice hockey, fervent though its devotees be, retains a dross of brutal messiness, and handball, though undoubtedly it has its fine points, has not generated many holy books. Golf, on the other hand, inspires as much verbiage as astrology. In the television era, the sport has added to its antiquity and air of privilege the aura of sudden fame and fortune earned by broad-backed boys from Latrobe, Pennsylvania, and El Paso, Texas; millions now trudge out to the dawn starting lines inwardly clutching a tip from the Saturday sports page or the driving-range pro; an esoteric cult has become a mass cult while remaining esoteric. In Palmer's disastrous lapses, in Casper's persistent slump, golf reasserts its essential enigma. It is of games the most mystical, the least earthbound, the one wherein the walls between us and the supernatural are rubbed thinnest. The exaltation of its great spaces; the eerie effortlessness of a good shot; the hellish effortfulness of a bad round; the grotesque disparity between a drive that eats up two-thirds of the fairway and the ten-yard dribble hit with an almost identical swing; the unpredictable warps and turns of fortune in the game; its tranced silences; its altering perspectives; its psychosomatic sensitivity to our interior monologue and the sway of our moods; the sullen, menacing sheen the monotonous grass can suddenly assume; the quirks of visibility; the dread of lostness; the ritual interment and resurrection of the ball at each green—such are the ingredients that make golf seem a magic mirror, an outward projection of an inner self. Even the most mechanical-minded books about golf evoke, for initiates, the game's intoxicating mysteries; Michael Murphy, in his curious and benign "Golf in the Kingdom" (Viking), takes these mysteries as his major topic.

Mr. Murphy, a Californian, is a co-founder of the Esalen Institute, described as "a research and development center established to explore those trends in the behavioral sciences, religion, and philosophy which emphasize the potentialities and values of human existence." On the back of the jacket of his book he is grinning with perfect teeth, and but for a faraway, faintly metaphysical gleam in his eyes he might be one of the interchangeable square-jawed young pros who clutter the tournament circuit with their competence. His book appears to be as open as his visage—he talks about himself as harried executive and student truth seeker; he names friends and gives dates; he describes rounds of golf we do not doubt he has played. Yet the basic autobiographical episode, involving a Scots guru/pro named Shivas Irons, is, like the name itself, frankly fantastic. The book liltingly begins:

> In Scotland, between the Firth of Forth and the Firth of Tay, lies the Kingdom of Fife—known to certain lovers of that land simply as "The Kingdom." There, on the shore of the North Sea, lies a golfing links that shimmers in my memory—an innocent stretch of heather and grassy dunes that cradled the unlikely events which grew into this book.... There I met Shivas Irons, introduced to me simply as a golf professional, by accident one day in June 1956. I played a round of golf with him then, joined him in a gathering of friends that evening, followed him into a ravine at midnight looking for his mysterious teacher, watched him go into ecstatic trance as the sun came up, and left for London the following afternoon—just twenty-four hours after we had met—shaken, exalted, my perception of things permanently altered.

Mr. Murphy was on his way to India, to study philosophy and practice meditation with the seer Aurobindo, and it may be that he retrospectively assigned much of what he learned there to this mythical golf instructor, who plays supernaturally well, keeps a library of the occult in his digs, and, in the dead of the night, scores a hole in one with a feather-stuffed ball and an antique shillelagh belonging to an immortal hermit named Seamus MacDuff. Yet the course, called Burningbush, is by its location and layout recognizably St. Andrews—golf's holy place. The book never totally strays from its base subject of golf, and it even contains some practical tips. Don't strain after a good score, play it as it lies, don't try too hard. "Let the nothingness into yer shots," Shivas tells Murphy—a memorable admonition to all of us who, not trusting the unconscious mechanics of the swing, smother the ball with too much hand-and-arm action. When Murphy tenses up on the first tee, Shivas makes a gesture that settles him "into a feeling of stomach and hips, making a center there for my swing." The well-worn advice "Hit from the inside" is metaphysicalized to "Ken the world from the inside." Warming to his theme of "true gravity," Shivas bids his pupil "feel yer inner



body." Murphy, evidently a natural athlete, travels, club in hand, through a number of yogalike states (he feels like an hourglass, then enormously tall), and sees turquoise "auras" expand and contract, and experiences other vivid intimations of "energy-dimensions" that might more distract than settle your average 20-handicapper. Unity and harmony are the goals of Shivas's instruction; imagine the ball and the "sweet spot" on the club as one, he says. Further, see and feel "the club and ball as one unbroken field." Further still, "sometimes a path appears in your mind's eye for the ball to follow: let it blend with your body." Murphy recalls a moment on Burningbush when all his senses joined: "For the moment . . . the world was a single field of music, joy, and light." Shivas has the ultimate word: "Aye ane fiedle [always one field] afore ye e'er swung."

This religious bias, which would break down the opposition between game and player, between striker and thing struck, between man and landscape, comes as alien to the Occidental followers of aggressive Jahweh and tragic Jesus. This Occidental, for one, remains suspicious of a cosmic philosophy that so easily devolves into golf instruction. Murphy, drawing upon Shivas's supposed journals, has little trouble expanding the first part of his book, the golf part, into the comprehensive mysteries of the second. Because of the lightness of the golf ball (one and a half ounces), Shivas is led to conclude that the world, too, is feather-light, "an earthy nothingness." It is also "an icon of Man the Multiple Amphibian, a smaller waffled version of the crystal ball, a mirror for the inner body; it is a lodestone, an old stone to polarize your psyche with." Its whiteness suggests (hello, Melville) the terror of the hueless void; its flight serves as "reminder of our hunting history and our future powers of astral flight." The hole is another mystery, linked to nostrils and other significant bodily apertures; Jean-Paul Sartre is called in to testify (from "Being and Nothingness"): "A good part of our life is passed in plugging up holes, in filling empty places, in realizing and symbolically establishing a plenitude." Not all such symbol-spinning is vapid, but it does border on the facile and the fanciful—less mysticism than mystchief. And it reduces, in practice, all this talk about luminous bodies and manifesting planes, about *hamartia* and *darshan*, about Agni the Primal Fire and the Net of Jewels, to something like witchcraft. The victory of Jack Fleck over

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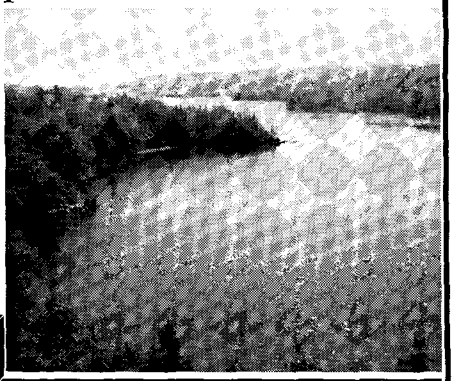

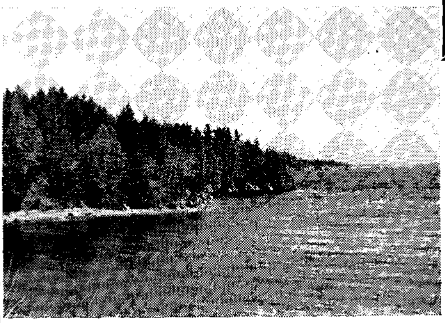

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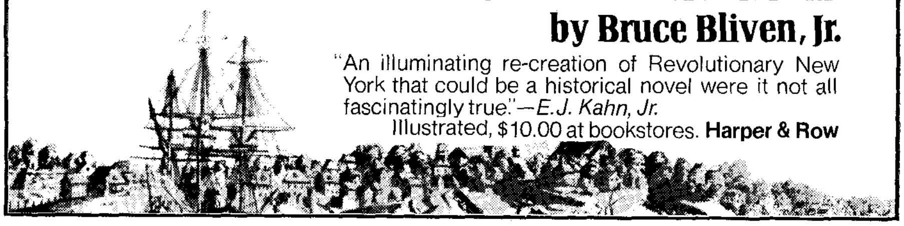

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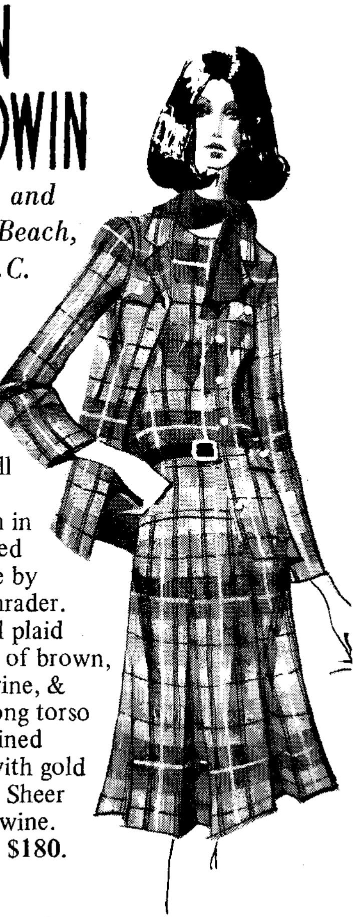

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Ben Hogan in the 1955 Open, for instance, is explained to be Fleck's appropriation of Hogan's "inner body," and Murphy relates that while watching a baseball game he and his neighbors in the stands set up a "psychic fire-storm" that permanently injured the opposing pitcher's arm. Even if it works, is black magic what we need now? " 'Tis a thin line," Shivas himself says, " 'tween the madness of God and the madness of the Devil."

The Western spirit longs for a peaceable creed that would flatter the flesh instead of mortifying it, that would blur away the painful mind-body split and ease the agonies of egoism. But these wisdoms imported from the Orient have a disturbing way of melting into physical therapy—of a harmless, deep-breathing, sweet-swinging sort—and trivial spookiness. In regard to traditional Christian problems like the existence of evil and the paradoxes of ethical action, "Golf in the Kingdom" says little. During the raucous symposium that follows his round of golf with Shivas, Murphy claims, there was a "lively discussion of shanking and the problem of evil," but we never hear it. Murphy/Shivas does offer, for the length of a page, ethical distinctions between "Mind-at-Large" and "Higher Self;" it is good to know the latter before you drown in the former. LSD is distinguished from disciplined contemplation, moral entropy from nirvana. "Ye need a solid place to swing from," Shivas says, which is half of the truth; you also need a spot to aim at. Shivas would be a complete prophet if the world were a golf course and life a game. In a game, purposes and means are indisputably ordained; in golf, rules regulate the most minute points of etiquette and equipment. A golf wherein some players were using tennis rackets and hockey pucks, some were teeing off backward, from the green to the tee, and some thought the object of the game was to spear other players with the flagsticks—such a contest might produce a philosophy we could carry everywhere. As it is, analogies should be very tenderly extended outward from an island that, like golf, has been created as an artificial haven from real problems. Even within the analogy, Murphy is limited by his natural happiness at the game; for a description of the infernal misery possible within golf, try George Plimpton's "The Bogey Man," especially the surreal chapter wherein Plimpton practices with four golf balls on an eerie, tinselly, night-lit par-3 course in the desert, each ball demoniacally possessed of individual bad habits.

Yet there is much wit and good will in "Golf in the Kingdom." "We are spread wide as we play, then brought to a tiny place" beautifully describes both golf and life. And why *not* make the world more of a golf course, where our acts would take validity from within, and we would replace our divots in apology for each blow, and ecstasy would attach to the leisurely walking, the in-between times? There is a goodness in the experience of golf that may well be, as Mr. Murphy would have it, a *pitha*, "a place where something breaks into our workaday world and bothers us forevermore with the hints it gives."

"Golf in the Kingdom" put me in mind of another curious devotional work, William Price Fox's "Doctor Golf," published in 1963 and long out of print. Doctor Golf, a fanatic even quainter and keener than Shivas Irons, runs a thirty-nine-member golf sanctuary in Arkansas called Eagle-Ho, refers to "young Hagen," advocates caddy flogging, sells by mail order a clanking, cumbersome line of golf paraphernalia, and conducts a large correspondence. When one correspondent writes, "I am in my 65th year and I have been seized by golf like a mouse in the claws of a golden eagle," Doctor Golf congratulates him:

> Only after the fetters of youth have been flung aside can golf enter. Only then can the man know the folly of his adolescent belief of the swing answering to the man and perceive the joy and the truth of the complete man answering to the swing.
>
> And, as the years and the eagles cascade by, the even greater joy is realized when he stands in the bright sunlight of complete fulfillment and comes to realize that the *swing is the man*.

The swing is the man. The Dance of Shiva, Michael Murphy concludes, is at the heart of everything. Doctor Golf is more mystical still:

> The swing by its very nature transcends the human form. The swing is there when you pass on. . . . The swing, sir . . . is like the blue in the sky, immutable, eternal, indeed transcendental.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SPRING SNOW, by Yukio Mishima, translated from the Japanese by Michael Gallagher (Knopf). This novel, the first of a tetralogy that Mishima completed before committing suicide two years ago, is set in the Japan of 1912-14. Foreign influences have long since taken hold in the nation, producing, among other things, the Western affectations of

Marquis Matsugae, a newly wealthy member of the aristocracy. The Marquis's son, Kiyoaki, has grown into a sensitive young man of eighteen, and this sensitiveness complicates his feelings for the beautiful Satoko, daughter of an impoverished count whom the Marquis patronizes. First repulsing the girl's affections, then answering them with passion, Kiyoaki loses Satoko when she becomes engaged to an imperial prince. This much of the story—the first half or so—is a neatly orchestrated study of sensibility and desire, for the young couple's poses and misunderstandings are paralleled by blunter maneuvers among their servants. In the second half, when Kiyoaki's love carries the story to a tragic end, the servants and the parents move to the fore and are exposed for their pretense and cynicism. The young lovers largely drop from sight, ending by being mainly pathetic. Pity, indeed, may be the dominant feeling in this complex and informative book.

GENERAL

IN HIDING: THE LIFE OF MANUEL CORTES, by Ronald Fraser (Pantheon). This extraordinary book is the oral autobiography—recorded, translated, and edited by an English journalist—of a man (a moderate Socialist, a trade-union official, and a barber by trade) who was mayor of an Andalusian village at the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War. (His story is supplemented by the recollections of his wife and daughter.) Cortes served in the Republican Army through the war, surreptitiously returned home after the Franco victory, and, rightly fearing death at the hands of Fascist enthusiasts, went into hiding in his house. His presence there (concealed by day in a niche behind a picture or under a staircase) was known only to his family, and he settled down to wait for the expected general amnesty. When it came, in 1969, he had been in hiding for thirty years—had grown from a vigorous man of thirty-four to a toothless (he pulled them out himself) man of sixty-four. That experience, recalled with a lively intelligence from a wonderfully detailed memory, forms the center of his memoir, and, with its Guardia Civil searches, its hunger, its calamities of fire and illness, its empty days and nights, it is a document of great richness. But there is more to his book than that. Cortes also recalls (as do his wife and daughter) his total

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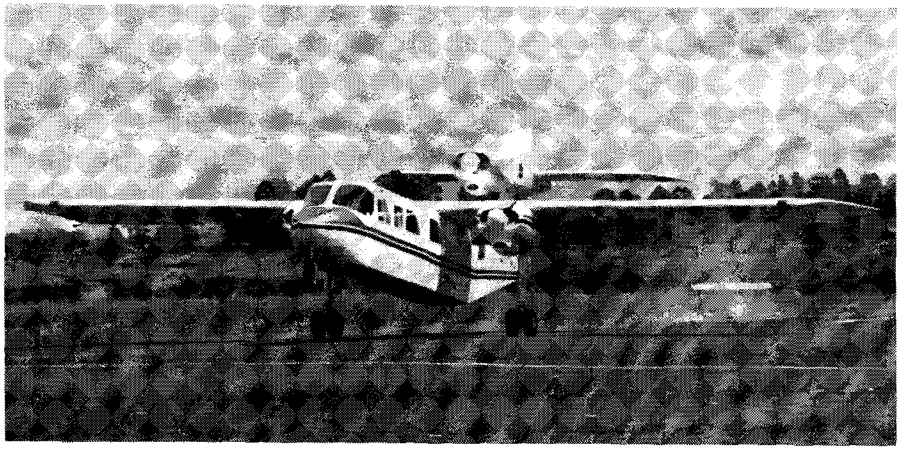

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past: his growing up in the village and his youth and early manhood; the poverty, the suppression of mind and spirit, the meanness of life in pre-Republican Spain; the hopeful beginnings of the Republic, when his strength of mind and character brought him into prominence; and the terrible years of the war. Mr. Fraser notes that more than ten thousand books have been written about the thirties in Spain—about the Republic and the Civil War. "In Hiding" must be ranked with the best of these, and of its kind—as an interior view—it is probably unique.

DIDEROT, by Arthur M. Wilson (Oxford). This definitive biography incorporates Professor Wilson's earlier volume, "Diderot: The Testing Years, 1713-59," and goes on to the end of Diderot's life, in 1784. The book is long (717 pages), detailed, expensive ($25), and utterly absorbing. Professor Wilson writes well. So did Diderot—better than his contemporaries knew, since, as Wilson points out, his remarkable imaginative works ("The Nun," "Rameau's Nephew," and "Jacques the Fatalist") were not published in his lifetime. What was published, of course, brought him both fame and trouble. Wilson emphasizes Diderot's courage in sticking to his job as editor of the "Encyclopédie"—its bannings and suppressions scared off some of his collaborators, among them d'Alembert and Voltaire. Wilson also traces the evolution of Diderot's thought, and keeps up with the multiplicity of his interests, which were—no other word will do—encyclopedic. Diderot's character was partly his own invention: the man of sensibility seizing the stage from the hardhearted aristocrat; the man of learning dauntlessly investigating all received ideas. These were more or less willed qualities, and, joined to an irrepressible intellectual élan, they make Diderot an exceptionally attractive as well as an important figure. He deserves a biography as good as this.

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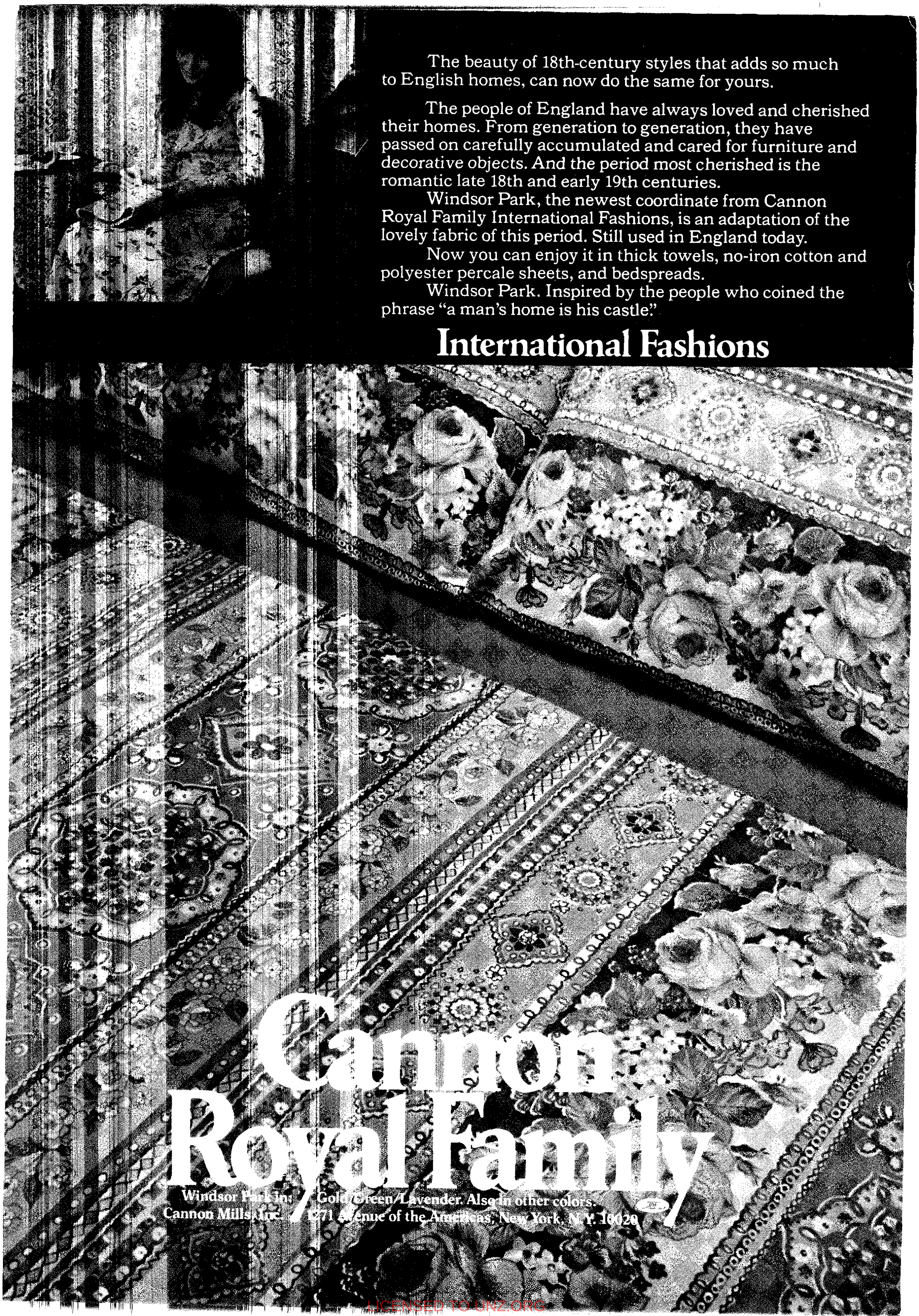

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